THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY 2, '14

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

Beginning

Cheap at a Million—By Edwin Lefèvre

Your Dealer Says: "Try It at My Risk"

Your Neighbors Say: "You Will Be Delighted"

You only have to use the O-Cedar Polish Mop once to appreciate its many advantages. That is why we, your dealer and your neighbor, want you to make the trial.

The New—The Improved—The Better

O-Cedar Polish Mop

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office and all principal countries.)

Two Sizes—$1.00 and $1.50

($1.00 size not sold in Canada)

Cleans—dusts and polishes all at one—the same—time—because it is treated with O-Cedar Polish. It collects the dust and cleans as it polishes. The mop is cleaned by washing and a few drops of O-Cedar Polish renews it and makes it as good as new. O-Cedar Polish neutralizes the dirt and destroys its power to soil.

The O-Cedar Polish Mop is round—that means it cleans, dusts and polishes everywhere. Makes it easy-to-clean those hard-to-get-at places. The heavy padding prevents the marring and scratching of furniture.

No stooping or bending, no hard rubbing, and prettier, brighter floors than you ever had before.

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Accurate in Practice

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Jones Speedometer
Centrifugal Principle

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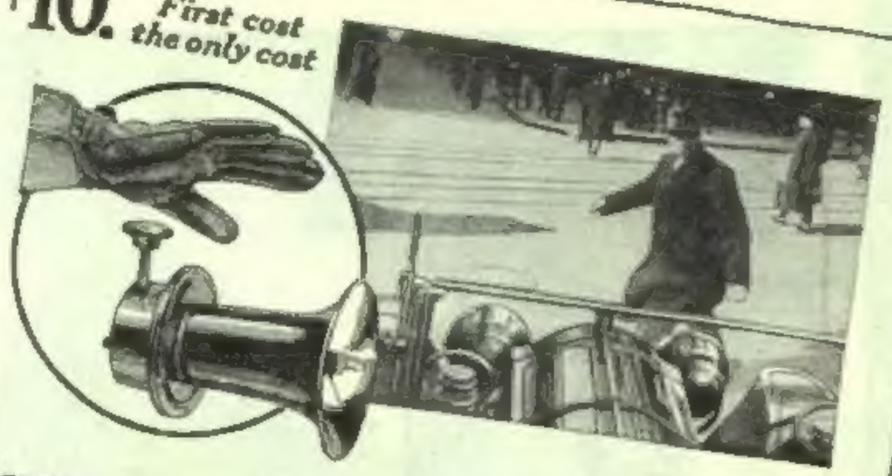

Sure as a hammer on a gong

The street car, the fire engine, the ambulance, all cling to the mechanical type of warning signal for the sole reason that they must have a signal that *will not fail.*

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The Long Horn is a mechanical horn made for the motor car owner whose need for absolute reliability is no less imperative. It is independent of all electrical apparatus, eliminating all possibility of break down. Its mechanism is one compact unit, directly under your control. There is nothing to get out of order. It *won't* fail because it *can't* fail.

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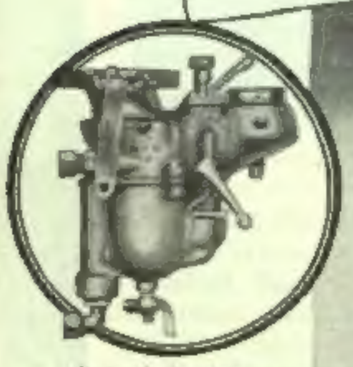

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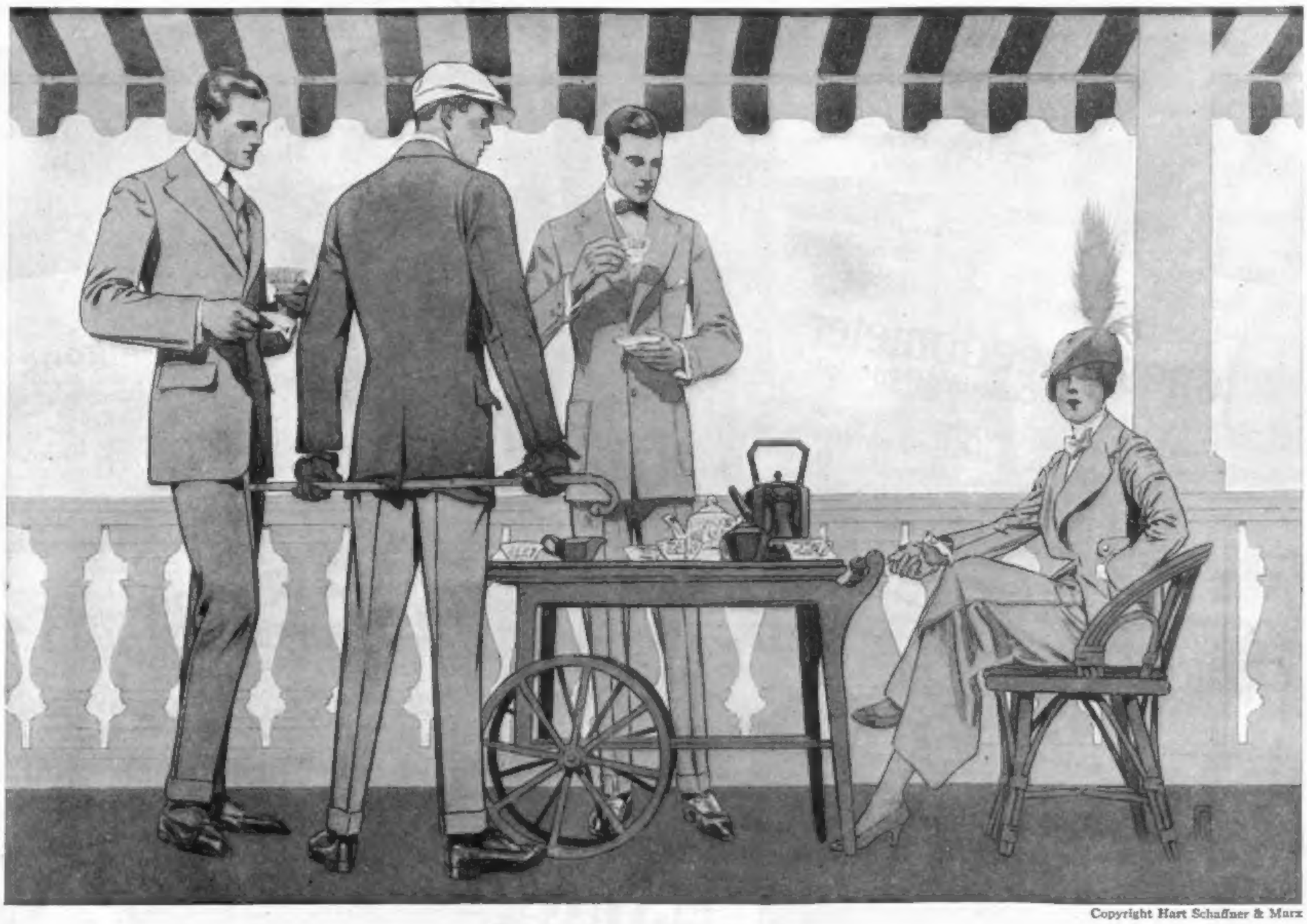

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Design in young men's clothes

THE proper designing of clothes for young men is an art which we have brought to great perfection.

It is necessary to please the young men, of course; they won't buy what doesn't attract and satisfy; but it is also necessary to maintain the high standards of style and quality which we have set for all our undertakings—to make clothes that look young without looking frivolous; that have the lively, snappy lines which young men insist on, without being undignified.

Our designers of young men's clothes make a study of young tastes and preferences; they get just the right "air" into the styles they create and we make the clothes with all-wool quality and best workmanship in them.

Our illustration shows three of our best models for young men. Left: Model 30, a 29 inch soft-front coat, 2 buttons; a very smart style. Center: A blue coat to wear with light trousers; soft-front, 2 or 3 buttons; single or double-breasted. Right: Model 43, a 29 inch coat, with 4 buttons, three to button; soft-front, patch pockets. Such suits may be had of good clothiers from $18 to $50.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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CHEAP AT A MILLION

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

TOM MERRIWETHER, only son and heir of E. H. Merriwether, finished the grapefruit and took up the last of that morning's mail. He had acquired the feminine habit of reading letters at the table from his father, who had the wasteful American vice of timesaving.

He read the card, frowned, glanced at his father and seemed to be on the point of speaking; but he changed his mind, laughed and tore the card into bits.

The day was Monday, and this was what the card said:

If Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether will go to 777 Blank Avenue any forenoon this week and answer just one little question about his past life he will hear something to his advantage.

Idle men who live in New York are always busy. Tom had many things to think about; but all of them were about the present or the future. His past caused him neither uneasiness nor remorse. On the following Monday Mr. Merriwether received, among other invitations, this:

If Tom Merriwether will call at 777 Blank Avenue any forenoon this week and answer one question he will do that which is both kindly—and wise!

It was in the same handwriting, on the same kind of card and in the same kind of ink as the first. Now Tom had the Merriwether imagination. His father exercised it in building railroads into waterless deserts whereon he clearly saw a myriad men labor, love and multiply, thereby insuring freight and passengers to the same railroads. The son had to invent his romances in New York.

Ordinarily the second invitation would have given him something to busy himself with; but it happened that he was at that moment planning to do a heart-breaking thing without breaking any heart. Billy Larremore, the veteran whose devotion to polo was responsible for so many of the team's victories in the past, was not aware that age had bidden him cease playing. It would break his loyal heart not to play in the forthcoming international match. Tom Merriwether had been delegated to break the news.

Thinking about it made him forget all about the letter until the following Monday, when he received the third invitation:

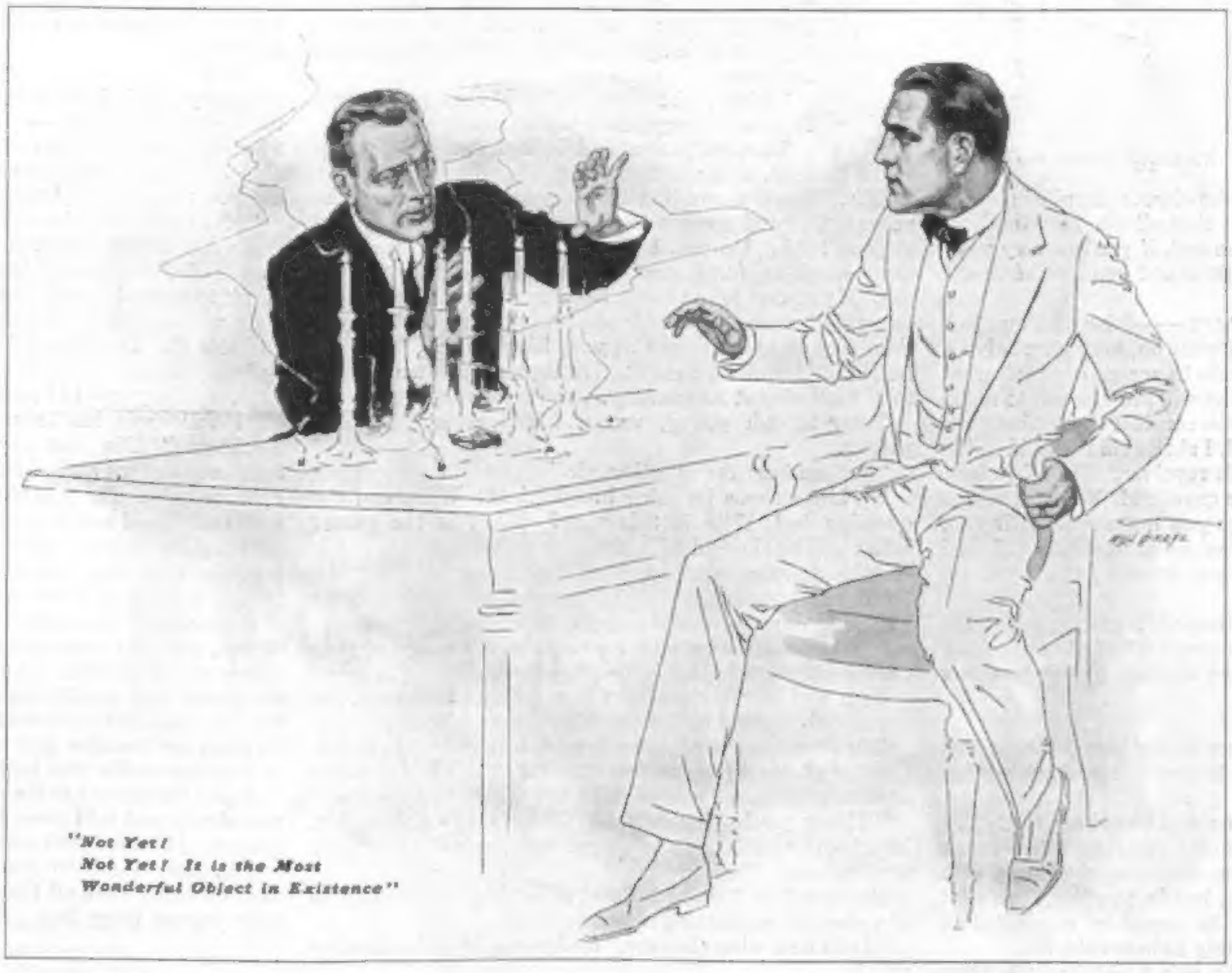
Merriwether:

Come to 777 Blank Avenue Tuesday morning at ten-thirty without fail and answer the question.

He crumpled the card and was about to throw it away when he changed his mind—perhaps it would be wise to give it to a detective agency. But what could he say he feared? Then he decided it was probably a joke. Somebody wished to put him in the ridiculous position of ringing the bell of 777, showing the card—and being told to get out. It was to be regretted that this would seem funny to some of his perennially juvenile intimates at the Rivulet Club.

An hour later, as he walked down the Avenue, he looked curiously at 777. It was one of those newcomer houses erected by speculative builders to sell furnished to out-of-town would-be climbers or to local stock-market bankers who, being Hebrews, were too sensible to wish to climb, but were not sensible enough not to wish to live on Blank Avenue.

Tom resolved to ask Raymond Silliman, who played at being in the real-estate business, to find out who lived at 777. Meantime he did a little shopping—wedding presents—and went to luncheon at his club. He had not quite finished his coffee when he was summoned to the telephone.



"Not Yet! Not Yet! It is the Most Wonderful Object in Existence"

"Hello! Mr. Merriwether?" said a woman's voice—clear, sweet and vibrant, but unknown. "This is Miss Hervey—the nurse—Doctor Leighton's trained nurse. They asked me to tell you about your father. Don't be alarmed!"

"Go on!" commanded young Merriwether sharply.

"It is nothing serious—really! But if you could come home it probably —— Yes, doctor! I am coming!" And the conversation ceased abruptly.

Tom instantly left the club. He took the solitary taxicab that stood in front of the club. He afterward recalled the fact that there was only one where usually there were half a dozen.

"Eight-sixty-nine Blank Avenue. Go up Madison to Sixtieth and then turn into the avenue. Hurry!"

"Very good, sir," said the chauffeur.

The taxicab dashed madly off, turned into Blank Avenue, and finally stopped—not before the Merriwether home but in front of Number 777. Before he could ask the chauffeur what he meant by it both doors of the cab opened at once and two men sandwiched between them Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether. The one on the west side threateningly held in his hand a businesslike javelin—not at all the kind that silly people hang on the walls in their childish attempts at decorative barbarity. The man who half-entered the taxicab from the east or sidewalk side held in his left hand a goblet full of a colorless liquid that smoked, and in his right something completely but loosely covered by a white linen handkerchief.

"Please listen, Mr. Merriwether!" said the man with the glass. "Do nothing! Don't even move! Hear me first."

"Is my father ——"

"I am glad to say he is well and happy, and working in his office downtown. The message that brought you here was a subterfuge. Your father is as usual. We arranged it so you had to take this particular taxicab. Don't stir, please!"

"What does all this mean?" asked Tom impatiently.

"I am about to have the honor of telling you," answered the man.

He had no hat and wore black garments. His clean-shaved face was pale—almost sallow—and young Merriwether noticed that his forehead was very high. His dark brown eyes were full of the earnestness of all zealots, which makes you dislike to enter into an argument—first, because of the futility of arguing with a zealot; and second, because said zealot probably knows a million times more about the subject than you and can out-argue you without trouble. So Tom simply listened with an alertness that would not overlook any chance to strike back.

"This glass contains fuming sulphuric acid. It will sear the face and destroy the eyesight with much rapidity and completeness. Also"—here he shook off the handkerchief from his right hand and showed a revolver—"this is the very latest in automatics; marvelously efficient; stop an elephant! I am about to solicit a great favor."

Tom Merriwether looked into the earnest, pleading eyes. Then he glanced on the other side, at the bull-necked husky with the businesslike spear. Then he turned to the clerical garb.

"I see I am in the hands of my friends!" said Tom pleasantly.

"The doctor was right," said the man with the glass, as if to himself.

"Come! Come!" said young Mr. Merriwether. "How much am I to give? You know, I never carry much cash with me."

"We, dear Mr. Merriwether," said the palefaced man in an amazingly deferential voice, "propose to be the donors. If you will kindly permit us we shall give you what is more costly than rubies."

"Yes?" Tom's voice was perhaps less skeptical than sarcastic.

"Yes, sir. Would you be kind enough to accept our invitation—the fourth, dear Mr. Merriwether—to join us at 777 Blank Avenue—right here, sir—and answer one question? Please listen carefully to what I am saying: You don't have to go. Moreover, if you should go you don't have to answer any question. We would not, for worlds, compel you. But, for your own sake; for the sake of your father's peace of mind and of the Merriwether fortune; for the sake of your happiness in this world and in the next; for all that all the Merriwethers hold most dear—come with me and, if you are very wise, answer the question that will be asked you by the wisest man in all the world."

He Could Descry the Staircase

"He must be a regular Solomon ——" began Tom; but the man held up the glass and went on, very earnestly:

"Listen, please! If you decide to accept our invitation to meet us in that house, and you will promise not to make an attempt on any one unless you consider that either your life or your honor is threatened, I shall spill this acid in the street and I shall give you this revolver. Also, I repeat, you do not have to answer the question! You will not be harmed or molested. I pledge you my word. Will you, in return, give me yours to follow me at once into 777, and that you will not shoot unless you sincerely think you are in danger?"

Tom Merriwether looked at the palefaced man a moment. He was willing to take his chances with that face. Also, he could not otherwise find the solution of this puzzling affair. Therefore he said:

"Yes. I give you my word."

Instantly the palefaced man with the high forehead laid the revolver on the seat beside young Mr. Merriwether and withdrew.

Tom saw him spill the fuming acid into the gutter. The burly javelin-man took himself off. The temptation to use the butt of the revolver on the clerical-garbed man with the earnest eyes came to Tom, but he saw in a flash that if he should do such a thing he would be compelled in self-defense to tell a story utterly unbelievable.

Moreover, the palefaced man was a slender little chap of middle age and no match for big Tom Merriwether. So, assuring himself that the revolver was in truth loaded and that it worked, he put it in his pocket, kept his grasp on it there and got out of the taxicab. His one impelling motive now was curiosity. Afraid? With the pistol and his muscles and his youth, on Blank Avenue, at two-thirty in the afternoon?

The palefaced man, the empty glass in one hand, walked toward the door of 777 without so much as turning his head. Tom followed.

The door was opened by a man in livery who took Mr. Merriwether's hat and cane. Tom saw in the furnishings of the house—complete with that curious unhuman completeness of a modern hotel—the kind of furnishings that interior decorators usually sell to first-generation rich on their arrival at Blank Avenue residenceship. The furniture had every qualification possessed by furniture in order not to suggest a home to live in. Wherefore Tom, whose mind always worked quickly, reasoned to himself:

"Rented for the occasion to the man who has made me come to him."

Also Tom noticed four men-servants, all of them well built and all of them owning faces that somehow were not servant faces. The revolver, which had seemed amply sufficient outside, seemed less so within the house. Supposing he killed one—or even two; the other two would down him in an affray. He tightened his grip on the revolver and planned and rehearsed a shooting affair in which four men in livery were disabled with four shots. A great pity E. H. Merriwether was such a very rich man—a great pity for his son Tom!

At a door, on the center panel of which was a monogram in black, red and gold, the last of the footmen knocked gently. The door was thereupon opened from within.

"Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, 7–7–77!" announced the intelligent-looking footman with a very pronounced English accent.

Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether entered. It was a nouveau-riche library. The Circassian-walnut bookcases and center table were over-elaborately carved, and the hangings of rich red velvet were over-elaborately embroidered. The bronzes on the over-elaborate mantel looked as though they had been placed there by somebody who was coming back in a minute to take them away again.

Altogether the apartment suggested a sales-room, and there was a note of incongruity in a golden-oak filing cabinet such as one would find in a business office.

At one end of the room in an armchair, with his back to a terrible stained-glass window, sat a man of about forty. He had a calm, remarkably steady gaze, with a sort of leisureliness about it that made you think of a drawling voice. Also, an assurance—a self-consciousness of knowledge—that was compelling. His chin was firm and there was a suggestion of power and of control over power that reminded Tom of a very competent engineer in charge of a fifty-thousand-horsepower machine.

"Kindly be seated, sir," said the man in a tone that subtly suggested weariness.

Tom sat down and looked curiously at the man, who went on:

"Sir, I have a question to ask you. If you see fit to answer, be good enough to answer it spontaneously and in good faith. Do not, I beg you, in turn, ask me questions—such as, for example, why I wish to know what I ask. If you decide not to answer you will leave this house unharmed, accompanied by our profound regret that you should be so unintelligent at your life's crisis." The man looked at Tom with a meditative expression, then nodded to himself almost sorrowfully.

Tom, though young, was a Merriwether. He said politely:

"Let me hear the question, sir."

He himself was thinking in questions: What can the question be? Who is this man? What is the game? What will be the end of it all?

"One question, sir," repeated the stranger.

"I am listening, sir," Tom assured him with a quiet but quite impressive earnestness.

"Where did you spend your vacation at the end of your Freshman year?"

Tom was so surprised, and in a delicate way even disappointed, that he hesitated. Then he answered:

"In Oleander Point, Long Island, in the cottage of Dr. Charles W. Bonner, who was tutoring me. I had a couple of conditions and I stayed until the third of September."

"Thank you! Thank you! That is all—unless, Mr. Merriwether, you wish to do me and yourself three very great favors. Three!"

He looked at Tom with a sort of intelligent curiosity, as of a chemist conducting an experiment.

"Let's hear what they are," said young Mr. Merriwether calmly.

It was at times like these that he showed whose son he was—alert, his imagination active, his nerves under control, and his courage steady and at par. He had, moreover, made up his mind that he would do some questioning later on.

"First favor: Concentrate your mind on how you used to spend your bright, sunshiny days in Oleander Point and your beautiful moonlight nights. Recall the pleasant people you were friendly with during those happy weeks. Visualize that summer! Make an effort! Think!"

It was a command, and Tom Merriwether found himself thinking of that summer. He closed his eyes. His grip on the revolver in his pocket relaxed. . . . He saw his friends. Some of them he had not seen in years. Others he saw almost daily. And somehow it seemed to him that all the girls were pretty and kindly; and in particular—well, there were in particular three. But the affairs had come to nothing and were almost forgotten.

He could not have told how long his reverie lasted—the mind traverses long stretches of time, as of space, in seconds.

"Well?" said Tom at length.

"Thank you," said the man with the matter-of-fact gratitude a man feels toward a servant for some attention.

He took from his pocket a small black velvet bag, opened it and spread on the table before Tom Merriwether a dozen pearls, ranging in size from a pea to a filbert. They were all of a beautiful orient.

"I beg you to select one of these. You need not use it. You may give it to your valet if you wish, or throw it out of the window. Only accept it as a souvenir of our meeting. That, Mr. Merriwether, would be favor Number two."

He pointed toward the pearls. Tom picked one—pear-shaped, white, beautiful—and put it in his waistcoat pocket. The man swept the rest into one of the drawers of the long library table.

"I thank you very much," said Tom. He was not sure the pearls were not genuine.

"No; please don't," said the man. There was a pause. Presently he asked: "Do you know anything about pearls, sir?"

"I am no expert," answered Tom.

"Characteristic. You Merriwethers are brave enough to be truthful and wise enough to be cautious. Have you any opinions?"

"I think they are beautiful," said Tom.

"They are more than that. They represent, Mr. Merriwether, the hope of the Kingdom of Heaven. The pearl is the symbol of purity, humility and innocence. Do you know the legend of the mild maid of God—Saint Margaret of Antioch?"

"No."

"Margaret is from *margarites*—Greek for pearl. And the reason why faith —— But I beg your pardon. Men who live alone talk too much when they are no longer alone. I beg you to forgive me. Tell me, Mr. Merriwether, did you ever hear of Apollonius of Tyana?"

"Not until this minute," answered Tom.

He felt almost tempted to ask whether the poor man was dead, but refrained because he was honest enough to admit to himself that the question would savor of bravado. Tom was consumed by curiosity as to what would be the end of it all. To think of it: on Blank Avenue, New York, in broad daylight—all this!

How money was to be made of him he could not yet see.

"I will show his talisman to you—the Dispeller of Darkness!" The man clapped his hands twice. At the summons a negro walked in. He was dressed in plain black and wore a fez. The man spoke some guttural words and the negro salaamed and left the room. Presently he returned with a silver tray on which were seven gold or gilt candlesticks and candles, and seven gold or gilt small trays or plates, on each of which was a pastil.

He arranged the seven candlesticks in some deliberate design, carefully measuring the distance of each from the other, and of all from a point in the center. He arranged the plates and pastils about the candlesticks. Then he left the room, to return with a lighted taper, with which he lit the seven candles and the seven pastils. Tiny spirals of fragrant smoke rose languidly in the still air.

Again the negro left the room and returned with a small parcel wrapped in a piece of raw silk which he gave to his master. He then went away for good.

The man began to mutter something to himself and very carefully took off the silk cover, revealing a wonderfully carved ivory box. He opened the gold-hinged lid

"Mr. Merriwether, This Has Been Stolen From the British Museum!"

and took out a silver case. He opened that and from it took a gold box elaborately though crudely chased. He opened the gold box and within it, on a little white velvet pad, was a cross of dull gold curiously engraved. He put the pad, with the cross on it, in the middle of the seven lights. On the arms of the cross and at the intersection Tom saw seven wonderful emeralds, remarkable as to size, beautiful as to color.

"Look at it, Mr. Merriwether. It is priceless. The gems alone are worth a king's ransom. If you consider it merely as a piece of ancient art there is no telling what a man like Mr. W. H. Garrettson would not give for it. And as a talisman, with its tried wonder-working powers, there is not enough money in all the world to pay for it."

Tom stretched his hand toward it.

"Please! Do not touch it, I beg," said the man in a voice in which the alarm was so evident that Tom drew his hand back as though he had seen a cobra on the table. "Not yet! Not yet!" said the man. "It is the most wonderful object in existence. It is a cross that antedates Christ!"

"Really?"

"It is obviously of a much earlier period than the Messiah. Great scholars have thought it a legend, but here it is before you. It belonged to Apollonius of Tyana, the wonder-worker. Philostratus, who wrote the life of that great man, does not mention this talisman: he dared not! Apollonius, who to this day is not known ever to have died, gave it to a disciple, who gave it to a friend.

"We know who has owned it. It was worn by Arcadius in the fifth century. The Goths took it and Alaric gave it to the daughter of his most trusted captain, who commanded his citadel of Carcassonne. Clovis, a hundred years later, secured it at the sack of Toulouse. We have records of its having been praised by Eligius, the famous jeweler of Dagobert, in the seventh century. It was included in the famous treasures of Charlemagne. It went to Palestine during the first and third crusades—the first time carried by a maid who loved a knight who did not love her. She went as his squire, he not suspecting her sex until they were safely back in France, when he married her.

"It is a wonderful talisman. The emeralds came from Mount Zabara. They have the power to drive away the evil spirits and also to preserve the chastity of the wearer. Moreover, they give the power to foretell events. Apollonius did—time and again. This is historically true. But alone he, of all the men who have owned it, never had a love affair; hence his clairvoyance. I have bored you. Forgive me!"

"Not at all. I was interested. It is all so—er—so ——"

"Incredible—yes! There is no reason why you should believe it. It is of no consequence whether you think me a lunatic or a charlatan."

He said this with a cold indifference that made Tom look incuriously at the man, whose obvious desire was to excite curiosity. Then the man said, with an earnestness that impressed the heir of the Merriwether railroads:

"Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, classified in our books as 7–7–77, you are the man I need for this job!"

"Indeed?" said Tom politely.

"Yes, you are." Tom bowed his head and looked resigned. He deliberately intended to look that way. The man went on: "The reason I am so sure is because I know both who and what you are."

"Ah, you know me pretty well then." Tom could not help the mild sarcasm.

"I have known you, young man, for eighty-five years; perhaps longer." The man spoke calmly.

"Indeed!" said Tom. He was twenty-eight.

"Yes. On top of that cabinet is a book. After the name Thomas Thorne Merriwether you will find 7–7–77. In the cabinet—seventh section, seventh drawer, card Number 77—you will find clinical data, physiological and psychological details, anecdotes, and so on, about you and your father, E. H. Merriwether, and your mother, Josephine Thorne; your grandfathers, Lyman Grant Merriwether and Thomas Conkling Thorne, and of your grandmothers, Malvina Sykes Thorne and Lydia Weston Merriwether. Indeed I know about your great-grandfathers and three of your great-great-grandparents; but the data in their case are of little value save as to Ephraim Merriwether, who in 1763 killed in one duel three army officers who laughed at his twisted nose, bitten and disfigured for life by a wolf-cub he had tried to tame. Facts not generally known, but, for all that, facts, young Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, which enable me to say that I have known you these hundred and fifty years—if there is anything in heredity, environment and education! And now, shall I tell you what favor Number three is?"

"If you please," said Tom.

For the first time he felt that the usual suspicions as to a merry-making game could not be justified in this particular instance. It was much too elaborate for a practical joke. He did not know how the matter would end; but he did not care. In New York, on Blank Avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, he was having what, indeed, was an experience!

"Come With Me and Answer the Question That Will be Asked You"

"I beg that you will listen attentively. You will take the Dispeller of Darkness with you. Do not open the gold box under any circumstances. Tonight go to 777 East Seventy-seventh Street so as to be there at eight o'clock sharp. The door will not be locked. Don't ring. Walk in. Go up one flight of stairs to the front room—there is only one. You will stand in the middle of the room, with the talisman resting on the palm of your hand—thus! Do nothing! Say nothing! Wait there! The talisman will be taken from you by a person. Do not try to detain her—this person. After the talisman is taken from you count a hundred—not too fast! At the end of your count leave the room and come back here and tell me whether you have carried out my instructions.

"Now, young sir, let me say to you that you don't have to do what I am asking you to do. There is no compulsion whatever. There is no crime in contemplation—no attempt is to be made against your life, your fortune or your morals. I pledge you my word, sir!"

The man looked straight into Tom's eyes. Tom bowed gravely. This man must be crazy—and yet he certainly was not.

This interested Tom by perplexing him as he had never been perplexed in his eight-and-twenty years.

"Mr. Merriwether, this will be the most important step of your life. Its bearing on your happiness is vital—also, on the success of your great father's vast plans. I give you my personal word that this is so."

There was a pause. Tom had nothing to say. The man went on: "If you care to take reasonable precautions against attack do so. Thus, keep the revolver you now have in your pocket—it is excellent. Try it and make certain. You may write a detailed account of what has happened and leave it with your valet; but mark on it that it is not to be opened unless you fail to return by ten P. M. Also, you may, if you wish, station ten private detectives across the way from 777 East Seventy-seventh Street, and instruct them to go into the house at a single shout from you or at the sound of a shot. Believe me, it is not your life that is in danger, sir!"

"I believe you," said Tom reassuringly.

"Will you do me favor Number three?" The man looked at Tom with a steady, unblinking, earnest—one might even say honest—stare.

Tom considered. His mind worked not only quickly but Merriwether-fashion. He saw all the possibilities of danger, but he saw the unknown—and the lust of adventure won. He looked the man in the eyes and said quietly:

"I will!"

"Thank you. There is the talisman. Each of the seven emeralds is flawless—the only seven flawless emeralds of that size in existence. Two of them have been in great kings' crowns, and the center stone was in the tiara of seven popes; after which, the Great Green Prophecy having been fulfilled, it came back to its place on the cross. Apollonius raised people from the dead, according to eye-witnesses. The pagans tried to confute the believers in Christian miracles by bringing forward the miracles of the sage of Tyana—and they did not know that Apollonius wrought marvels by the Sign of the Son of Man—the Cross! This cross! I pray that you will be careful with it. Show it to nobody. You have understood your instructions?"

Tom repeated them.

"Precisely! I did not make a mistake, you see. In spite of your father's millions you will be what your destiny wills. Young man, good luck to you!"

The man rose and walked toward the door. Tom Merriwether followed him and was politely bowed out of the room. From there to the street entrance the four athletic footmen, with the over-intelligent faces, took him in tow, one at a time. And it was not until he was out on the avenue, headed north, walking toward his own house, that Thomas Thorne Merriwether, clean-living multimillionaire idler, shook himself, as if to scatter the remnants of a dream, felt the butt of the revolver, hefted the silk-wrapped parcel in which was the talisman, and said aloud, so that a couple of pedestrians turned and smiled sympathetically at the young man, who must be in love, since he talked to himself:

"What in blazes is it all about?"

II

HIS perplexing experience developed so insistent a curiosity in Tom that he grew irritable even as he walked. That some sort of a game was being worked he had no doubt; but the fact that he could see no object or motive increased his wrath. He discarded all suggestion of violence, though he was bound to admit now that anybody could be kidnaped in New York in broad daylight.

He decided to begin by verifying those allusions and references that he remembered. He walked down Fifth Avenue to the Public Library and there he read what he could of Apollonius and of Eligius, the marvelous goldsmith who afterward became Saint Éloi. The helpful and polite library assistant at length suggested a visit to Doctor Lentz, the gem expert of Goffony & Company, a man of vast erudition as well as a practical jeweler. Tom promptly betook himself to the famous jewel-shop.

They knew the heir of the seventy-five Merriwether millions and impressively ushered him into Doctor Lentz' office.

(Continued on Page 49)

ANYBODY'S BUSINESS

WHERE TWO HEADS ARE WORSE THAN NONE

By George H. Hodges

Governor of Kansas

THE government of an American state involves the settlement of business, political and social problems vastly broader, more complex and more difficult than those which confronted the men who framed our political institutions on eighteenth-century models. The demand for a reconstruction of these institutions along the lines of definite individual responsibility and business efficiency, especially in the legislative branch, has been growing rapidly during the past ten years.

That conservatism, which takes no account of the new realities and the fresh and growing facts of society, would lift its voice in protest against the proposal to abolish the two-house state legislature, and to replace it with a one-house legislative body of small membership, was to have been expected:

For of the wholly common is man made,
And custom is his nurse! Woe, then, to them
Who lay irreverent hands upon his old house furniture,
The dear inheritance from his forefathers!
For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.

Quite in the spirit of this quotation, one hears it asserted that the bicameral legislature has become "an axiom of political science," and reads lengthy extracts from the writings of Adams, Hamilton, Kent and Story, cited in defense of the system—as though in this day of changed conditions some high-sounding phrase were sufficient to sanctify a system that practical men of today have found to be antiquated and inefficient.

However, the great names are not all on one side of the controversy. The practical Franklin, writing in 1789, compared the two-house legislative system to a cart with a horse hitched to each end, pulling in opposite directions. He called attention to the fact that one chamber may and is just as liable to obstruct the passage of good laws as to prevent the passage of bad ones; and he cited the mischiefs of a second branch, the delays and great expense in carrying on the public business—even to the preventing of the defense of the provinces during several years and also the unfortunate experience with the second chamber in connection with the iniquitous demand that proprietary property be exempted from taxation.

John Stuart Mill in his famous essay, Considerations on Representative Government, recognized the fact that laws can be intelligently framed only by a small and experienced body of a very few experienced men with an accurate and long-sighted perception of their effect; and he explicitly said: "I attach little weight to the argument often urged for having a second chamber—to prevent precipitance and compel a second deliberation; for it must be a very ill-constituted house in which the established forms of business do not require more than two deliberations."

The Trend Toward One-House Legislatures

NEITHER has the bicameral legislature become "an axiom of political science," for there are said to be fifty-three governments which now have one-house legislatures, and historically the drift has been away from multiple legislative bodies. In many European countries there were originally a three and in some instances four chamber legislative system. Now none have more than two. In England, so says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "the double chamber was originally more a fortuitous product of the English political revolution than the application of any reasoned principle of parliamentary machinery"; and in the United States we have the bicameral system solely because of English and colonial precedent. Thus it came about that for more than a hundred years we have been putting new wine in old bottles and spoiling the wine.

Curiously enough, the tendency in England and her later colonies has been away from the bicameral system, until now its existence is merely nominal. For all practical purposes the House of Commons is today the British Parliament. The House of Lords has been shorn of all its power as a coördinate branch of the British legislature, and in the colonies one-chambered legislatures have gradually won out. The English county council, which to some extent corresponds to our state legislature, has only one house, and the council of every English city is unicameral.

Even in the United States, dissatisfaction with the bicameral system began almost with its adoption. Constitutional conventions have exhausted their ingenuity in devising new restrictions on the power of our legislatures, and it may be noted that every state constitution has been drafted by a single-chamber body.

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It Requires Much More Than Honesty to Make Laws for a State

The popular demand for the initiative and referendum, already adopted in twenty-two states, is striking evidence that the bicameral system has been found wanting as an instrument of really representative government.

Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, in his address before the Governors' Conference, at Colorado Springs last summer, said:

"Candor compels the impartial observer to admit that the efficiency and character of state legislatures has been lowered and that general distrust has succeeded what was at one time universal and unreserved confidence. This distrust has in many states grown into open contempt for our lawmaking bodies. Not only is the convening of the legislature looked forward to with dread, but while it is in session a spirit of unrest prevails and an adjournment is always hailed with a genuine sense of relief."

The writer heard no dissent from this statement of the case by any of the twenty-six governors present.

Last year a disastrous fire at the Kansas State Penitentiary and the conditions growing out of the severe drought seemed to demand an extra session of the Kansas legislature. The mere suggestion of it developed an almost universal opposition to an extra session, even among the members themselves; and so we got on very nicely without one. Such a state of the public mind is surely begotten of the reasonable conviction that state legislatures, as at present constituted, have utterly failed to realize in actual practice the high ideal claimed for the system by its defenders.

In view of the confusions, contradictions and absurdities that make American statute law, both as to substance and form, the subject of common reproach by judges, lawyers, people, and even by legislatures themselves, can it be fairly asserted that the two-house system has realized in practice the main thing postulated in its favor? Has the second house served as a check on bad legislation by providing a jealous and critical revision of all proposed laws by a rival body of men? And why should there be rival bodies of men whose sole functions are to revise jealously all enactments originating in the other house and put stumbling-blocks in the way each of the other? Members of a legislature are chosen for a common purpose—to enact laws for the public good. Instead of revision by rival houses, to accomplish the best results there should be only unity and coöperation by the members of both houses.

There are in America alone over six thousand volumes of decisions of fifty or sixty different courts, and this number is being added to every year at the rate of nearly two hundred volumes. I venture to assert that the decisions construing the output of American bicameral legislatures constitute at least one-third of this vast library of judicial ingenuity. Take down at random a volume of the West Reporter System—say, Volume 90 of the Pacific Reporter, containing the appellate decisions of thirteen Western and Pacific states, and about one thousand decisions rendered within the two months from June 10 to August 12, 1907. Four hundred and sixteen of these decisions are concerned with the construction of statutes or constitutions.

Take the last volume of the same Reporter, containing about the same number of decisions and covering the period from October 20 to December 1, 1913, a period of six weeks, and one finds four hundred and sixty-one sections of various statutes construed. Other volumes of the Reporter System show about a similar proportion of statutory cases—which is to say that at the present time nearly one-half of the cases in our appellate courts involve the construction of statutes.

Bungling Law-Makers

MOST of this results from legislative bungling and unskillful draftsmanship. In good part it also results from the incidental effect on other and apparently unrelated statutes, which many new statutes are found to have when it is attempted to administer them, but which are never suspected during the process of enactment, chiefly because little or no attention or consideration is ever given to this phase of legislation by the average legislator. The flood of decisions given over to explaining to litigants what the legislature failed to put in plain, simple and direct language of itself spells the condemnation of the system.

The system has not provided rival bodies that critically and scientifically revise the hasty and crude efforts, each of the other, but practically two divisions of one house. The two houses no longer represent different classes of society; and the original purpose of the upper house, as the representative of aristocracy—to limit popular power in legislative matters—is voiced only at rare intervals by some one bold enough to say: "The people be damned!"

By dividing responsibility and making it impossible to locate blame, the two-house system provides an admirable machine for grinding out crude and ill-digested legislation. And this end is admirably furthered by the short sessions the expense of the system compels and the enormous number of bills that must be considered in the forty to one hundred and twenty days to which the sessions are usually limited, and by the want of legislative experience or fitness on the part of the overwhelming majority of the members.

The efficiency of American industries is the result of a fixed individual responsibility. The success of the Panama Canal venture was in doubt for years. A commission of nine, after serving for some time, was dissolved without results. A second commission of seven met practically the same fate; but from this commission of seven an executive committee of three, which had distinct duties, became a sort of factor. Nothing definite was accomplished, however, until a committee of one man—charged with responsibility and accountability—accomplished the greatest industrial achievement of the age in the practical completion of this gigantic enterprise.

It requires something more than honesty and good intentions to make good laws. Mr. Austin, the well-known jurist, has well said: "What is commonly called the technical part of legislation is incomparably more difficult than what may be called the ethical. In other words, it is far easier to conceive justly what would be useful law than so to construct that same law that it may accomplish the design of the lawgiver."

Take the case of the member of the last Kansas legislature who introduced a bill to regulate the passage of trains at points where one railroad crosses another. His intentions were good, but his bill was worded like this: "When two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall both

come to a full stop and neither shall start up until the other has passed over." A member of the legislature of another state is quoted as saying: "When I came to the legislature I introduced a bill to prevent the manufacture of filled cheese, but it would have prevented the manufacture of all other kinds of cheese too."

Here is a bill that actually passed the last Kansas legislature. The law governing the inspection of hotels and lodging houses contains this provision: "All carpets and equipment used in office and sleeping rooms, including walls and ceilings, must be well plastered, and be kept in a clean and sanitary condition at all times." In this act there are three distinct, different and diametrically opposite sections fixing the time when the act should go into effect.

For six years there stood on our statute book, as a part of the law regulating automobile traffic on the public highways, the following paragraph, which was doubtless added by some hilarious politician, who was impressed by the bandwagon idea of party management:

Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing, or in any other manner or form infringing on the prerogative of any political chauffeur to run an automobilious bandwagon at any rate he sees fit compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof; provided, however, that not less than ten or more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind this vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death; and, provided further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, "Throw out the lifeline!"

Here is another:

If any stallion or jack escape from his owner by accident he shall be liable for all damages, but shall not be liable to be fined as above provided.

By being somewhat heedless to the ordinary rules of grammar some court might decide that it was the owner and not the stallion or jack that is made liable for damages under this act.

An act which particularly shows the inefficiency of legislatures is the bill that had for its purpose the raising of convicts' wages, to be paid to a dependent wife and the children of men and women confined in the Kansas Penitentiary. The bill was drawn by its friends and had for its purpose the increasing of the wages of convicts from three cents a day to thirteen cents a day; but so clumsily was it drawn and so ambiguous was its phraseology that only by a decided stretch of the imagination and sympathy for the convicts by our attorney-general were we permitted to continue to pay the convicts three cents a day, their former wages—much less give them the additional ten cents a day the enactment contemplated. This evidences another reason why we should have men in our lawmaking department who understand the how of things.

Blunders of Careless Lawmakers

THE enactment that created the non-partisan body known as the Irrigation Board provided that the board should be appointed by the governor for the first two years. Some ambitious legislator tacked an amendment on the bill, which provided that thereafter they should be elected, but that no more than two of the three members should belong to the same political party. He neglected, however, to provide any means whereby the bipartisan provision could be carried into effect, either at the primary or at the general election.

Much time was given to the passage of a bill relating to the practice of Chiropractic—whatever that is. I allowed this bill to become a law without my signature; but, on examination, I found that it required me to appoint, as members of a board, three chiropractors who had practiced their art in Kansas for two years. In order to comply with this provision of the law I should have been compelled to appoint men or women who had been openly violating the medical registration laws of our state for two years—a thing which, as governor, I refused to do; but my right to refuse was only settled at the end of a mandamus suit in the Supreme Court.

Another law sent to my office for signature was found, on examination, to contain a negative that made the act exactly contrary to what it was intended to be. This bill was only one of fifteen others returned to the legislature by me for correction in particulars more or less important. Two bills that were exact duplicates passed both houses and came to my desk before the duplication was discovered. I am informed that exactly the same thing happened in Pennsylvania. In one instance a bill was passed amending another that had been passed some days previous, and both the original act and the amendment were enrolled and reached my office about the same time.

A number of bills passed both houses without any enacting clauses—a matter absolutely requisite to their validity as laws; and in the session laws will be found a large number of resolutions authorizing corrections in a number of acts. Not many years ago an act was passed establishing a county court in Douglas County. The act contained contradictory provisions—one requiring that the judge should be appointed and the other requiring that he be elected. The Supreme Court declared it void.

An old act, providing for the destruction of grasshoppers in the western part of the state, driving them from the cultivated fields on to the prairies and firing the grass, required ten days' notice by publication, without making it clear whether the notice was for the benefit of the farmers or was a legislative recognition of the constitutional right of grasshoppers to due process of law.

In 1873 the New York legislature passed a charter for the city of New York, and the repealing clause threatened a general jail delivery. The defect was discovered in the governor's office before the bill was signed. Conditions do not appear to have improved in New York since, for in 1910 one hundred and thirty bills were recalled from the governor's office by the New York legislature for further consideration after having once passed both houses.

Through a legislative blunder the Supreme Court of Ohio was deprived of a large portion of its jurisdiction in 1902 and an act of a special session was required to undo the mistake.

The recently enacted Illinois law providing commission government for cities is said to be so badly drafted as to defeat the purpose intended; while the Wisconsin Eugenic Marriage law was so radical that the Supreme Court of that state recently declared it unconstitutional.

Nor does the Congress of the United States make any better showing than state legislatures in the matter of crude legislation. Take the Hepburn Act, which is the amended interstate commerce law, and the mass of judicial decisions interpreting it. It has been described by Professor Stimson, of Harvard, as a mass of contradictions and overlying amendments, and fills twenty-seven closely printed pages. Mr. Stimson asserts: "Any competent lawyer who is also a good parliamentary draftsman could put those twenty-seven pages of obscurity into four pages—at most—of lucidity with two days' honest work."

The act of Congress of March 3, 1887, to declare the jurisdiction of circuit courts, contained so many errors that it had to be reënacted for the sole purpose of correcting the errors—and, at that, left it still in doubt whether the two-thousand-dollar limit qualified all cases provided for or only a part of them. Section eleven of the act of Congress of July 1, 1882, imposing certain duties on the Capitol police, led to the discovery that there was no such body.

The specific instances of blundering and crudity cited are not sporadic and occasional. The statute books of every state are full of them. And how could it well be otherwise? In the large membership of our state legislatures there are usually a scant dozen men of superior ability and experience; the rest are for the most part first-termers, without special experience or special fitness as legislators.

And yet legislatures so composed add something like twenty-five thousand pages to our statute books every year. Last year—1913—the session laws of California made a book of 1746 printed pages, exclusive of indexes; the session laws of Colorado, 696 pages; Delaware, 846 pages; Indiana, 967 pages; Minnesota, 918 pages; Missouri, 788 pages; New Hampshire, 572 pages; Nebraska, 810 pages; North Carolina, 746 pages; Massachusetts, 1200; New Jersey, 846.

The Horseplay of Legislators

THE session laws of Kansas for 1913 made a book of 594 pages containing 336 laws, of which 67 were appropriation bills and 147 amendments and repeals of existing statutes and 122 new laws, many of them local or trivial.

These conditions were not unusual. The amendments and repeals in 1911 and 1909 were practically the same as in 1913. About half the time of each succeeding legislature is taken up in undoing what former legislatures have done. The Kansas legislature sat exactly forty-nine days or parts of days; consequently an average of seven laws passed both houses each day. Now it is hardly possible for a member to study conscientiously and intelligently seven bills each day. It must be remembered, however, that something like seventeen hundred bills were introduced and more than half of these were reported for passage by committees, and that a great deal of time was occupied in considering bills which were ultimately killed in one house or the other.

Often a good deal of valuable time is wasted in horseplay over bills like one introduced at a recent session of the Kansas legislature requiring that women should wear skirts which should extend at least four inches below the patella; or the one introduced into the Nebraska legislature to prohibit the wearing of corsets and bloomers; or the one in Michigan to prohibit the wearing of tights at circuses and theaters; or to prohibit the use of any language except English on the menu at hotels.

An amusing bill prepared and introduced by a Kansas senator had for its purpose the dissolution of the marriage ties after ten years of wedded life. The act contemplated an absolute legal separation of man and wife on presentation of the marriage certificate to the judge of the District Court ten years after the date of its issue. As soon as the senator heard from his wife he dropped the matter. Bills of this sort, introduced by rural statesmen with perfect seriousness, afford opportunity to waste public time that should be devoted to matters of real public concern.

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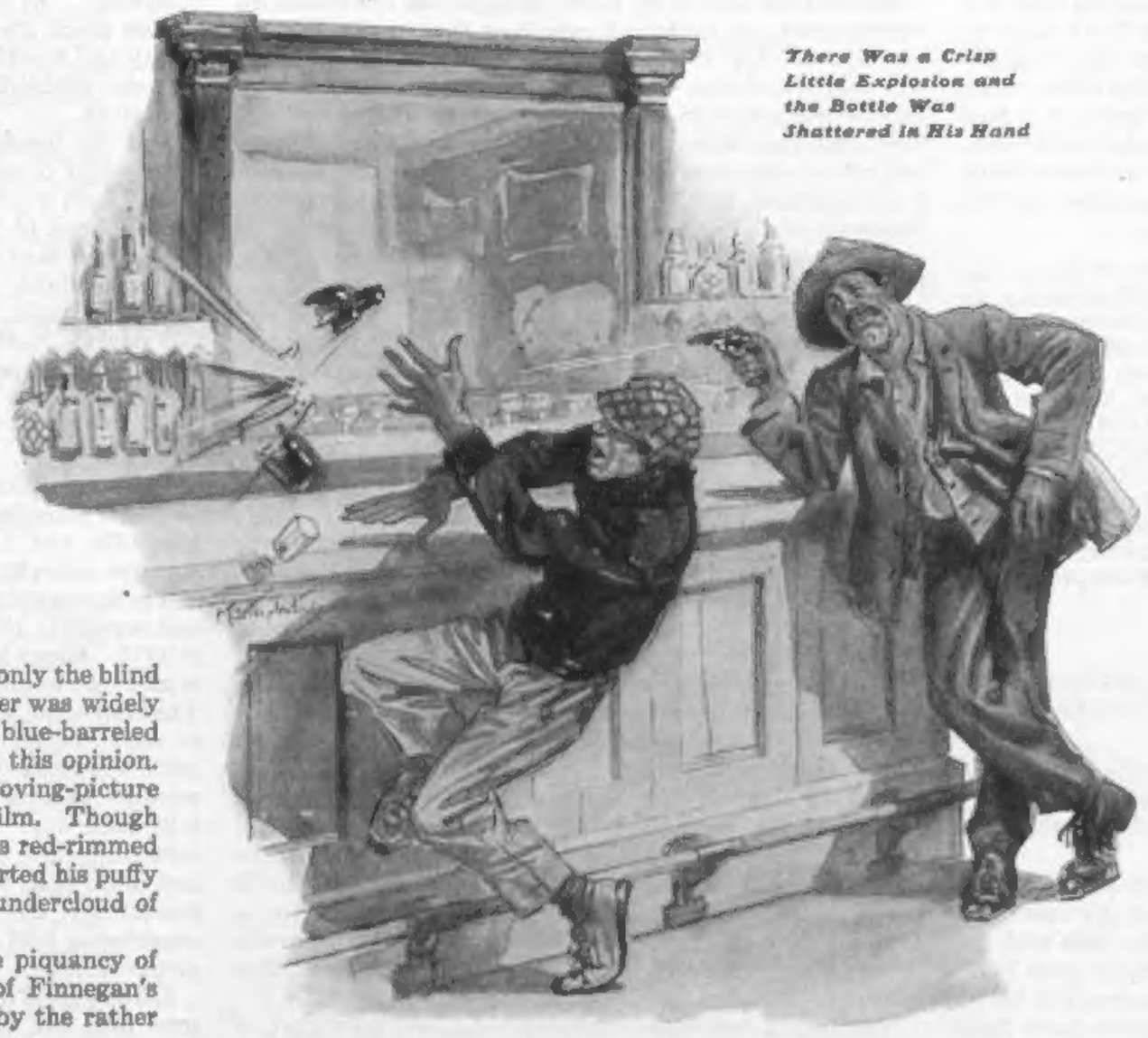
If a Private Enterprise Conducted its Business the Way Most States Do, it Would Become Bankrupt in a Very Short Time

THE TWO BAD MEN

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE



There Was a Crisp Little Explosion and the Bottle Was Shattered in His Hand

BY ALL the loaded canons of art that title should be The Two Bad Men, the Doctor, the Swede, a Little of Kerrigan, and Something of Steve the Night Bartender. But that would be too long—also misleading; for the Doctor was only Kerrigan's goat, using only in a large, wordy sense, and not to belittle the sprightly rogue.

"He's called Doctor," says Kerrigan, "because he has the whishkers an' is akeilly destructive to human life"—which is nicely enough phrased and important if true, especially to the Swede, who was last heard yelling sagas, or something just as good, to the petulant Doctor, with Kerrigan left saying the Doctor helped out a whole lot in a town like that; while the two bad men, one of them limping painfully—but perhaps the shorter title is better after all. And Steve, the night bartender, not even mentioned! We shall have to start again and come to Steve by way of the first bad man.

He was Bogie O'Leary—a very bad man indeed. He not only announced this, often on less than no provocation at all, but he looked it so alarmingly that only the blind could have doubted. That he was a killer was widely believed, the notches in the stock of his blue-barreled revolver imparting poetic significance to this opinion. And he was as quick on the draw as any moving-picture bad man that ever lent vivacity to a film. Though past sixty he was light on his feet; and his red-rimmed little eyes saw true. Commonly he contorted his puffy old face into a scowl that was a very thundercloud of menace.

Because of his peculiar talents and the piquancy of his past, Bogie served as major domo of Finnegan's Cave, though Finnegan designated him by the rather more abrupt term of bouncer.

Whether or not San Francisco's Barbary Coast was ever entitled to its repute for extreme wickedness is no longer of consequence, for that city now avers that the Coast has gone; but in those halcyon years when the city's boast was frankly quite otherwise Finnegan's Cave was to be entered from that block on Pacific Street which was the throbbing heart of the dance-hall district.

From our army and navy Finnegan drew the heft of his income. Soldiers and sailors found in the Cave, in one fashion or another, a speedy relief from the emoluments with which our Government thoughtlessly ladens them; but supplementing this largess—often to be had for the mere trouble of removing it from the uniforms of its slumbering trustees—there were opulent tourists to scatter gold along the Coast for the privilege of gazing wonder-eyed at its sinful life. And Finnegan, outshining the vested interests about him with the added attraction of a genuine bad man, drew heavily of this slumming revenue.

And Bogie O'Leary knew his value to the Cave. He wore his dignity consciously. Soldiers and sailors were beneath this dignity. Finnegan's deft waiters, with the assistance of a lethal squirt or two from the peter bottle back of the bar, usually effected what fiscal readjustments these seemed to invite; but the moneyed tourists from east of the Rockies—for these Bogie posed, and his heart was in his work. When a group of them, at a table beside the polished area of dancing floor, had been, by the waiter who served them, apprised of Bogie's dreadful prowess, Bogie would condescend to approach and allow himself to be wheedled into telling epics from his lurid past.

Also, at the proper moment, he extended empty hands—and there in a twinkling was a gun in each! Bogie smiled villainously, while the slummers shuddered. Frequently, then, by some enthusiast in the party, he would be persuaded to part with the very weapon that had slain the two Mexicans. He purchased this memento in case lots and had relinquished dozens of them at a profit which handsomely assuaged the sentimental regret he seemed to suffer at parting with them.

Finnegan's brother divekeepers stoutly yearned to maintain bad men of their own, but they were discouraged by the police. The badness of Bogie was rather a mellow tradition and therefore something to be tolerated; also, he was not without influence. When, at intervals, it seemed essential to the gilding of his ill repute that he shoot out the lights in some neighboring resort, the police invariably arrived after he was gone. Bogie was bad as he listed and Finnegan throve.

The lights of the Barbary Coast had just begun to wink their invitation on a certain Saturday evening in June. To the syncopated product of the Cave's three-piece orchestra a few sailors glided decorously over the dancing oval with painted and thirsty partners. At the bar Bogie O'Leary began the consumption of his nightly quart of whisky. It was bad whisky, even for a bad man, and it was served by Steve, the night bartender, resplendent in white jacket, with his red hair plastered in a crescent above his not-too-lofty brow.

"Heard the news over at the San Susy?" inquired Steve as Bogie poured his drink.

"Heard nothing! The burg's on the blink," replied Bogie.

"Well, they got a new bouncer over there yesterday and they say he's a bear."

Bogie scanned his informant suspiciously. It had more than once occurred to him that Steve was not above a certain veiled jocularity, which he would have described as kidding. Steve tenderly wiped the bar in front of Bogie, hummed a strain of Love Me and the World is Mine! and appeared to reflect on world matters at large. He threw a carelessly confident glance at himself in the mirror, fastidiously adjusted a vagrant strand of that scarlet splendor above his brow, and murmured, as though to himself:

"I only hope the bulls nail him before he starts anything rough in here."

"Who's he?" demanded Bogie.

"The Pell Street Kid," announced Steve impressively. "That's all—just the Pell Street Kid. He says his other name is Ruin."

"Aw, him!" observed Bogie in scornful huskiness; but there was a jealous gleam in his little eyes, for word of the newcomer's rugged virtues had already reached him.

"They tell me," continued the glib Steve, "that last night he knocks out four sailors with just four punches and then piles a couple o' soldiers on top of 'em. Of course I don't know, but he's certainly drawin' the crowds over there. One of his ears is half bit away."

Bogie was instantly piqued by the last item. He found himself envying this disfigurement. He wished earnestly that one of his own ears had been thus mutilated.

"Aw, I bet he's on'y a yellow-livered four-flusher at that!" growled the Cave's bad man. "Me? I'd give him a hard slap and break his wrist-watch if he ever showed up here. I'd have him hard to ketch—don't you worry! But he'll never come on my ground."

"Which reminds me," continued Steve. "He's been giving it out pretty raw that he'll be in here tonight to look you over. He tells certain parties he wants to find out have you got the goods or not."

Bogie heroically gulped his full glass of whisky and immediately poured another. This he studiously regarded for a moment, then pushed it across the bar.

"Use that stuff to clean the sink with," he directed. "I got to keep a clear head."

"Might be just as well," agreed Steve.

"Yes, sir; I got to have my wits about me and that red booze is the wrong dope. Gimme some ale with a dash of mulligan."

Steve drew a mug of ale and set the cruet of peppersauce beside it. Bogie stung his drink freely with the condiment and drained the mug.

"They say he's an awful hungry maneater," suggested Steve. "Of course I don't know, myself——"

"If that guy shows up here look out for a tidal wave on the Coast—that's all!" warned Bogie. "I'll do him in jig time. I just smell the blood and I want to swim in it."

"They say he's some swimmer himself," said Steve casually; "in fact a regular high diver. But of course——"

"You're some handy lad with the gossip, ain't you, now?" demanded Bogie bitterly; but he was deaf to Steve's deprecating retort, for now a slumming party entered and he was presently making his gunplay for them. He also hurled his long knife to the floor, where it quivered on its point. "The undertaking business is dead in this town," he loudly announced, "and I'm goin' to stimmylate it. Their fam'lies has got to live an' Bogie O'Leary is goin' to see that they live high. On with the dance of death!"

He rushed to the dancing floor, gliding in and out among the swaying couples, stamping his feet viciously and chanting his battlecry. The slumming party cautiously withdrew, despite Steve's assurance that Bogie never made any real trouble before a lady.

"He's a bad man; but he's got a good heart—I never knew him to kill any one in here," declared Steve warmly to the backs of the retreating group.

Bogie continued his sinister dance until thirst diverted him. As he stood, somewhat breathless, at the bar, spicing his ale with the peppersauce, even the cynical Steve was puzzled. He had never taken Bogie quite at his own valuation; and yet ——

"Say," warned Steve almost respectfully, "you ain't going to pull off anything in here? Remember, Pete's license is worth something ——"

"If that guy comes in," responded Bogie, "I'll start him on a cross-country Marat'on that ends back in New York. Watch me—that's all—just keep lookin'!"

He had raised his voice for the benefit of sundry Coast familiars who were now dropping in. The word had apparently gone out that more than the usual entertainment might be expected at the Cave that evening. The newcomers mostly drank in watchful silence. Only among the feminine patrons was there a hushed murmur of prophecy and foreboding.

"He's the meanest proposition in Californy tonight—bar none!" whispered Cowboy Mag to Danish Kate.

And the latter, in blissful anticipation, agreed wholeheartedly:

"The hardest nut that ever hit the Coast!"

At the bar Bogie toyed with his drink and muttered grimly. He knew that he must make good. Otherwise he foresaw a gaunt future in which he would have to beg his drinks. He might even be "vagged."

"Any guy say I was old?" he demanded ferociously of Steve.

"Old? Why, you're just a bear cub!" Steve hastened to assure him.

The crowd was nervous with expectancy; the dance was abandoned; the musicians forgot to play, or perhaps waited as the vaudeville orchestra waits for the acrobat to achieve his most perilous feat. The stage was set.

"If on'y I don't lose my temper," murmured Bogie, "that's all I'm afraid of; when I get mad I'm unsafe!"

The swinging doors flew wide on the Pell Street Kid. He flitted into the Cave with the sure footing of a cat. He brushed past Bogie O'Leary, affecting not to see him, after the manner of fighters in the ring who loftily pretend to ignore the existence of their opponents.

He was short of stature, but his shoulders were those of a gorilla. His features would have been considered advanced, even for a gargoyle. A cap pulled low and a sweater pulled high happily alleviated something of his facial effect. Bogie O'Leary glanced furtively at his rudiments of a profile. The lobeless ear was flaunted at him.

"Brandy!" commanded the Pell Street Kid in husky but confident tones. The lookers-on in Venice sat tensely quivering. How far would Bogie let this invader go? And Bogie was merely staring—staring, fascinated, at the partial ear of his rival.

"This here left sail of mine," remarked the Kid to Steve with seeming irrelevance, "was man-chewed back in Pell Street, N'York." He permitted himself a dramatic pause. "But the guy never saw nothin' again out of his right lamp!"

He wriggled a thumb gruesomely and a delighted shudder swept the audience. He reached for the brandy bottle. There was a crisp little explosion and the bottle was shattered in his hand. With an unstudied yell of terror the Pell Street Kid whirled about and leaped through the swinging doors.

"He'll win a fight or a footrace!" shouted Bogie, speeding in pursuit, a blue-barreled revolver in each hand.

Pursued and pursuer dashed round the corner of Pacific Street into Kearny. The pursued held his hands high above his head and loudly invoked the law. The pursuer at discreet intervals fired shots at an unruffled sky. Two patrolmen on Kearny Street stepped dispassionately into doorways to afford the procession an unimpeded progress.

The Pell Street Kid fled toward the Hall of Justice, where burned the blue beacon of the central police station. At almost any other time he would have shunned this light as a plague warning—now it was a refuge. He flung open the door on two inoffensive policemen engaged in a checker game. It was some moments before he could regain the breath to explain why he had felt obliged to interrupt the game at a crucial point.

Bogie O'Leary, panting under the battle stress, made his way back to Finnegan's. An admirer had bought drinks for the house, and Bogie, over brimming glasses, was hailed as the Cave's hero.

"If anybody else thinks I ain't got the punch let him speak now and I'll eat him alive!" announced Bogie.

As no one seemed eager to perish in this spectacular fashion the hero permitted himself to be mollified and mellowed by more whisky. At his second drink a quietly garbed youth of stealthy manner and shifting eyes stole in and made his way to the hero's side.

"Duck," whispered the youth; "two fly bulls'll be up in half an hour. They want you to beat it."

Bogie had expected this message—a tribute to his recent victory and a delicate admission of the regard in which he was held by a discriminating constabulary. He paused only to quaff another beaker; then, with a gallant flourish to the applauding throng, he went out into the night.

Brimming with the exaltation of one who, having done good work, is aware that the world has been made to know it, he stalked majestically down Pacific Street; and as he reflected on the fine little details of his accomplishment its merit became enlarged in his mind. He was in that perilous state which has preceded the downfall of many an artist. Drunken with the glory of his masterpiece he burned to paint another while yet the fever endured. Let us not blame him! With sufficient mulligan in our ales which of us would aspire less daringly?

Finding himself at the ferry-house it occurred to his chivalrous soul that a brief journey beyond the city confines might save his good friends, the police, what chagrin they would feel at actually finding him while merely pretending to hunt for him. He promptly bought a ticket and boarded a boat that proved to be bound for the Marin County side of the Bay.

Half an hour later he landed in the sedate and already sleepy town of Tiburon. As the needle to the magnetic pole, albeit more sinuously, he wove a course to the only saloon. He hungered for the sweets of applause, and his artistic temperament decreed that he should once again that night inspire fear in the hearts of men.

"Hey! Spill me out some booze!" growled Bogie in his best bad-man voice, and glanced about the dingy barroom to note what of terror he inspired. There were but a few loungers present and these regarded the newcomer with a rather listless indifference. One of them—a yellow-whiskered mammoth—did not even look up. He sat at a table in a far corner, engrossed in the solution of a small wire puzzle. Moreover the bartender served the desired drink with a quite perfunctory oblivion, continuing to one of the loungers his masterly analysis of the baseball prospects.

So spiritless a reception could not but affront Bogie. Had he not accomplished a wondrous, a historic feat? And in this contemptible suburb, was he to be denied the reward of popular acclaim? It was monstrous! It was unbearable!

The bartender absently reached for the bottle when Bogie had poured his drink.

"Leave it!" exploded the indignant hero. "I want more! I want bucketfuls!"

Two or three of the loungers now eyed the newcomer furtively; but the blond mammoth in the corner still sat intent on his wire puzzle. This man especially annoyed Bogie. He had a grinning, foolish face and the empty, bulging blue eyes of a Christmas doll.

"Don't rile me!" snarled Bogie, chiefly for the impressment of the puzzleworker. "I'll let you know I'm a bad man! I'm the worst man in California and I eat boobs raw—'specially Swedes. I smell one now and I'm goin' to chew both his ears off. Wait till I get my appetite."

The bulky blond appeared to be deaf. He bent lower over his puzzle. Bogie had drawn his long knife and hurled it into the floor. It quivered on its buried point a few feet from the chair of the puzzleworker; but the chair's occupant gave no sign.

The bartender edged casually toward the end of the bar. Two of the loungers glided out with little ceremony. The others shifted awkwardly toward the rear of the room. Bogie, pleasantly aware of these belated tributes to his badness, was now on his best mettle. He would make history in Tiburon. First he would shoot the lights out—with a shot or two into the mirror back of the bar.

As one of the long-barreled revolvers was half withdrawn from its vest holster, both his wrists were caught from behind. Suddenly, strain as he would, he could move neither arm.

"You batter drop it, mister!" admonished a sleepy voice in his ear.

Bogie screamed with rage and pulled the trigger. The bullet narrowly missed one of his own feet; then his wrist was twisted so painfully that the revolver fell to the floor.

"I'll eat your heart out!" yelled Bogie. "Let me go! I'm Bogie O'Leary!"

The announcement made much less than the sensation he had expected. That fell

"I'm the Worst Man in California and I Eat Boobs Raw"

grasp on his wrists tightened. He thrust back his head and his teeth snapped as he tried for a primitive hold on the face of his antagonist—tried unsuccessfully; for at that moment he was skillfully tripped and fell face downward under a ponderous weight. Magically his wrists were caught together by handcuffs and he felt his pockets being searched.

When he was at length jerked to his feet he saw through the haze that his cherished weapons had been laid on the bar—his long knife; two revolvers; the brass knuckles; the billy. Gazing at him with mild reproof in his pale blue eyes was the man of the puzzle.

"You ban nice faller!" remarked his conqueror with pained sarcasm.

Bogie thereupon made the place vocal with his most sulphurous language. Back on the Coast his profanity was highly considered, but his captor only surveyed him with renewed disesteem.

"You batter behave," he warned; "cursing and swearing like a loafer!"

He turned away and picked up the wire puzzle to lay it tenderly on the bar.

"I got to lock this faller oop," he remarked wearily to the bartender; "but when I come back I bat two dollar I do that puzzle before you have to shut."

"Take these things off and I'll kill you!" shrieked Bogie. "I'm a bad man! I'll come back and burn this town down and every squarehead Swede in it!"

"You ban make too much noise, Mr. O'Leary. Maybe you ban bad, but I ban constable and poundman, and I goin' lock you oop. Monday morning you tall the yustice how you ban bad. Now you come along!"

Kicking and emitting a weirdly frilled profanity the bad man was propelled by an irresistible force down the deserted main street of Tiburon and halted before a small brick building.

"This here ban the pound," announced his captor. "We not have a yail, so I use the pound for a yail also. Maybe the trustees make a yail for me if you come again sometime, Mr. O'Leary. You ban a good faller, maybe I put you some place batter; but you ban a bad fool man—so in you go!"

"I'll cut your heart out for this!" screamed the bad man.

"Now I bat two dollar I do my puzzle!" remarked his captor, as with a firm but gentle push Bogie O'Leary was projected into the black of the doorway. Faintly a padlock snapped outside the closed door.

Bogie essayed a step forward and stumbled over a dog, which rose with a yelp and seized him by an ankle. As he sought to regain his feet a bitter blow impinged on his back—a goat had butted him.

And darkness was over all.

At noon the next day Steve, the night bartender, was aroused from his sleep by the pounding of a messenger boy on the door of his modest bachelor apartment in the Gents' Bon-Ton Lodging House. Groping a sleep-blinded way to the door Steve was brought fully awake by a telegram thrust in on him. He signed for this, closed the door and fearsomely laid the yellow envelope on his bed. He stared at it there a moment, then gingerly lifted it and propped it against his mirror, where the handwriting of the address could be studied.

Presently it occurred to his quickening mind that this writing would probably be without the least personal significance. Thereupon he rapidly catalogued such members of his family as might have passed away during the night. There were several of these whose going he could have

There Had Been But a Gray Flash Across the Arena

read of with only a mellow regret. Still, it was a momentous business and he glowed with a pleased importance—for this was his first telegram.

Curiously enough, of all the myriad telegrams that have been sent over and about this busy world, not one had ever before come to Steve. That this first one told of death he was now certain. His imagination was powerless to conceive a slighter provocation. But whose death?

Casting reflective glances at intervals on the sinister missive he proceeded to the making of his simple toilet. Midway of this he paused, brightened suddenly and exclaimed:

"Uncle Roderick! Poor Uncle Roderick!"

That explained it. His Uncle Roderick had dropped dead up in Napa County—his uncle Roderick, who had more than once flatly declared an intention of making Steve the sole heir to his eighty-acre vineyard.

He rapidly finished dressing and was out in the modified Sabbath calm of Pacific Street, the unopened telegram clutched tightly in one hand. He was no longer apprehensive—in truth, a very definite elation filled his mind. Nevertheless he felt the need of a stimulant before he read the actual words. The Sans Souci was the first house of call on his way and Steve turned in. Momentarily he was made almost oblivious to his telegram, for the Pell Street Kid stood in lonely grandeur at the bar.

"Where's the quick guy?" demanded the Kid, not ungraciously.

"Search me!" responded Steve. "But look here! I just got a telegram saying my Uncle Roderick's dropped dead and left me his eighty-acre vineyard."

"Say, pal, that old geezer's some nervous wit' his trigger finger," wheezed the Kid, who was not easily to be diverted with tales of legacies, "but I dunno's I want any hard feelin's as between man and man. I'm willin' t' let bygones be bygones, if it comes down to that."

"Have something?" invited Steve. "He was over ninety and he said he'd leave the whole eighty to me. I'm goin' to start a roadhouse up there—elegant location for the auto trade; right on the main road."

"Good!" said the Kid. "I'll take brandy."

"Same!" said Steve; and, with a last cautious survey of the envelope, he delicately tore open his telegram. The contents seemed to amaze him. He read at varying angles and from varying distances.

"Uncle left you a farm, did he?" inquired the Kid cordially.

"It—it don't seem to say anything about that," replied the dazed Steve. His feeling was that the telegraph company had played him false. "It don't even mention a word about Uncle Roderick. It says something else. Here—you read it."

The Pell Street Kid snapped the sheet with a masterful finger and read the simple message:

> Being killed in jail here! Help, for God's sake!
>
> BOGIE.

"That's the old guy last night, ain't it?" asked the Kid.

"Sure—that's his name," admitted Steve; "but I don't understand it. I thought it was Uncle Roderick dead—and the finest eighty acres of growing grapes you ever set eyes on—say, I better go see the head man at that telegraph office."

"Drink up!" urged the Kid. "And how do you get to this here place? I don't just make it."

"Oh, there?" said Steve. "You take the ferry and get off on the other side."

"Sure!" agreed the Kid. "I know that much about ferryboats myself. C'mon, then!"

"Can't make it out!" insisted Steve. "He's ninety if he's a day; and only last March when I was up there he told me this here eighty was as good as mine—and yet, look at that telegram!"

The Kid was rushing ahead, however, and Steve followed, still muttering his perplexity. Even by his fondest admirers Steve had never been thought an intellectual giant.

On the boat they bought a Sunday paper and scanned its crime news for light on Bogie's misfortune. They reasoned that Bogie had made a killing and was being tortured by the police.

"The bulls is givin' him the third degree," said the Kid knowingly; "but mebbe we can get in to him. I'll take him this noozepaper and get him a bag of grapes or somethin'."

"Grapes!" muttered Steve. "Eighty acres gone like that!" And he waved loose fingers in illustration.

The Pell Street Kid had made his way to the boat's lunch counter and was buying expensive grapes, suitable for one in distress. Steve hopefully scanned the paper anew for an item concerning his uncle Roderick.

They disembarked at Tiburon and were stared at curiously by a citizen of whom they sought information.

"Police station? What do you mean—police station?" demanded the citizen. "There ain't any. There's a pound and a Swede city marshal. The pound's down to the end of this street and the Swede's likely over to the Lutheran Sunday school."

"Was they a murder here last night?" ventured the Kid.

"No," said the citizen frankly. "There wasn't ever anything here."

"C'mon!" directed the Kid to Steve, and they swiftly traversed the main street of closed shops.

"Maybe he's dead a'ready!" suggested Steve, reluctant to believe that any telegram could mean less than death.

"Die myself," declared the Kid, "'f I had to stay overnight here! Say, think of a civilized burg without a jail! What's a pound look like, anyway? Would that be it?"

At a point where the town's commercial life waned into vacant lots stood a compact brick building, without windows and with but one door, stoutly secured by a bar and padlock. This sinister edifice was set at the corner of a high-walled inclosure, also of durable construction. They rattled the padlock without result.

"Walk round!" directed the Kid, who was a born leader, and they followed the line of the high wall. At the first corner they paused. From within came staccato hoofbeats, followed by a muffled thump and a howl of anguish.

"It's Bogie's voice!" exclaimed Steve. "I'd know it in a million."

"Hurry round!" ordered the Kid. They turned the corner, only to find another mute expanse of board wall, a dozen feet high at least. Passing this hastily they turned the second corner of the mysterious inclosure.

Here, midway of the third wall, a ladder was erected; and at the top of this a man leaned far over, apparently engrossed with whatever of action was occurring inside the walls. At the moment he was calling cheerily to some one below him:

"What'd I tell ye? Ain't he th' pet now! An'—would ye believe it?—he's just turned three year—not a day older! What's that? Come now! Come now! Shame on ye! Such is no talk f'r a Sunday!"

"Hey, pal!" called the Kid.

The man on the ladder turned a genial face to the pair below him. He was a plain, simple man—a workingman of the people, one would say—and enjoying his Sabbath leisure to the full. He beamed on them and beckoned hospitably.

"Ye'll have th' fine seats t' enj'y it," he called, and forthwith edged himself cautiously from the ladder along the top of the wall. "Hurry, or ye'll miss th' next come-togither!"

The Kid mounted the ladder, followed by Steve. They perched precariously atop the wall beside their attentive host. Against a side of the inclosure below them was a dog kennel with a peaked roof; and astride this roof was the devastated remnant of Bogie O'Leary.

Not at first glance could they believe this, for they beheld a shattered and terrified man who had battled desperately for life and whose spirit was broken. Not until he lifted an agonized face to them could they be certain that the eye in which lay such piteous pleading was the eye of Bogie—the other eye might have belonged to any one. Bogie spoke.

"Help!" he called feebly.

"What's it all mean anyway?" demanded Steve petulantly. "I made sure it was my Uncle Roderick up in Napa County had dropped dead—and here it's only you."

"Look!" hissed the Kid, pointing.

They both surveyed a creature in the far corner, until this moment undetected. It was a goat of heroic stature, superbly behorned and set with arrogance. He spurned the earth with a murderous forefoot and shook a contemptuous beard at the craven beyond his reach on the kennel.

"'Tis him!" shouted the joyous host of the ladder. "'Tis the good old Docther. I raised him meself fr'm a kid; an' will ye look at th' whishkers of 'm f'r three years—an' th' hor-runs—an' him with th' stren'th of a lion! Hey there!" he called to the victim below. "Tell these gintlemin—ain't he got th' stren'th of a lion, now? Gwan! Tell thim! Has he not?"

"Get me out of this if you're men," pleaded the victim.

"Kick his slats in," directed the Pell Street Kid.

Bogie glared at him from the one eye still in commission. "He's killin' me, I tell you!"

"Sure he manes little har-rum," put in the goat's proud owner. "Haven't I told 'm that often enough? He has th' spirit of adventure, 'tis true; but anny one'll tell ye that Kerrigan's Docther hasn't a wicked hair in his hide. 'Tis the play in him. Ye must 'a' done somethin' to vex him. I admit he's a divvil whin vexed, but that gintle at momints—manny's th' time I've knowed him show affection to wor-rse lookers than you, me boy."

"Call him off, then," pleaded Bogie, "just till I can get back inta that little house again."

"Wha'd you come out for?" demanded Steve, still coldly critical. "And look at the state your clothes is in! Why couldn't you be a little more careful?"

"He was buttin' me in there shameful! That Swede let me out when he come this morning and I got him to send you a telegram; and then that he-devil got out too—and he butts me every chance he gets; and along comes that hyena up on the fence there and laughs his head off at me."

"Come now! Come now!" broke in the slightly annoyed Kerrigan. "A joke's a joke; but ye should mind what ye're sayin'." He turned to the newcomers in amiable explanation. "Me house is just over a block there; an', the Docther bein' took up yistaday f'r resistin' an off'cer, I come over with this ladder f'r to cheer him a bit in his captivity, niver dreamin' he'd be havin' such ilegant skylarks with yer frind here!" He glanced indignantly at Bogie once more. "To be sure I laughed, in measure—but 'twas imperrytive. Git down fr'm there wanst an' see if yer frinds don't laugh akeilly. Gwan now! Be a spoort! Make as if ye was goin' t' dash f'r th' door of th' little house agin—an' see if they don't laugh heartily whin it happens."

"You—you ——" began Bogie; but his need for words was too terribly great. His voice broke with something that, in any but a bad man, would have been called a sob. "Help!" he concluded piteously.

"I can't see what you got me all stirred up with that telegram for," put in Steve. "I can't do nothing for you. I ain't no wild-animal tamer, and you knew it well enough!"

"He ain't lookin' now," called the watchful Kid. "Quick! Make a break for the house!"

"It's just his trick," quavered the victim.

"Yer frind's right—I have t' grant him that," admitted Kerrigan generously. "Th' Docther's deep; he's on'y pertindin' not t' notice."

The monster had turned an unseeing back on his prey. His head drooped; his eyes apparently closed. He seemed to doze meditatively.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! But ain't he th' cunnin' skeezics!" said the delighted Kerrigan. "Tryin' t' loor 'm onta th' ground agin, where he can have another game with 'm! Ain't he th' pet now!"

"Try, anyway!" urged the Kid in cautious tones. "Mebbe you can sneak by." The Doctor remained immobile.

"I love th' beaucheous lines of 'm," murmured the fatuous Kerrigan. "'Tis like a gazelle he is!"

(Continued on Page 40)

And Darkness Was Over All

Geraldine Farrar Tells Some Truths

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

GERALDINE FARRAR'S chief charm lies in her candor. A much-traveled young woman, she has gone through this vale of tears with her eyes—and they are very large, dark, expressive eyes—quite wide open; so she has seen much, both in the way of things and of people. Then, too, she has talked to the worth-while men and women in this many-languaged world, for she is an accomplished linguist. She has read much; and so, plus the views of those with whom she comes in personal contact, she absorbs from the printed page. It has been her rare good fortune to have reached the topmost rung of the operatic ladder, and—rarer good fortune—to have done this as a native-born American. So, having traveled and seen much, met many people, read, sung, been applauded in every civilized country and today acclaimed among the world's greatest on the lyric stage, she has, at thirty-two, learned much more than is given to most of us to know.

From her great store of knowledge two big facts have crystallized and become Geraldine Farrar's creed of conduct:

First—Sincerity.

Second—Live! Live every minute!

And Geraldine Farrar's chief charm lies in her candor!

She sat in the study of her wonderful New York home on West Seventy-fourth Street one day last March—that is, she sat at intervals. She would begin a sentence on the divan, carry it on while she rose to go to the piano, bring it down to its finishing touch as she restlessly glanced out the window, and put on the period as she sank into a chair at her flat-top desk. Energy, intensity, nerves, with a magnetic personality that, via wireless, sends its message to you, the Farrar temperament fills a room and surcharges it as easily as it helps to fill an opera house. You cannot escape it if you want to—and you do not want to.

As to American Girls

"OF COURSE I'll wear out," she said; "I'll burn out! Since I've been a child it has been dinned into me again and again and again—'Save yourself as much as you can!' But I can't—it isn't in me to save. When I sing a rôle I throw body and soul into it. I give all that is in me, every tiny particle of it, whether it be of singing or acting. And, having given, I want to give more—I keep nothing in reserve, for I have nothing left. I know that I'm going to give out young; but I'd rather do that than save. I'd rather be a spendthrift than a miser, and I'm a spendthrift in everything—nerves, strength, vitality. The day after a performance I am limp, useless, worn-out, and must lie abed; but I don't regret. I've given my all, and nothing less than that satisfies me; for even if I did know how to save myself in this, that or the other scene, I wouldn't do it. I don't want to save—I want to give!"

The American girl is one of our time-honored institutions—a home-bred and home-cultivated product. We are a bit proud of her, and rightly; but listen to the candor of the Farrar as she pays her respects *en passant:*

"Of late the fad of repression would seem to have crept into our life. It finds its unhappiest expression on the faces of our American girls. I think, mind you, that the American girl is the best-dressed, best-booted, best-gloved, best-hatted girl on the globe; but watch her any sunny afternoon on the principal streets of our big cities. From her face would seem to have been massaged any damaging mobility of expression. There is no rapturous joy in her looks, little of the God-given delight at being alive and young. She is repressed; it has been drilled into her that to show emotion is to be unfashionable—bad form. She permits herself to be cast in a conventional mold that admits merely of an occasional smile, and that of a cold, brittle sort, like a white winter sun trying to warm an icefield. And she maybe will go through life missing all the warm, beautiful touches, or else come a cropper one way or another. Why doesn't she be alive and let her face show it? Good form, bad form—what does it matter when one's face can be made not only to show joy but to communicate it? Why be passive and allow to be ironed out and rubbed out of the face the beautiful things it can show? The advancing years come all too quickly," concludes the Farrar grimly; "and these girls should remember that looks, unlike wine, won't improve with age!"

From the American girl to American music was but a step; and the nerve-taking, nerve-using Farrar had some original ideas on that subject also, ditto candor.

"What art we have here," said she, "we import; for at present art in America is a luxury and you must educate people up to it, whether it be a painting, a bit of sculpture, or an opera. But then, consider how young we are as a people. American music may come eventually—but when, is rather a matter of guesswork. Just think, though, how woefully, pitifully young we are—not out of our swaddling clothes as a nation. When Greece was at the height of its glory the Teuton was little more than a caveman. Today look where Germany stands in the art of the world! Yet—and stop and think of this for a moment—fourteen hundred years after Christ was born this country didn't exist, even in the imaginations of men, much less on the map of the world. And a little over a hundred years ago the greater part of the United States was but a wilderness. We haven't had time yet to think of art; we're trying to clear up our material problems and at the same time make a living, leaving to the future generations, who will have more leisure, the task of developing artistic traits. We of the present are merely blazing the way; making the paths easier for those who follow us and will arrive quicker by reason of our pioneer work. It takes time and commingling of different bloods to make for art. When our art comes, the real American Art, it will be found that a mixed race produced it, with American soil as a background.

Geraldine Farrar as Tosca

"I have heard it said," she mused, "that the American voice is a resultant of our climate; that it is a hard voice, unmusical, metallic. But is that true? Take our Southern women, for example. Few voices are more wondrously soft, more vibrantly musical, than those of our women of the South. Our climate does play a part, but it is a temperamental and not a vocal part, to my mind. I think the American climate gets on our nerves first, and not on our voices, except as a resultant from our nerves. It gives us a peculiarly electrical tenseness, a sort of nervous auto-intoxication. That makes us pitch our voices higher than is the way with most people of the world. The proof of this is often shown in the second generation of the immigrants who land here. The children born in this country of immigrants invariably have harder and higher-pitched voices than their fathers and mothers. Many a time I have noted it; and the soft-spoken elders are in marked vocal difference from their offspring. So it must be in the air. Don't you think so?"

Two Wonderful Voices

"AND while we're on the subject of voices, one woman I know, and one man, have the most wonderful speaking voices in the world. The woman is Ada Rehan; and her voice is like a rippling song, or a shaft of warm sunlight, or a shimmering spun gold. And the man? Forbes-Robertson. His voice is different from Ada Rehan's in its color and virile timbre, but wondrous in its beauty and flexibility. And these two magnificent speaking voices belong not to Americans—for Forbes-Robertson was born in England and Ada Rehan in Ireland."

A refractory slipper claimed attention at the same time that a bow of ribbon at her waist must be untangled from a knot and two hairpins shoved back into place. The three operations, calling for individual effort at feet, waist and head, were accomplished almost in one motion by the never-resting Farrar. Then the clasped hands were looped over the crossed knees and the Farrar was off again, this time concerning the slim chance the American girl with a voice gets in her own country. And again the candor:

"At present the best way the American girl can obtain her ultimate American engagement is by going abroad and profiting by a routine which we cannot give her here—make her success there so substantial as to give her a name and claim in all musical centers."

A picture above the fireplace leaned the tenth of a degree too much to port. The Farrar's quick eye had spied it, and she was up and at it in a jiffy, had altered its course south by southeast, and was back on the divan again, stabbing another hairpin.

There is a knock at the door, and the echo of it has not ceased before the bunch of nerves on the divan has hurled itself to the door, taken the special-delivery letter, opened it, read it, thrown it on the desk and herself back to her old position.

"Rehearsal tomorrow!" she says by way of explanation to the interruption. Then:

"The audiences on the other side differ from ours. The American audience is more polite. If you're not liked here they simply stay away from the opera; they may come to one performance, but politely absent themselves in the future. In that way they tell you that you bore them. But in Europe if you are not liked they tell you so plainly and unequivocally, and make no bones about it.

"Oh, it's wonderful, that touch between the artist and the audience! You feel it the very instant your foot touches the stage and you come into view of each other. There's something personal and physical in the contact, like a handshake—no; it's more like a hug. And the audience seems to say to you: 'We love you, and we hope you have something real and fine to show us. We're here to help you.' That is why one should give the public always of the very best, and also one reason why I cannot help doing so.

"Then heart, soul and brain of you go out to them. You want to shout back as loud as you can: 'All of me—all of me—all of me you're going to have tonight! And with that help of yours I'll show you something worth while.'

(Continued on Page 61)

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Modes of the Moment—a European Fashion Article

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

English Clothes are Not Meant for Americans

AMONG the furbearing races the adult male of the French species easily excels. Some fine peltries are to be seen in Italy, and there is a type of farming Englishman who wears a stiff set of burnishers projecting out round his face in a circular effect suggestive of a halo that has slipped down.

In connection with whiskers I have heard the Russians highly commended. They tell me that, from a distance, it is very hard to distinguish a muzhik from a bosky dell, whereas a grand duke nearly always reminds one of something tasty and luxuriant in the line of ornamental arborwork.

The German military man specializes in mustaches, preference being given to the Texas longhorn mustache, and the walrus and kitty-cat styles. A dehorned German officer is rarely found and a muley one is practically unknown. But the French lead all the world in whiskers—both the wildwood variety and the domesticated kind trained on a trellis. I mention this here at the outset because no Frenchman is properly dressed unless he is whiskered also; such details properly appertain to an article on European dress.

Probably every freeborn American citizen has at some time in his life cherished the dream of going to England and buying himself an outfit of English clothes—just as every woman has had hopes of visiting Paris and stocking up with Parisian gowns on the spot where they were created, and where—so she assumes—they will naturally be cheaper than elsewhere. Those among us who no longer harbor these fancies are the men and women who have tried these experiments.

After she has paid the tariff on them a woman is pained to note that her Paris gowns have cost her as much as they would cost her in the United States—so I have been told by women who have invested extensively in that direction. And though a man, by the passion of the moment, may be carried away to the extent of buying English clothes, he usually discovers on returning to his native land that they are not adapted to withstand the trying climatic conditions and the critical comments of press and public in this country. What was contemplated as a triumphal reëntrance becomes a footrace to the nearest ready-made clothing store.

English clothes are not meant for Americans, but for Englishmen to wear: that is a great cardinal truth which Americans would do well to ponder. Possibly you have heard that an Englishman's clothes fit him with an air. They do so; they fit him with a lot of air round the collar and a great deal of air through the slack of the trousers; frequently they fit him with such an air he is entirely surrounded by space, as in the case of a vacuum bottle.

Once there was a Briton whose overcoat collar hugged the back of his neck; so they knew by that he was no true Briton, but an impostor—and they put him out of the union. In brief, the kind of English clothes best suited for an American to wear is the kind Americans make.

Shopping in London

I KNEW these things in advance—or, anyway, I should have known them; nevertheless I felt our trip abroad would not be complete unless I brought back some London clothes. I took a look at the shop-windows and decided to pass up the ready-made things. The coat shirt; the shaped sock; the collar that will fit the neckband of a shirt, and other common American commodities, seemed to be practically unknown in London.

The English dress shirt has such a dinky little bosom on it that by rights you cannot call it a bosom at all; it comes nearer to being what women used to call a guimpe. Every show-window where I halted was jammed to the gunwales with thick, fuzzy, woolen articles and inflammatory plaid waistcoats, and articles in crash for tropical wear—even through the glass you could hear each individual crash with distinctness. The London shopkeeper adheres steadfastly to this arrangement. Into his window he puts everything he has in his shop—except the customer. The customer is in the rear, with all avenues of escape expertly fenced off from him by the proprietor and the clerks; but the stock itself is in the show-window.

There are just two department stores in London where, according to the American viewpoint, the windows are attractively dressed. One of these stores is owned by an American, and the other, I believe, is managed by an American. In Paris there are many shops that are veritable jewel-boxes for beauty and taste; but these are the small specialty shops, very expensive and highly perfumed.

The Paris department stores are worse jumbles even than the English department stores. When there is a special sale under way the bargain counters are rigged up on the sidewalks. There, in the open air, buyer and seller will chaffer and bicker, and wrangle and quarrel, and kiss and make up again—for all the world to see. One of the free sights of Paris is a frugal Frenchman, with his face extensively haired over, pawing like a Skye terrier through a heap of marked-down lingerie; picking out things for the female members of his household to wear—now testing some material with his tongue; now holding a most personal article up in the sunlight to examine the fabric—while the wife stands humbly, dumbly by, waiting for him to complete his selections.

On a Sunday Afternoon One Beholds Some Weird and Wonderful Costumes

So, as far as London was concerned, I decided to deny myself any extensive orgy in haberdashery. From similar motives I did not invest in the lounge suit to which an Englishman is addicted. I doubted whether it would fit the lounge we have at home—though, with stretching, it might at that. My choice finally fell on an English raincoat and a pair of those baggy knee breeches such as an Englishman wears when he goes to Scotland for the moor shooting, or to the National Gallery—or any other damp, misty, rheumatic place.

I got the raincoat first. It was built to my measure; at least that was the understanding; but you give an English tailor an inch and he will take an ell. This particular tailor seemed to labor under the impression that I was going to use my raincoat for holding large public assemblies or social gatherings in—nothing that I could say convinced him that I desired it for individual use; so he modeled it on a generous spreading design, big at the bottom and sloping up toward the top like a pagoda. Equipped with guy ropes and a centerpole it would make a first-rate marquee for a garden party—in case of bad weather the refreshments could be served under it; but as a raincoat I did not particularly fancy it. When I put it on I sort of reminded myself of a covered wagon.

At the Sporting Tailor's

NOTHING daunted by this I looked up the address of a sporting tailor in a side street off Regent Street, whose genius was reputed to find an artistic outlet in knee breeches. Before visiting his shop I disclosed my purpose to my traveling companion, an individual in whose judgment and good taste I have ordinarily every confidence, and who has a way of coming directly to the meat of a subject.

"What do you want with a pair of knee breeches?" inquired this person crisply.

"Why—er—for general sporting occasions," I replied.

"For instance, what occasions?"

"For golfing," I said, "and for riding, you know. And if I should go West next fall they would come in very handy for the shooting."

"To begin with," said my companion, "you do not golf. The only extensive riding I have ever heard of your doing was on railroad trains. And if these knee breeches you contemplate buying are anything like the riding breeches I have seen here in London, and if you should wear them out West among the impulsive Western people, there would undoubtedly be a good deal of shooting; but I doubt whether you would enjoy it—they might hit you!"

"Look here!" I said. "Every man in America who wears duck pants doesn't run a poultry farm. And the presence of a sailor hat in the summertime does not necessarily imply that the man under it owns a yacht. I cannot go back home to New York and face other and older members of the When-I-Was-in-London Club without some sartorial credentials to show for my trip. I am firmly committed to this undertaking. Do not seek to dissuade me, I beg of you. My mind is set on riding breeches and I shan't be happy until I get them."

So saying I betook myself to the establishment of this sporting tailor in the side street off Regent Street; and there, without much difficulty, I formed the acquaintance of a salesman of suave and urbane manners. With his assistance I picked out a distinctive, not to say striking, pattern in an effect of plaids. The goods, he said, were made of the wool of a Scotch sheep in the natural colors. They must have some pretty fancy-looking sheep in Scotland!

This done, the salesman turned me over to a cutter, who took me to a small room where incompleted garments were hanging all about like the quartered carcasses of animals in a butcher shop. The cutter was a person who dropped his h's and then, catching himself, gathered them all up

again and put them back in his speech—in the wrong places. He surveyed me extensively with a square and a measuring line, meantime taking many notes, and told me to come back on the next day but one.

On the day named and at the hour appointed I was back. He had the garments ready for me. As, with an air of pride, he elevated them for my inspection, they seemed commodious—indeed, voluminous. I had told him, when making them, to take all the latitude he needed; but it looked now as though he had got it confused in his mind with longitude. Those breeches appeared to be constructed for cargo rather than speed.

With some internal misgivings I lowered myself into them while he held them in position, and when I had descended as far as I could go without entirely immuring myself, he buttoned the dewdabs at the knees; then he went round behind me and cinched them in abruptly, so that of a sudden they became quite snug at the waistline; the only trouble was that the waistline had moved close up under my armpits, practically eliminating about a foot and a half of me that I had always theretofore regarded as indispensable to the general effect.

Also, right in the middle of my back, up between my shoulderblades, there was a stiff, hard clump of something that bored into my spine uncomfortably. I could feel it quite plainly—lumpy and rough.

"'Ow's that, sir?" he cheerily asked me, over my shoulder; but it seemed to me there was a strained, nervous note in his voice. "A bit of all right—eh, sir?"

"Well," I said, standing on tiptoe in an effort to see over the top, "you've certainly behaved very generously toward me—I'll say that much. Midships there appears to be about four or five yards of material I do not actually need in my business, being, as it happens, neither a harem favorite nor a professional sackracer. And they come up so high I'm afraid people will think the gallant coast-guards have got me in their lifesaving device and are bringing me ashore through the surf."

"You'll be wanting them a bit loose, sir, you know," he interjected, still snuggling close behind me. "All our gentlemen like them loose."

Futile Surgery

"OH, VERY well," I said; "perhaps these things are mere details. However I would be under deep obligations to you if you'd change 'em from barkentine to schooner rig, and lower away this gaff-topsail which now sticks up under my chin, so that I can luff and come up in the wind without capsizing. And say, what is that hard lump between my shoulders?"

"Nothing at all, sir," he said hastily; and now I knew he was flurried. "I can fix that, sir—in a jiffy, sir."

"Anyhow, please come round here in front where I can converse more freely with you on the subject," I said.

I was becoming suspicious that all was not well with me back there where he was lingering. He came reluctantly, still half-embracing me with one arm.

Petulantly I wrested my form free, and instantly those breeches seemed to leap outward in all directions away from me. I grabbed for them, and barely in time I got a grip on the yawning top hem. Peering down the cavelike orifice that now confronted me I saw two spectral white columns, and recognized them as my own legs. In the same instant, also, I realized what that hard clump against my spine was, because when he took his hand away the clump was gone. He had been standing back there with some eight or nine inches of superfluous waistband bunched up in his fist.

The situation was embarrassing, and it would have been still more embarrassing had I elected to go forth wearing my breeches in their then state, because, to avoid talk, he would have had to go along too, walking immediately behind me and holding up the slack. And such a spectacle, with me filling the tonneau and he back behind on the rumble, would have caused comment undoubtedly.

Pheasant Shooting is the Last Word in the English Sporting Calendar

That pantsmaker was up a stump! He looked reproachfully at me, chidingly at the breeches and sternly at the tapemeasure—which he wore draped round his neck like a pet snake—as though he felt convinced one of us was at fault, but could not be sure which one.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that your figure is changing."

"I guess you're right," I replied with gentle irony. "As well as I can judge I'm not as tall as I was day before yesterday by at least eighteen inches. And I've mislaid my diaphragm somewhere, haven't I?"

The French Lead All the World in Whiskers

"'Ave them off, please, sir," he said resignedly. "I'll 'ave to alter them to conform, sir. Come back tomorrow."

I had them off and he altered them to conform, and I went back on the morrow; in fact I went back so often that after a while I became really quite attached to the place. I felt almost like a member of the firm. Between calls from me he worked on those breeches. He cut them up and he cut them down; he sheared the back away and shingled the front, and shifted the buttons to and fro.

Still, even after all this, they were not what I should term an unqualified success. When I sat down in them they seemed to climb up on me so high, fore and aft, that I felt as short-waisted as a crush hat in a state of repose. And the only way I could get my hands into the hip pockets of those breeches was to take the breeches off first. Finally I told him to send them, just as they were, to my hotel address—and I paid the bill.

I brought them home with me. On the day after my arrival I took them to my regular tailor and laid the case before him. I tried them on for him and asked him to tell me, as man to man, whether anything could be done to make those garments habitable. He called his cutter into consultation and they went over me carefully, meantime uttering those commiserating clucking sounds one tailor always utters when examining another tailor's handiwork.

After this my tailor took a lump of chalk and charted out a kind of Queen Rosamond's maze of crossmarks on my breeches and said I might leave them, and that if surgery could save them he would operate. At any rate he guaranteed to cut them away sufficiently to admit of my breastbone coming out into the open once more.

In a week—about—he called me on the telephone and broke the sad news to me. My English riding pants would never ride me again. In using the sheare he had made a fatal slip and had irreparably damaged them in an essential locality. However, he said I need not worry, because it might have been worse; from what he had already cut out of them he had garnered enough material to make me a neat outing coat, and by scrimping he thought he might get a waistcoat to match.

Pike's Peak or Bust

I HAVE my English raincoat; it is still in a virgin state so far as wearing it is concerned. I may yet wear it and I may not. If I wear it and you meet me on the street—and we are strangers—you should experience no great difficulty in recognizing me. Just start in at almost any spot on the outer orbit and walk round and round as though you were circling a sideshow tent looking for a chance to crawl under the canvas and see the curiosities for nothing; and after a while, if you keep on walking as directed, you will come to a person with a plain but substantial face, and that will be me in my new English raincoat.

Then again I may wear it to a fancy-dress ball sometime. In that case I shall stencil Pike's Peak or Bust! on the sidebreadth and go as a prairie schooner. If I can succeed in training a Missouri hound-dog to trail along immediately behind me the illusion will be perfect.

After these two experiences with the English tailor I gave up. Instead of trying to wear the apparel of the foreigner I set myself to the study of it. I would avoid falling into the habit of making comparisons between European institutions and American institutions that are forever favorable to the American side of the argument.

To my way of thinking there is only one class of tourist-Americans to be encountered abroad worse than the class who go into hysterical rapture over everything they see merely because it is European, and that is the class who condemn offhand everything they see and find fault with everything merely because it is not American. But I must say that in the matter of outer habiliments the American man wins the decision on points nearly every whack.

In his evening garb, which generally fits him, but which generally is not pressed as to trouserlegs and coatsleeves, the Englishman makes an exceedingly good appearance. The swallow-tailed coat was created for the Englishman and he for it; but on all other occasions the well-dressed American leads him—leads the world, for that matter.

When a Frenchman attires himself in his fanciest regalia he succeeds in merely looking effeminate; whereas a German, under similar circumstances, bears a wadded-in, bulged-out, stuffed-up appearance.

I never saw a German in Germany whose hat was not too small for him—just as I never saw a Japanese in Occidental garb whose hat was not too large for him—if it was a derby hat. If a German has on a pair of trousers that

Being Hunted With a Swivel Chair is What Makes the German Wild Boar Wild

He Did Not Look as Though He Were Alive

flare out at the bottom and a coat with *angel* sleeves—I think that is the correct technical term—and if the front of his coat is spangled over with the largest-sized horn buttons obtainable he regards himself as being dressed to the minute.

As for the women, I believe even the supercritical mantuamakers of Paris have begun to concede that, as a nation, the American women are the best-dressed women on earth. The French women have a way of arranging their hair and of wearing their hats and of draping their furs about their throats that is artistic beyond comparison. There may be a word in some folks' dictionaries fitly to describe it—there is no such word in mine; but when you have said that much you have said all there is to say. A French woman's feet are not shod well. French shoes, like all European shoes, are clumsy and awkward looking.

English children are well dressed because they are simply dressed; and the children themselves, in contrast to the overdressed, overly aggressive youngsters so frequently encountered in America, are mannerly and self-effacing, and have sane, simple, childish tastes. Young English girls are fresh and natural, but frequently frumpy; and the English married woman is generally dressed in poor taste and appears to have a most limited wardrobe. Apparently the husband buys all he wants, and then, if there is any money left over, the wife gets it to spend on herself.

Venturing one morning into a London chapel I saw a dowdy little woman of this type kneeling in a pew, chanting the responses to the service. Her blouse gaped open all the way down her back and she was saying with much fervor, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done." She had too, but she didn't know it, as she knelt there unconsciously supplying a personal illustration for the spoken line.

The typical highborn English woman has pale blue eyes, a fine complexion and a clear-cut, rather expressionless face with a profile suggestive of the portraits seen on English postage stamps of the early Victorian period; but in the arranging of the hair any French shopgirl could give her lessons, and any smart American woman could teach her a lot about the knack of wearing clothes with distinction. Without setting up as an authority on dress I would like to add that the men and women of the other European countries we visited did not dress at all. They merely wore garments to cover themselves.

Foreign Clothes on Soldiers and Others

IN ENGLAND, that land of caste which is rigid enough to be cast iron, all men, with the exception of petty tradespeople, dress to match the vocations they follow. In America no man stays put—he either goes forward to a circle above the one into which he was born or he slips back into a lower one; and so he dresses to suit himself or his wife or his tailor. But in England the professional man advertises his calling by his clothes.

Extreme stage types are ordinary types in London. No Southern silver-tongued orator of the old-time, string-tied, slouch-hatted, long-haired variety ever clung more closely to his official makeup than the English barrister clings to his spats, his shad-bellied coat and his eyeglass dangling on a cord. At a glance one knows the medical man or the journalist, the military man in undress or the gentleman farmer; also, by the same easy method, one may know the workingman and the penny postman. The workingman has a cap on his head and a neckerchief about his throat, and the legs of his corduroy trousers are tied up below the knees with strings—else he is no workingman.

When we were in London the postmen were threatening to go on strike. From the papers I gathered that the points in dispute had to do with better hours and better pay; but if they had been striking against having to wear the kind of cap the British Government makes a postman wear, their cause would have had the cordial support and intense sympathy of every American in town.

It remains for the English clerk to be the only Englishman who seeks, by the clothes he wears in his hours of ease, to appear as something more than what he really is. Off duty he fairly dotes on the high hat of commerce. Frequently he sports it in connection with an exceedingly short and bobby sackcoat, and trousers that are four or five inches too short in the legs for him.

The Parisian shopman harbors similar ambitions—only he expresses them with more attention to detail. The noon hour arriving, the French shophand doffs his apron and his air of deference. He puts on a high hat and a frock coat that have been on a peg behind the door all the morning, gathers up his cane and his gloves; and, becoming on the instant a swagger and a swaggering boulevardier, he saunters to his favorite sidewalk café for a cordial glassful of a pink or green or purple drink. When his little hour of glory is over and done with he returns to his counter, sheds his grandeur and is once more your humble and ingratiating servitor.

In residential London on a Sunday afternoon one beholds some weird and wonderful costumes. On a Sunday afternoon in a sub-suburb of a Kensington suburb I saw, passing through a drab, sad side street, a little Cockney man with the sketchy nose and unfinished features of his breed. He was presumably going to church, for he carried a large Testament under his arm. He wore, among other things, a pair of white spats, a long-tailed coat and a high hat. It was not a regular high hat, either, but one of those trick-performing hats which, on signal, will play dead and lie doggo or else sit up and beg. And he was riding a bicycle of an ancient vintage!

The most impressively got-up civilians in England—or in the world, either, for that matter—are the assistant managers and the deputy cashiers of the big London hotels. Compared with them the lilies of the field are as lilies in the bulb. Their collars are higher, their ties are more resplendent, their frock coats more floppy as to the tail and more flappy as to the lapel, than it is possible to imagine until you have seen it all with your own wondering eyes.

They are haughty creatures, too, austere and full of a starchy dignity; but when you come to pay your bill you find at least one of them lined up with the valet and the waiter, the manservant and the maidservant, the ox and the ass, hand out and palm open to get his tip. Having tipped him you depart feeling ennobled and uplifted—as though you had conferred a purse of gold on a marquis.

With us it is the dress of the women that gives life and color to the shifting show of street life. In Europe it is the soldier—and in England the private soldier particularly. The German private soldier is too stiff, the French private soldier is too limber, and the Italian private soldier has been away from the dry-cleaner's too long; but the British Tommy Atkins is a perfect piece of work—what with his dinky cap tilted over one eye, and his red tunic that fits him without blemish or wrinkle, and his snappy little swagger stick flirting the air. As a picture of a first-class fighting man I know of but one to match him, and he is a khaki-clad, service-hatted Yankee regular. Long may he wave!

There may be something finer in the way of a military spectacle than the change of horseguards at Whitehall or the march of the footguards across the green in St. James' Park on a fine, bright morning—but I do not know what it is. One day, passing Buckingham Palace, I came on a footguard on duty in one of the little sentry boxes just outside the walls. He did not look as though he were alive. He looked as though he had been stuffed and mounted by a most expert taxidermist. From under his bearskin shako and from over his brazen chin-strap his face stared out unwinking and solemn and barren of thought.

I said to myself: "It is taking a long chance, but I shall ascertain whether this party has any human emotions." So I halted directly in front of him and began staring fixedly at his midriff as though I saw a button unfastened there or a buckle disarranged. For a space of minutes I kept my gaze on him without cessation.

Finally the situation grew painful; but it was not that British grenadier who grew embarrassed and fidgety—it was the other party to the transaction. His gaze never shifted, his eyes never wavered—but I came away feeling all wriggly.

In no outward regard whatsoever do the soldiers on the Continent compare with the soldiers of the British archipelago. When he is not on actual duty the German private is always going somewhere in a great hurry with something belonging to his superior officer—usually a riding horse or a specially heavy valise. On duty and off he wears that woodenness of expression—or, rather, that wooden lack of expression—which is found nowhere in such flower of perfection as on the faces of German soldiers and German toys.

The Germans prove they have a sense of humor by requiring their soldiers to march on parade with the goose step; and the French prove they have none at all by incasing the defenseless legs of their soldiers in those foolish red-flannel pants that are manufactured in such profusion up at the Panthéon.

Fashion Notes for Soldiers

IN THE event of another war between the two nations I anticipate a frightful mortality among pants—especially if the French forces should be retreating. The German soldier is not a particularly good marksman as marksmen go, but he would have to be the worst shot in the world to miss a pair of French pants that were going away from him.

Still, when all is said and done, there is something essentially Frenchy about those red pants. There is something in their length that instinctively suggests Toulon, something in their breadth that makes you think of Toulouse. I realize that this joke, as it stands, is weak and imperfect. If there were only another French seaport called Toubagge I could round it out and improve it structurally.

If the English private soldier is the trimmest, the Austrian officer is the most beautiful to look on. An Austrian officer is gaudier than the door-opener of a London café or the porter of a Paris hotel. He achieves effects in gaudiness that even the Italian officer cannot equal.

The Italian officer is addicted to cock feathers and horsetails on his helmet—to bits of yellow and blue let into his clothes—to tufts of red and green hung on him in unexpected and unaccountable spots. Either the design of bottled Italian chianti is modeled after the Italian officer or the Italian officer is modeled after the bottled chianti—which, though, I am not prepared to say without further study of the subject.

The Austrian officer is the walking sunset effect of creation. For color schemes I know of nothing in Nature to equal him except the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Circus parades are unknown in Austria—they are not missed either; after an Austrian officer a street parade would seem a colorless and commonplace thing. In his uniform he runs to striking contrasts—canary yellow, with light blue facings; silvers and grays; bright greens with scarlet slashings—and so on.

His collar is the very highest of all high collars and the heaviest with embroidery; his cloak is the longest and the widest; his boots the most varnished; his sword-belt the broadest and the shiniest; and the medals on his bosom are the most numerous and the most glittering. Alf Ringling and John Philip Sousa would take one look at

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There Is Only One Class of Tourist-Americans Worse Than the Class Who Go Into Hysterical Rapture Over Everything They See

BENSON'S DAY

By Mary Stewart Cutting

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

BENSON CLARK, hat in hand, sat in the gilded lobby of the hotel, with its pictorial pink-and-green frescoed walls, just outside the gayly musical tearoom, where dancers tangoed carefully between its tables. His lean face—still young in spite of those deep lines in it, as though he had been pulling upstream for a long time—was bent eagerly forward, and his keen eyes, under their straight brows, watched the revolving entrance doors for the first glimpse of Cecelie's light figure lilting in, in that graceful way she had, with her golden head held high. It was a girl's privilege to be late, of course, though he had traveled for two days to see her and should leave the following night.

He had been waiting a long time, but so had others.

It began to seem like a mysterious game, in which the people who were seated watched for those who did not appear, while the newcomers eagerly scanned the lines for those who were not there—only at far intervals two figures scored by matching, in joyful, subdued surprise, before hurrying off together.

Benson was not a dweller in the big city—only coming here on rare trips, like the present, from the mining town he happened to be in. All the sights and sounds—the environment, the people—had for the moment an agreeable foreignness that produced a vague exhilaration in addition to that absorbing prospect of meeting Cecelie, but with some vaguely depressing undercurrent, because as yet she had not come.

He had forborne to scan too closely the faces of the throng near him for fear of finding some hampering acquaintance—he had traveled enough to be apt to meet people he knew in any scene—but now a large-busted, bare-throated lady, rising from the chair beside him, revealed just beyond a slender, prettily dressed young woman with a delicate profile about which there seemed to grow something pleasingly familiar. As his eyes rested on her she dropped her muff and, reaching for it, let fall a pair of gloves and a pocketbook. The next instant he was before her, stooping for them.

"Allow me, Mrs. Varley! Perhaps you don't remember me, Benson Clark."

"Oh, I do! I do!" cried Mrs. Varley. A pretty flush overspread her face as she reached out her hand impulsively to him. "To think that it is eight years since we met, when Ferd and I were on our wedding trip! And you were so good! How did you happen to recognize me?"

"I didn't quite—until you began dropping things!" he answered with a smile, seating himself beside her, still conscious, as he talked, of every person who passed or entered the revolving doors, with that dual perception that was one of his characteristics. "That brought everything back!"

"Wasn't it silly!" said Mrs. Varley. Her eyes shone with delighted reminiscence as she began talking faster and faster. "And wasn't Ferd cross! I think people on their wedding trip are too funny for anything—neither one knows what the other is going to get deeply injured at. I can see his face now as he was introducing you to me on the hotel steps, and all my letters blew away, and the comb fell out of my hair, and the cologne bottle dropped from my bag and smashed!"

"You laughed," said Benson admonishingly.

"Yes; and that only made things worse. I think Ferd was morbidly afraid that people would think me childish and awkward—and he wanted me to seem perfect!" Her eyes brimmed happily. "You were so lovely that day—taking us to dinner and for the drive, and never forgetting me for a moment; and showing all the time that you knew Ferd was really fine, when he was so miserable and grumpy, and couldn't say a word—not a bit like a honeymooner! Real things turn out so different from the way you dream them, don't they? We've often laughed over that day since—but we've always loved to talk of you. I nearly called my youngest child Clark! Are you married?"

"No."

"Why not? You ought to be—a man like you!"

He offered the official masculine answer:

"I can't get anybody to have me. It's true! You have more than one child?"

"Four!" She flashed a proud glance at him. "The youngest is two—so grown up! I haven't any baby any more." Her tone seemed to have a divine half-regret in it. She broke off: "What have you been doing all this time?"

"Working—mostly." He hesitated slightly before going on; something in her clear eyes seemed to draw him

"I'm Counting a Lot on That Ride Back This Evening"

to further speech. "You spoke of real things being different from one's dreams of them—don't you think we ever 'dream' true?"

She shook her head.

"No! Dreams turn out better, often; but, so far as the details go, always different. It's strange how clever they are in eluding us! I always thought my husband would have a tenor voice—and he's Ferd! Oh, here he is now! Ferd, who do you think this is?"

"I guess I won't have to go very far to find out," said Mr. Varley heartily.

He had none of the graces of his wife; but in his large and slightly shabby aspect as a family man his kind smile, shining as through a dusty haze of business preoccupation, showed him to be the good fellow he was. Wealth was evidently one of the dreams that had not materialized.

They all stood talking together, both men with a little tender, chivalrous attitude toward pretty Mrs. Varley in the midst of the more jovial manner. When the couple parted from Benson, after an eager invitation for a future meeting, he sat down once more and watched them as they went off together, with a sort of God-bless-you-my-children feeling, though Varley ranked him by half a dozen years.

It made him somehow feel lonely. Just this big, simple, commonplace happiness of theirs was what he had grown to long for more than anything else in the world, though the chances seemed less and less that he would ever have it; the mere idea of linking Cecelie with it was like tethering a will-o'-the-wisp to one's hearthstone. All through the pleasant conversation he had been conscious of a gradual sinking of the heart.

The lobby was thinning out; people had drifted off. He realized now—what he had known from the first, with a foreboding to which he had refused to give heed—that she would not—after all her promises—come to meet him. The fact struck him hard.

It was over four years since they had first met; they had spent a month in the same summer camp together. He had not really known that he had fallen in love until he had gone home—perhaps because the mere fact of being with her had absorbed all power of thought. She was a veritable gleam of a girl—when you left her everything else seemed dark and you could not tell in just what her charm lay. She had that magnetic drawing power which is often independent of the will of its possessor, and which, once felt by the victim, refuses to release its hold.

She was slender and not so tall as she looked; her hair was golden; her eyes varied in color with her mood; she had a pearly skin, and a red mouth that was as lovely when it drooped as when it smiled.

They swam and fished, and had played tennis, danced and driven together. She was what is called a good sport. They had tramped in the rain, and they had read lying out under the trees in the sun; she broke her engagements with every one else for him. She had the courage of her delightfully audacious moods—you never could tell what she might say or do!—and she had also the most irrational timidities, out of which she could not be argued. She had a physical elusiveness that partook of her quality of light.

As soon as Benson reached home he had written to her, asking her to marry him. She had replied very sweetly, pleading for time to decide. He had kissed the letter rapturously, with a fatuous vision of the happiness to be his.

It had been a stern chase ever since. She had never come to any decision—except that he had better give up caring for her, though she would miss him terribly if he did. They had corresponded voluminously. Heavens! What hours he had spent writing to her from his bare room in the hotel in the Far Western town! What anguished days when her replies were delayed!

He had been on once or twice a year to see her, flying visits looked forward to passionately for months—only to fail of all satisfaction but that of letting his hungry eyes rest on her in the intervals of her many engagements, and leaving her surrounded by a host of men, with the anguished thought that if he could only stay he might win her. She wrote him candidly of all she was doing—scant comfort in that!

There was the letter in which she thought it right to tell him that she had fallen in love with a young officer, home on leave. Benson would always remember the night after he received that letter—he had walked and walked, out of the town and along the railroad track that stretched lonesomely across the prairie—walked until the gray dawn drove him back, his face drawn and his eyes burnt out as if from the heat of the fires of hell. It was two weeks before he heard from her again; then she said, thank goodness, the officer was gone: and she hated every man but Benson.

Then there was that time he would always remember by what he had missed—it was just after his last visit—when she had been too unkind, and in one of her audacious flights she had journeyed thirty-six hours by train to the town where he then lived to tell him how dreadfully sorry she was, and take the return train that left in an hour. And then, in a panic of maiden timidity when she alighted at the station, she had taken that return train without seeing him! She had written and confessed it all. And she had been so near!

After that had come the period when she not only hated men but Benson among them, and had left the world to work among the little children in a settlement for two or three months—and was quite happy because, for once, she was some good in the world—or would have been happy if it were not for a strange feeling at times that there was something wrong about her; she could not seem to really love any one—not even him!—and so would have to miss what luckier women had. Then she had come back to society gayer than ever.

And once—he reddened now as he remembered that—he had captured her masterfully in his arms and kissed her. She had stood quite still, with an icy disdain that took all the fire from his blood.

"Well, I never! If here isn't my little Bennie again!"

A clear voice, with a strong English accent, brought him instantly to his feet as a tall lady, passing with a largely mustached gentleman, held out her hand. She had brilliant auburn hair, eyes of intense blue, with artificial shadows below them, and a high color so natural that it flooded her face as she spoke. Her clinging green silk gown, adorned with dabs of fur, revealed an angular yet graceful thinness; she wore a small straw hat, trimmed with pink rosebuds, gold braid and a mauve feather, on her vivid hair.

"Mrs. Batsford-Wring!"

"Well, we *do* meet, don't we? It was the Rawkies last. I haven't a moment now; but come and see us—we're visitin' friends at the Ayreslea. Do now!"

"I'd like to; but I leave tomorrow night," Benson called after her as she hurried on. Everybody was kind but Cecelie!

Benson had hurried, on his arrival the evening before, to the big house where she lived with her father. After her last letter he had telegraphed her that he was coming. Heaven only knows with what dreams he always came! She was lovelier than ever as she lilted across the floor to greet him, with her golden head thrown back and her laughing eyes raised to his. She seemed very glad to see him.

The room was filled with a family party. He had talked to her iron-visaged banker father, to large and smiling Aunt Ida, thin and joking Uncle Henry, and fragile old Cousin Bella, who seemed held together with such difficulty that she might dissolve at any minute.

After his first blank dismay he had been patiently sure of a reward. It came as he was leaving—Cecelie had asked him to meet her at the Venetia at half past four the next day, and they would have their afternoon uninterrupted. And, after all, she had not come! Oh, she never kept her promises—she fooled you every time! What would have alienated in another was only a deeper allure in her; she drew like a magnet, whatever she did. Why must she always fly from him when he was near?

He had an incredibly insistent vision of following after her down a long, dark street of years, when, as fast as she fled, he gradually gained and gained until his arms closed tight round her; and instead of standing icily still in that embrace she leaned to him, with her warm lips upraised to his. Different, indeed, from the reality!

In the intense bitterness that surged over him now existence seemed nauseating; this state of things was sapping at the very roots of life. What a spineless thing he had become! He swore to himself in an access of cold fury that, one way or another, this time the thing should end.

There she was now—coming down the corridor, with a slight, pale girl and two men, one dark, supercilious and foreign, the other a tall boy, leaning over her entranced. As Benson jumped up she detached herself from the group and ran forward to meet him, her light figure, under its long fur stole, arrayed in something blue and shimmery that puffed out above and narrowed down close round her slender ankles, the blue feather in her little hat tilting as she stepped.

"Ah, Cecelie!"

As she stretched out both hands sheer delight filled him; her lovely face broke into an irresistible smile when her eye met his, as one who owns herself caught, and confesses and defies and pleads all at once. When she looked like that you could not help smiling too.

"You don't know how awfully attractive and gloomy you looked sitting there, with your head on your hand—I actually didn't recognize you!" She stopped short and stared at him blankly. "You don't mean to say you've been waiting for me here all the afternoon?"

"Oh, I've been strolling round part of the time," he replied with a startled glance at the clock. "I'd no idea it was so late; but everything's all right, now you've come."

"Oh, but I haven't!" she mourned. "I'm with a party. It was an old engagement. When I found I couldn't meet you I telephoned you. I felt dreadfully about it."

"All right; we'll let it go at that," said Benson gayly. "Leave your friends now and come with me!"

Her eyes sparkled.

"Very well—I will! Oh, no I can't!" She looked genuinely distressed. "There's a girl I can't leave—what a shame! I'll tell you -you come with us; it was one of the things I tried to telephone you about. We are to dine and go to the theater!" Her lips took on their coaxing smile; her eyes plunged into his. "Do! You shall sit by me all the time—I promise you. '

His face changed. "No."

"Oh, dear! You make me so unhappy!" She gazed at him in tender concern, with that provocative effect of sweetly giving that meant—as he knew so well—instant withdrawal if one presumed on it. "Why do you take everything so seriously?" Her voice dropped to a pleading tone. "Why won't you be good and come with us?"

"Because I'm tired of only seeing you with a ruck of other people. Will you be home tomorrow morning?"

Her eyes grew suddenly misty.

"Why, yes!" She added hastily. "I have to go out at eleven."

Benson smiled, a peculiar smile that gave an oddly sweet expression to his worn face and a keener glance to his eyes. "This time I'll be there before you go out," he said significantly.

II

IT WAS, in fact, hardly half past ten when Cecelie came slowly lilting down the brownstone steps of the house, dressed in sober gray, with big gray furs, and a little gray hat pulled down closely over her lovely golden head. She looked thoughtfully up and down the street—the air was cold, the pale blue sky full of white and wandering clouds that had come over from the countryside across the river. Down the block some little children were roller-skating with gay cries, and no one else in sight, as she casually assured herself. As she gazed a limousine waiting opposite whirled round, stopped, and Benson jumped out, lifting his hat as he came toward her.

"Good morning! I told you you couldn't escape me this time."

"Oh, but I was coming back—honestly! I was, indeed. I was only going up to the sewing school," she protested hastily. "I left word for you to wait for me. I ——"

She stopped short suddenly and began to laugh, her eye resting on him with involuntary approval. He looked extremely well groomed and was dressed with particular nicety. His lavender tie harmonized with his brown suit and big overcoat, and the soft hat was brown of a slightly lighter shade; his gloves were of the freshest. His face, usually pale, had a color in it, and his laughing eyes seemed peculiarly bright. A new exhilaration breathed from him.

"But I'll go back to the house now. Come on in!"

"No; that's not necessary. I'll take you on to your sewing school—or whatever it is. Let me help you in."

You Could Not Tell in Just What Her Charm Lay

He gave the directions to the chauffeur, stepping in after her hastily and closing the door. As he sat down beside her a certain tenseness in him seemed to relax; he gave a quick sigh of relief.

"Where did you get the limousine?" she questioned.

"Hired it. Oh, I nearly forgot!" He reached down under the seat and brought up a great bunch of violets. "Please put them on at once. Here's the pin."

"I thought I smelled something very sweet," she said gratefully, burying her flowerlike face in them. "Confess! Didn't you regret not coming with me last night?"

"Infinitely!" His bright gaze rested on her. "I went to see some nice people I'd met in the afternoon—they're very happy and have four children; you wouldn't be interested to hear of them. But I couldn't stay. Then a man I knew found me and I didn't get rid of him until he became intoxicated. I was wild for you! But I shouldn't have fitted in with your party. I'd have knifed your dark friend and just naturally choked that slobbering youth. The young girl wouldn't have enjoyed herself. What's the matter?"

"Oh, Benson, I wish you wouldn't care for me so much!" said Cecelie. Her eyes were full of tears. She put out her slim, gray-gloved hand and laid it on his coatsleeve lightly for an instant. "If you knew how I'd thought about you! I ——"

"Haven't you cared sometimes too—a little?"

"Yes—oh, yes—lots! When you're away you seem so near to me; I fancy each time before I see you that it's going to be —— And then it isn't! I only want to get away! I've tried and tried to make myself love you, but there's some dreadful twist in me. I cry sometimes because you're so good to me—honest I do! I couldn't bear you not to care for me any more!" Her golden eyelashes drooped; her breath caught. "I've thought sometimes I'd get married and trust to the love coming afterward—but I know I'd go crazy if I felt that I couldn't get free! There was something left out of my composition when the Lord made me—I just can't care for any one."

She buried her tearful face against the violets, as if for comfort from their soft and fragrant depths.

"I wouldn't feel that way about it," said Benson.

Something in his voice made her look up suddenly; her gaze took in the outer scene and her voice changed.

"Why, Benson! We've gone ever so far beyond Fifty-first Street! This is One Hundred and Fourth."

"Yes; I believe it is," he answered, his eyes following her. "That's all right, though."

"'All right!' What do you mean?"

"Why"—he fumbled for words under her direct and indignant gaze—"why, it's this way, Cecelie —— For heaven's sake, don't look at me like that! Don't get any foolishness into your head! I'm not running away with you. But you never will give me a chance to see you alone and speak for myself; so this time I've taken it. You're going to spend this day with me." He put up his hand detainingly as she made a movement forward. "There's no use in your talking to the chauffeur—he's fixed. I've got it all planned out—I'm going to take you up into the country to Paley's. I telegraphed Mrs. Paley from the hotel this morning. I hear there's almost nobody there—this time in the week. We'll have a walk in the woods afterward and there'll be the long ride home. It's my last throw! You'll either consent to marry me this evening, dear—oh, in your father's house!—and go back with me tomorrow morning, or I drop out, so far as you are concerned. There'll be no more of me ever."

"You want me to marry you tonight?"

"That's what I said!"

She laughed.

"It does sound funny, doesn't it?" he answered with a responsive smile. "Hello!"

The car had slightly slackened its pace in avoiding a construction wagon that took up all the road. Swift as lightning Cecelie's hand was on the catch of the door—in another instant Benson's arms were round her, dragging her back.

He Was a Hungry Man; But It Is Hard to Eat With a Speechless Vis-à-Vis

while she fought him wildly. Then there was a moment's fierce and silent struggle until he held both her hands in his capable grip, and gently forced her down on the seat.

"Don't do that again!" he ordered sternly. "You little wildcat! Do you want to kill yourself?"

"You're not behaving like a gentleman!" she flared at him furiously.

"All right; let it go at that."

"You're making me hate you—really!"

"Very well, only don't try jumping out again. It won't work! You can't catch me off my guard." His voice changed irritably. "For—heaven's—sake! Can't I for once have what I want—when it's so little—without all this fuss about it? You know you'd go off for a motor ride with any one else without turning a hair!"

Her face contracted, she moved herself disdainfully as far away from him as possible into the blue-cushioned corner, her gray furs half round her. Her hair looked very golden, her skin very pearly, her lips very red—but there was a stony look in the gray eyes that gazed past him. Benson's eyes were fixed on her.

They were whirling along now over the post-road under the wintry sky, away beyond the confines of the city, with woods or fields or scattered houses on each side, and an occasional gateway leading into one of the big country places. They rode on and on and on—in silence.

Never had her magnetic charm been greater, yet, with the quick perception of a lover, Benson was conscious that in this apparent success of his temporary capture of her he had lost something—a slight instinctive leaning toward him, which he had always felt unerringly under all her caprices, had changed, with the merest hint of compulsion, into a steely resistance that might turn at any moment into downright dislike.

He grimly foresaw only failure at the end of his day; yet his exhilaration remained. Who that says he has no hope really has none? We get ahead in life by counting the milestones to the hopes we never reach! He wondered how much her pretty shoes cost, with a tender sense of possession; for the time being she was his anyhow.

Suddenly Cecelie hid her face in her arm—she shook from head to foot.

"What's the matter?" he asked, bending over in quick distress. "Cecelie—you're not feeling so badly as that, dear? Cecelie!"

"Don't!" she said in a strangled voice, and suddenly raised her face. She was shaking with laughter. "Oh, dear!" she gasped. "It's all so perfectly ridiculous! You sit looking at me, with your eyes getting bigger and bigger, like an owl's. It's anything but se-se-ductive! Oh, dear!" Her voice rose piercingly in peal after peal, with a caught breath in between.

"Stop!" said Benson peremptorily as her voice became a hysterical shriek. "Stop! Stop! Stop! The people in the two cars that just passed us are looking back—one is turning round! We'll have the police after us. Stop, Cecelie! Stop, I say!"

"I can't! I can't!"

"Yes, you can. You hear me? You must!"

"I can't! I can't!"

"You must!" The contagion of a smile spread to his own face, but the control in his voice reached her. "There, there! You're letting up a little. Lie back in the cushions and rest. Heavens! What a care you are to me!"

"Yes; I hope you realize that!" she said defiantly. "I don't see what you brought me out for if you're only going to sit and stare at me!"

"Oh, we've got plenty of time to talk. For one thing, I was wondering how much your clothes cost—I see you'll be an awful bill of expense to me! But I fancy I can stand it—I've been saving up for four years." His voice changed. "Another thing I was thinking of: You remember that Last Ride, by Browning, you used to read to me in Maine? I'm not much on poetry, you know, but I liked that. I was imagining now how we might go on like this forever—in a limousine! That's modernizing it with a vengeance, isn't it? I'm counting a lot on that ride back this evening. Suppose the world did end tonight?"

"Benson, don't!" she said plaintively. "I'm beginning to feel queer." She put out her hand with an appealing little gesture. Her red lips quivered; her lovely eyes sought his.

"Benson! Benson, I'm tired! If you love me take me home. You don't know how nice I'll be to you; honest, I will! Please do."

He looked at her searchingly—her eyes shifted; her eyelids fell. He smiled and slowly shook his head.

"Sorry; but I can't."

She flushed hotly and drew quickly over into her corner.

"Then take the consequences!" she said, and turned her face from him.

III

PALEY'S was ninety miles from town. In summer it was a charming place—all a green latticework of dining balconies overlooking the woodland and the inlet; but in the frozen winter it had a somewhat chilly and meretricious air—like a lady in low-necked muslin standing on the ice. The small room, however—empty as Benson had hoped it would be—was warm with crimson rugs and a leaping fire; the cloth on the little table set for two seemed dazzlingly white, the silver and glass on the oaken shelves unusually glittering. There was an atmosphere of warmth and hominess about the place; Mrs. Paley herself, rosy-cheeked and white-aproned, came forward to welcome them, and led Cecelie away to take off her wraps.

"Oh! Oh, You Must Believe Me Now!"

The little meal, when it was served, was charming, the waiter assiduous—his eyes popping out intermittently like rabbits from behind a bush. The only drawback was that Cecelie, lovelier than ever in the glow of the fire, sat with one elbow on the table, her head turned away, looking out the window at the frozen inlet and the tall lightning-scarred tree in the distance—in the far top of which dangled something that the waiter explained was a fish-hawk's deserted nest—and refused, in spite of Benson's consternation, to even taste anything.

"But don't let that make any difference to you," she urged amiably. "Eat all you want."

"Oh, I will!" he replied coolly, yet with a chagrin it was impossible not to feel.

He had looked forward to that little meal alone with her, had been boyishly desirous that everything should be of the best, and that it should please her. He was a hungry man; but it is hard to eat enjoyingly through a bill-of-fare with a speechless vis-à-vis who will not so much as drink a glass of water with you. The waiter's assiduity became more and more agitated; he bent lower and lower with each dish, until he seemed almost to be proffering it on bended knee to the beautiful lady, who always refused.

There were voluble, half-heard conversations in the kitchen. Mrs. Paley herself appeared again, deeply solicitous. Was there anything the young lady would like? It could be cooked in a moment. Cecelie's golden lashes lifted; her eyes responded sweetly as well as her voice:

"Thank you so much; but I really don't want anything."

Benson could hardly help fondly smiling at the effect she produced; but he pushed his dessert away from him untasted at last.

"I would like to shake you!" he stated soberly.

"Well, I never!" said a clear voice, with an English accent. "Well, we *do* meet, don't we?"

Benson turned and sprang to his feet. From the side door the auburn-haired Mrs. Batsford-Wring was approaching. She wore the furry green silk and yellow straw hat, with a motoring coat over her arm, and was followed by the gentleman of the night before, tall and robustly bony, with a big mustache slightly streaked with gray, well-cut features, and a military bearing.

"What a surprise!" said Benson, shaking hands.

"This is my brother, Captain Hawkly, just back from Inja," announced Mrs. Batsford-Wring. "Oh, I've told him about me little Bennie! The motor broke down with us; we left it in the road with the chauffeur, and came over here for some tea before taking the train to town."

"Miss Sherwood, this is my friend, Mrs. Batsford-Wring, who nearly saved my life once—when I was ill at Baden—and earned my undying gratitude—and her brother, Captain Hawkly," said Benson formally. "Miss Sherwood is the daughter of Mr. Nevitt Sherwood, of whom you may have heard."

"How d'ye do? Some people are so particular about whom they meet when they're travelin'—but I'm nawt," said Mrs. Batsford-Wring pleasantly, with a stare at Cecelie, who was deeply observing in her turn, while the captain's glance fell on her, with the instantly resulting gleam. "Bennie's not tellin', though, of the time he pulled me out of the snowbank by my leg—in the Dakotah blizzard. That *was* a night!"

"I should say so! And how is Mr. Batsford-Wring?" asked Benson, smiling.

"He came a cropper in the huntin' field a twelvemonth ago—and the best thing for every one too!" said his widow calmly. "Poor Batty! He always was a filthy brute—I never liked him. And you? Are you not married yourself?"

"No, indeed," said Benson, with an involuntary look at Cecelie, who, slim and graceful as a willow wand, was talking to the admiring captain.

"Shall we have some tea together?" pursued Mrs. Batsford-Wring hospitably. "You were very late finishin' your luncheon, weren't you?—but a cup of tea is refreshin' at any time. Now don't look at your watch, Bennie; you can't hurry off when we've so much to talk over. You'll have tea with us, Miss Sherwood?"

"Indeed I will!" said Cecelie gayly.

In the slight bustle that ensued in getting another table set and the preparation of the tea things, Benson found a furtive chance to press the hand by his side—a yearning, clinging touch, light as it was, that seemed to say: "Ah, understand how much I want to get off to walk with you!"

There was no response, however. Her eyes when they met his had an elfish, mocking light in them. His face reddened for an instant and then turned pale, set enigmatically in its lines of habitual patience.

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Government Ownership à la Française—By Will Payne

AS SOON as I was fairly settled in Paris," said my friend from Chicago, "I decided to have a telephone put in my apartment, and of course I was in a foolish American hurry about it.

"I knew, of course, I should have to buy the instrument, for the French Government does not furnish that. I went to the manufacturer who had been recommended to me, picked out an instrument that seemed suitable for residence use, and paid one hundred and fifty-five francs for it. Then I went back to my office, called up Central and expressed a desire to have the instrument installed. It took Central some time to find out that I must call up a certain bureau for that purpose. I called up the certain bureau and was presently informed that I must call up another certain bureau. The second certain bureau told me it would be necessary to make a written application on a form prescribed by the government, and the required blanks were to be had only at No. 24 Rue Bertrand.

"Rue Bertrand, I found, was on the other side of the river, some three miles from my office. I took a taxi over there and in due time was handed an official blank, which I carefully filled out; but the bureau could not receive the application until a twenty-five-centime stamp was affixed to it.

"'Very well,' said I, 'there is twenty-five centimes. Stick on the stamp.'

"Then I learned that this was a government bureau for the receipt of telephone applications, not a government bureau for the sale of stamps. The nearest bureau where a stamp could be procured was the better part of a mile away. Another taxi carried me there. I climbed the stairs to a dark office that looked more like a fence for stolen goods than a government bureau and bought my stamp. I felt I had the thing as good as done then and hurried back to Rue Bertrand; but there I was informed that my application could not be accepted until I brought a written authorization, also on a prescribed form, from my landlord to have the telephone installed on his premises."

Passengers Leaving a Suburban Train

Difficulties in Getting Telephone Service

"IT IS true I need not have been in such a hurry, for after the application was completed in due form six days elapsed before the instrument was installed. I had paid a hundred and fifty-five francs for it. I had also paid one hundred francs cash in advance for the first three months' service. But then I could not use my telephone to talk outside of Paris until I deposited with the government sufficient cash in advance to cover all probable toll charges for a month; nor could I transmit a telegram over the telephone without making a deposit to cover telegraph charges. I expected to use my 'phone both for long-distance talks and for transmitting telegrams to the telegraph office; so I made a deposit, explaining that I wished it to cover both telephone tolls and telegrams.

"A little later I tried to call up London. Central, after the usual investigation, said I could not talk to London over that telephone because I had made no deposit to cover toll charges. I insisted that I had made a deposit to cover both toll charges and telegrams. There was another investigation and Central replied that my deposit was entered on the record as applying only to telegrams; so I must have it changed before telephone tolls could be charged against it."

I repeated this experience to a Parisian acquaintance who assured me that my Chicago friend exaggerated the difficulties of getting and using a telephone in France; so I stepped into the telegraph and telephone bureau in the basement of the Bourse and asked what was necessary to be done in order to have a telephone installed. I was handed a sheet of instructions.

The sheet begins by stating that the object of telephones is: 1. To furnish direct communication between persons who are subscribers to the telephone system; 2. To furnish communication between a person who is a subscriber and one who is not by notifying the latter to be at a certain telephone at a certain hour, when a message will be given to him.

Under conditions for Paris it says the charge for a telephone connected by direct wire is four hundred francs, or eighty dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance; that the administration will furnish the batteries, but the subscriber must furnish the instrument; that if it is necessary to run a special wire to your instrument the charge will be sixty centimes a meter—twelve cents for a little over a yard—if the line is underground, and half that if it is aërial; that the proper blanks may be had by applying at No. 24 Rue Bertrand. At Rue Bertrand I was handed three blanks—first, the application for the telephone service; second, an authorization by the landlord to have the telephone installed; third, an application to have the subscriber's name entered in the telephone directory.

To begin with, then, the person who wishes a telephone in Paris must buy his own instrument from a manufacturer whose output has been approved by the government. There are a number of such manufacturers; but a German newspaper correspondent who thought highly of the telephones of the Fatherland brought a German instrument to Paris, only to find that the government would not install it; and an American had the same experience with an American instrument. The approved instruments cost all the way from twenty to fifty dollars, but the cheaper ones are not recommended for more than local use by anybody except the manufacturers, and not very heartily by them.

The subscriber who wishes direct service in Paris must pay twenty dollars for the first quarter's rental on filing his application and a like sum each three months thereafter. If he wishes to send a telegram over his 'phone or to talk to any one in any place where there is a toll charge he must make a deposit with the government. There is no fixed limit for this deposit, but it is supposed to cover about one month's charges. If a man deposits ten dollars and uses a long-distance 'phone frequently, so that it seems his month's bill will run to twenty dollars, he is notified to double his deposit. And whatever amount he deposits, if the charges come near exhausting it he will be notified to increase his margin.

To one who knows how a greedy private corporation in the United States will install a nickel-in-the-slot telephone for anybody anywhere, and let the subscriber telephone and telegraph all over the country before it sees a penny of his money, it is odd to find that the French Government will not under any circumstances trust a telephone subscriber for a solitary sou. You must pay for everything you want some time before you get it. What with the cost of the instrument, the quarter's rental paid in advance, and the deposit for tolls and telegrams, the ordinary residential telephone user must put up from fifty to sixty dollars cash in advance before he can begin telephoning—and two hundred and fifty francs is quite a bit of money to the average Parisian.

Hotel Rooms Without Telephones

IT IS hardly necessary to add that, though telephones in France have been in the hands of the government for more than twenty years, they are less used in that country than in any other with which it can fairly be compared. In proportion to population, there are ten times as many instruments in the United States as in France. Chicago has just short of twelve telephones for each hundred inhabitants; Paris has just short of three.

It is not necessary to look up statistics, however, to get the fact. You see it everywhere. My Paris hotel contained five hundred bedrooms. One person manned its telephone switchboard and was by no means busy, either. I discovered that he had a neat little ledger in which he kept an entry of every call to a guest in the house, a telephone call being an event worthy of record. Of course there were no 'phones in the bedrooms. One was courteously conducted down a long corridor, round the corner and down another corridor to the booth if one wished to telephone, or if one's rash American friends trusted their communications to that medium.

The normal charge in Paris is eighty dollars a year, whether for office or residence use. Incidentally the subscriber must agree to take and pay for the service for at least one year. Outside of Paris and that vicinity the charge is twenty dollars for the first year, sixteen dollars for the second year, twelve dollars for the third year, and eight dollars thereafter, which is certainly cheap, though the government runs the wires gratis only within a radius of a little over a mile from the exchange. But, however cheap it is, the telephone, comparatively speaking, is not used.

As to service in Paris, there is universal agreement that it has been notably improved within a year, until it is now probably about as good as the London service. Some years ago exasperated subscribers got up a league of telephone users, for offensive and defensive purposes. The league patriotically harried the government on every occasion, but without producing much impression until—about two years ago—the principal exchange burned down, to the profound satisfaction of the telephoning public. Taking that fair opportunity the government began measurably modernizing the system.

One very new improvement is the introduction of exchange names. With their passion for being logical, the French designated their telephones entirely by numbers. For example, a given telephone, instead of being Main 321, would be 321.33. It was very logical—and, as the numbers grew big, very awkward.

Local Travel in Warm Weather

As to long-distance service, every one I inquired of said it was bad southward—say, to Rome—but pretty good to Berlin. Above all other institutions, no doubt, stock exchanges demand fast communication, for two or three minutes' difference in time may mean a very large difference in money. The booths in the basement of the Bourse are, therefore, fitted up with instruments which are especially efficacious for long-distance conversations, and there the best service is to be had; in fact, it is quite common all round that neighborhood for telephone users who are really in a hurry for a long-distance talk to run over to the Bourse booths instead of trusting to their office instruments. I asked the courteous official in charge of these booths how long it would take me to get Berlin.

"Impossible to say," he replied with the utmost good nature. "It might be ten minutes or it might be two hours!"

To be sure, this was in the middle of the day; but one may sometimes want a prompt telephone connection even at a busy period, and I found that, in fact, it might be three hours before one got Berlin. It is true, also, that by paying a triple rate you can get a much more dependable service, and the brokerage business usually goes at the triple rate. The ordinary rate is a dollar and a quarter for three minutes; the triple rate is three dollars. The ordinary rate is fairly cheap; the triple rate is fairly dear.

There is little use, however, in considering telephone rates apart from the service. To a person who really wants to telephone, a bad service is dear at any price. I may as well take this occasion to say that I have a bushel of statistics on telephone and telegraph rates the world over. Some of them were prepared by advocates of government ownership; others were prepared by opponents. Consequently each set of statistics absolutely proves the case of its sponsors.

To take one simple illustration: I could discover no recent authoritative statement as to whether government ownership of telephones in France produced a surplus or deficit, and so set out to learn what the fiscal results were. No. 24 Rue Bertrand referred me to another bureau of the ministry half a mile away; and, after due inquiry and explanation there, I met the official having that matter particularly in charge—a very obliging and pleasant person, with the insignia of the Legion of Honor on the lapel of his black frock coat. I may add that courtesy, frock coats and badges of the Legion of Honor seem to be universal in higher French officialdom.

Figures Unavailable

HE WAS very sorry he could not satisfy my curiosity. Telephones, telegraphs and mail, he explained, were all handled by one organization. Many employees of the Postal Department were engaged with work touching all three branches of the service and there were a great many charges that had not been scientifically allotted among the three branches. The government was even then casting up the accounts with an approximately proper allotment of these joint expenses. Until that work was completed it would be impossible to say just what the fiscal results of telephone operation were; but he could assure me that if there was any deficit on the telephones it was small. He thought, in fact, the service was self-supporting.

In all state-owned systems the same situation obtains, and often there is no exact allotment of expenses as between telephones and telegraphs, and both together and mail proper; so if you wish to prove that in a given country state-owned telephones are more efficient than those of the United States, all you need do is to leave out the joint telephone-telegraph employees, thereby demonstrating that each telephone employee handles a great many messages. On the other hand, if you wish to prove that state ownership is very wasteful you must include the joint telephone-telegraph employees.

In this country especially there are all kinds of telephone rates. I personally happen to pay fifteen dollars a year for a telephone with unlimited service and no toll charges for messages within the county, which roughly means thirty miles east and west by twenty north and south. The instrument and wiring are good enough to talk with satisfaction to Chicago and Detroit—say, a hundred and fifty miles in each direction. How much farther they will work satisfactorily I do not know, never having tried it. That is about as cheap as rural telephones in France, especially as I do not have to buy the instrument or pay for wiring.

On the other hand, in the city of New York you pay two hundred and twenty-eight dollars a year for unlimited service and business use, and have immediate connection with three hundred and eighty thousand other telephones in Manhattan and the Bronx.

Now a telephone, broadly speaking, is both more useful and more costly in proportion as it connects with other instruments. It would be impossible to give me my country telephone at fifteen dollars a year if there were three hundred thousand other telephones in the county with any one of which I might wish a connection at any time. Comparison of rates means nothing without comparison of conditions.

By statistically comparing the one and not the other you can get any sort of result you like.

You can take American flat rates—unlimited service—and compare them with foreign measured rates, or vice versa, and get statistics that look important until they are analyzed. I have recently seen even a grave statistical attempt to prove that the telephone is less useful to the people of the United States than to the people of France and of other countries where the telephone is publicly owned, in spite of the undisputed fact that there are several times as many telephones to a hundred inhabitants in the United States as in France, and of the indisputable evidence that anybody can gather by simply using his eyes and ears for a fortnight in both countries.

Therefore I shall not deal much with statistics not because I lack them, but because I have so many that I know how misleading they may be. And I earnestly advise the reader to be careful in accepting statistics on this whole subject of government ownership.

Passenger Asking Information of Train Guard

Passenger Helping Ladies With Their Baggage

Man Trying to Enter a Compartment Reserved for Women

Government Monopoly

ONE historical fact may be mentioned here: Though state ownership of telegraphs was common in Europe when the telephone began to be commercially developed, only two governments on the continent—Germany and Switzerland undertook to develop the new method of electrical communication.

In France, for example, telegraphing was a state monopoly; and the law governing the monopoly was so broad that it would have been impossible to introduce the telephone except by express permission of the government. Concessions or licenses running only five years were accordingly given to several private concerns, which proceeded to develop telephoning, taking only the fattest territory and charging all the traffic would bear, as might be expected in view of the short term of the licenses; for they had to get back their investment within five years.

It then appeared that telephoning would become a rival of the telegraph, and the government built two or three exchanges on its own account, independent of the private concerns. Thus competition developed between the state and the private owners. In 1889 an act was passed providing for the purchase of the private lines by the state. The private owners refused to accept the terms offered; whereupon the government took possession of their plant by force. So telephoning has been a state monopoly in France for a quarter of a century. And today there are less than three hundred thousand telephones in France—or not so many as in the city of Chicago.

Telegraphing has been a state monopoly there practically ever since the invention of the art. The French telegraph service is good and cheap. The charge for inland messages is a cent a word, with a minimum of ten words—that is, you pay ten cents for anything less than eleven words and a cent for each word more than ten. Both the address and signature are counted as part of the message; yet the cost of telegraphing is lower than with us and the service as good. The latest authoritative information I find, for 1905, indicates that the telegraph business was done at a loss of about a million dollars and three-quarters. What the situation now is I do not know, for reasons stated above.

It is a common charge against our amiable trusts that they retard or suppress new inventions which, if vigorously developed, would disturb their extensive capital investments in older methods. It seems a fair inference that France and other telegraphic-owning states have

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MY SON

By WILLIAM CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVI

THE year that Horace Moulton went into partnership with his father was the year Dick started his dairy. During the following months each man was too intent upon his own particular enterprise to take more than a general interest in anything else. Horace didn't find any spare time on his hands. He discovered that by applying the same thought and energy to this country grocery store that, as an ambitious young man, he would have applied to maintaining a position as an underling in some more pretentious city business he had all he could do. And here he was able to see results. He told me he doubled his business that first year.

Horace went out after new business and got it. Furthermore he saw there was just as much more to be had, and after that still more. At the end of the first six months he was no longer worrying that he would not be able to get as much business as he was big enough to handle.

The Women of Brewster Had Long Been After Him

The way Horace and Dick happened to get together on the new proposition grew out of the fact that Moulton's store had come to be a sort of village clearing house. When any of the women folk had a surplus of pickles or jelly or what not they brought it to the store and traded it off. Horace was willing enough to take their produce, because he disposed of it quickly enough. Generally the woman who had too many pickles didn't have enough jelly, and so on. Now though the boy made a fair profit on the deal, he realized that he wasn't by any means getting by selling at home what such country-made products would bring in town. The prestige attached to such goods went for nothing; it was like selling Paris gowns in Paris with a New York market next door. Then, too, Horace had a notion that if this country grocery store idea had made such a success in the country it ought to make even a bigger success in the city where pennies count for even more.

About this time the Pioneer Products Company was feeling the need of a city distributing center. Finally along came Dick, who was getting all worked up over the cost of distributing his milk. The result of coöperation along these individual lines led to the next step, which was general coöperation. Our common market was the city. We had coöperated to sell our garden produce; we had coöperated to sell our milk; we had coöperated with Horace to sell our jellies and what not—why not combine to sell everything at once to this common market? No one of us could afford the undertaking by himself, but together it ought to be simple. It would furnish an outlet for the whole town and, as I've said before, though we don't as a town make much of a showing on the map, you take us all together as one plant and we loom up as a pretty big business. So does every country town. To realize this, just figure out how much money it would take to buy our plant at its assessed valuation. Not many business men, even in this day of millionaires, could get together enough money to do it. Only a few of the big trusts have as much money invested in their business as we have.

Horace needed a city store and wanted one more than he needed it; the Pioneer Products Company wanted a store and needed it more than they wanted it; Dick wanted a city store and needed it as much as he wanted it. It was inevitable that the three should get together. The suggestion came first from Dick. The boys were discussing the problem of distribution and the big factor it plays in the final cost to the consumer.

"It looks to me dead wrong that people should pay almost as much to get their stuff to the door as they pay to have it raised. It's an injustice to the consumer and to the producer," said Dick.

"Isn't it partly the fault of the consumer?" said Horace. "Dad tells me that in the early days he didn't deliver anything—people came to the store."

"That's it exactly—people came after their goods. They did part of the work. Now they're coddled to a point where they not only require you to deliver everything, but demand that most things shall be all cooked for them. That's all right if they don't kick about the cost. They are welcome to any service they are willing to pay for. But when they aren't willing or aren't able to pay, then they ought to do part of the work. They haven't any right to shift that extra burden on the producer."

"You're talking about what ought to be. As a matter of fact, the very ones who do the most talking about high prices are the ones who demand the most service."

"I guess you're right," said Dick; "but I'd like to put this up to them once. If they want to save money I'll help them, provided they'll do some of the work. If they don't want to save money then they'll have to keep quiet and pay the bill. I object to spending my time and money getting cost down to bedrock, and then allowing the customer to take what I save and turn it back to the delivery-man for the luxury of having his milk delivered at the door. I accept a profit of half a cent a quart in order to keep cost down to four cents; I allow a cent and a half for bottling and delivery to town, which is necessary. That leaves two and a half cents. The half cent I'm willing to give to the customer, but the two cents, twenty-five per cent of the total, he hasn't as much right to as I have. If he wants to save it and help cut down the cost, that's one proposition. If he wants to spend it, then he isn't as hard up as he pretends to be and will have to pay me better for my efforts."

Horace laughed.

"You have all the best of the argument, Dick," he said; "but the public is always both judge and jury."

"It isn't in this case."

"How?"

"Because it can't get my milk anywhere else. If I charged nine cents a quart it would still be better milk than can be bought anywhere else for fifteen."

"Jove, you're right! You can make the public come to you."

"It ought to come part way. I'm willing to coöperate with the customer, but hanged if he hasn't got to do some of the coöperating himself!"

The difficulty with Dick's proposition had been to find a station within reasonable access of his two classes of customers—the Little Italy customers and the uptown customers. Burlington, business manager of the Pioneer Products Company, had a market stall that would do for one station, but that still left the uptown milk to be delivered.

As I've said, Horace was eager for a city store. The sort of store he proposed to run must necessarily be fairly well uptown. It must not be in a section where folks couldn't afford to pay a fair price for superior country products, nor in a section where people could afford to pay for all the trappings and service that go with the highest-priced goods. It was on just those things that Horace proposed to save. He wanted to reach the fairly prosperous class, who appreciate wholesome food and yet are forced to consider prices. It was just this uptown class willing to go a long way to get Carleton milk that Horace was after.

To Burlington, as another outlet for the company, an uptown store also appealed strongly. The women of Brewster had long been after him. They, too, wanted a chance to earn a little money and felt there ought to be a market for genuine home-made products—genuine home-made products, you understand, made of real butter, eggs and milk, not the stuff that bakers put out under that name.

So you see that as we talked about the proposition the store began to look more and more as though it must be a coöperative enterprise. It couldn't be Dick's store or Horace's store, but it must be Brewster's store. It must represent the whole town. It was a new experiment in co-operative stores. Instead of being organized to furnish us with an inlet, it was organized to furnish us an outlet.

Holt and Burlington representing the Pioneer Company, Horace and Dick representing their own interests, and myself, appointed to represent the women of the town, worked on the proposition several weeks. As a result we decided upon a stock company with fifteen hundred shares, par value ten dollars each. This was to be divided as follows: Horace, five hundred shares; the Pioneer Products Company, two hundred and fifty shares; Dick, two hundred and fifty shares; five hundred shares for general subscription, limited to residents of Brewster. This was taken up within ten days. It shows that we had some spare cash in town and, what is more, that we had people who were willing to use it in backing any coöperative enterprises the Pioneers might suggest. It wasn't like that ten years ago.

We gave over to Burlington and Horace full authority to work out the details, subject, however, to the final indorsement of a board of five which besides those two included Dick, Holt and myself. This was in October. Within two weeks a store had been leased, and within another two weeks it had been fitted and stocked. Then in the daily papers the following announcement was made:

THE BREWSTER STORE

Country produce direct from Brewster. We shall carry every good thing to be found in a good country town. No frills, no credit, no deliveries. Every cent you spend here will be invested in produce and nothing else.

XVII

IN THE mean while Dick had sent out to his customers this announcement:

After November first no Carleton milk will be delivered at the door. It may be secured only at the following two places: The Pioneer Products Company stall, located at ——; and the Brewster store, at ——.

This is done with the sole object of reducing cost both to the consumer and to the producer. If the experiment proves satisfactory the price of the milk will be reduced; if it does not prove satisfactory the price of the milk will be increased. We hope in this way to reach the people who really desire cheap, clean milk.

It will be sold only to those who are our regular customers. Any milk unclaimed will be charged for. Any customer who fails to call for his milk three consecutive days will be omitted from our list.

Now that sounded pretty arbitrary. When the boy showed it to me I shook my head in some doubt. As for Barney, he looked perplexed for a moment.

Then he said: "Hang it all, it's a fair and aboveboard challenge anyhow."

"Do you know of any one deserving the milk who can't call for it?" said Dick.

"No," said Barney, "I don't. At the same time there might be such cases."

"If you find any let me know. If the scheme works I propose to cut the price of my milk to seven cents. Do you realize what that will save customers?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five cents a year."

"Which will be the price of fifty-two quarts of milk. What I say is that if there's any one who doesn't need that extra milk it ought to go to some one who does. I myself don't want any more money out of the enterprise than I'm getting."

And to do the boy justice that statement must be understood. The boy meant it. He was sincere. The expedient had no other object than to cut down cost for the benefit of the consumer.

As a result of that circular the boy received a batch of complaints; but mark this—not one from Little Italy. Of course one explanation is that those people don't do much complaining anyway. They are apt to accept 'most everything except when stirred up from the outside. But a better explanation is also that they were quick to appreciate the possible future saving and also the value of the milk they were getting. The complaints were all from uptown, and some of them were violent.

"It's an outrage," they wrote. "It's an imposition." "Please cancel our order at once." Dick didn't hesitate two minutes about those cancellation orders. There were people right in Brewster who were willing enough to come to the barn for that milk, and he made more on every such customer than he did on any city customer even under the new arrangement. It saved him delivery to the stations and storage. There wasn't a day, moreover, from the time the new store opened when there wasn't an inquiry for Carleton milk. The fact that it couldn't be secured and that customers had to go on a waiting list had the usual effect of making the public more eager than ever for it. It was surprising how rapidly the milk advertised itself. Barney talked it all the time in Little Italy, while uptown every family that took it advertised it to the whole neighborhood. Then, too, the family physicians discovered its worth. Many of them came down to the farm to see for themselves how it was produced. To a man they went away urging Dick as a matter of public duty to increase his plant.

Within two months of the time the store opened Dick kept his promise and reduced the price to seven cents. He figured that the non-delivery scheme saved over one cent and a half per quart, after deducting the storage cost which took its place. It was then that the newspapers began to look into the proposition. Seven-cent milk, if it had been nothing but ordinary milk, was news and good news. But when the papers had the milk analyzed and found that by every test it averaged as high as certified milk, which sold from twelve to fifteen cents a quart, they started a campaign that almost brought on a milk war. The regular dealers replied that this Carleton milk was purely a philanthropic enterprise and not a business. The papers came to Dick for an explanation, but acting on my advice he refused to be drawn into a controversy. The only reply he made was this: "It isn't fair to criticize dealers for their prices, but it is fair to criticize the standard of their milk. That's the important thing. I'm producing clean milk, and it isn't costing me but a trifle more than it costs to produce impure milk. That much the public has a right to know."

"Then you aren't losing money?" they asked.

"No," said Dick. "However, I'm willing to admit that I'm satisfied with a smaller profit than would content a pure business enterprise. But that added profit ought to go to the farmer and not to the dealer. That it doesn't is partly the fault of the public."

The papers wanted Dick to open up his books and go into details, but to neither of us did that seem quite fair to the other producers just at present.

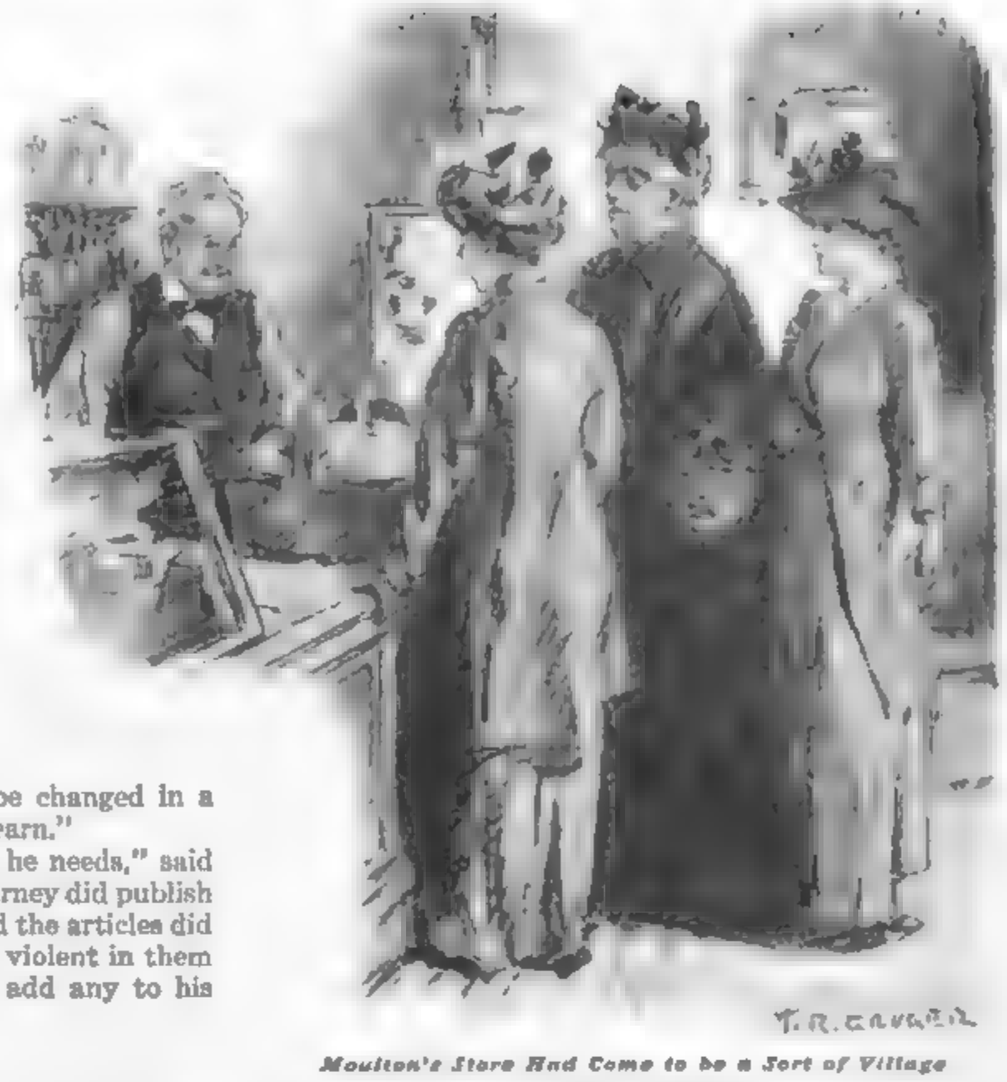
"The scheme is young yet," said Dick. "Give it another year or two and I'll talk with you."

Of course Barney was eager to give the papers all they asked.

"Both the farmers and the dealers ought to be shown up," he insisted. "You've proved that clean milk can be produced and delivered at a profit by any dealer for less than is being done today. The public ought to know this."

"It's up to the farmer and he can't be changed in a minute," I said. "Give him a chance to learn."

"It's an earthquake and not a chance he needs," said Barney. But on his own responsibility Barney did publish some of his own observations on milk, and the articles did a lot of good. As usual, however, he was violent in them and stepped on a lot of toes. It didn't add any to his popularity in his own profession either.



Moulton's Store Had Come to be a Sort of Village Clearing House

XVIII

I HAVE told how the boy started, and the start is the important thing. Any level-headed man can follow up a success. The most interesting feature of it to me is the fact that Dick, an ordinary business man without experience, was able, with the help of free, expert government advice, to master the details of dairying in so short a time. In months he made himself a more genuine expert than many a farmer who has kept cows for thirty years.

To me the explanation is perfectly simple—he started without any theories or bad dairy habits of his own. He used horse sense, and horse sense is the most valuable capital a man can start with on a farm. He used his head in a business where generally speaking there is less head used than in any business of its size in the world. He used his head as much in handling the experts as he did in seeking them. Many experts go as much to extremes as Barney. Money can be wasted and wasted fast in over-emphasis of purity. If Dick had put in some of the sterilizing plants that were recommended his milk would have been no better and would have cost him ten cents a quart. It was as necessary for him to remain sane on the question of purity as on the question of impurity.

The basis of Dick's business at the start and the basis of it today is the efficient herd. Dick has increased the average production per cow from 2848 quarts the first year to over 3500 at present. The boy has some three-year-olds who are producing over 3000 quarts, and some two-year-olds running to over 2600. These are grade cows too. Every such increase represents almost net profit, for the cost of upkeep is almost the same.

Dick now has his own registered bull which he selected on his record. He waited a long time before he made his choice and the result promises to justify this. The animal pays for himself outside his own stable.

The business has increased and increased rapidly, with no end in sight yet. There is no end. Every baby born is a new customer. As soon as people awake to the real food value of milk, its consumption will increase among adults. It's just as good man food as baby food. I don't believe within reason it is possible to over-produce milk. A man has in cream and butter a way of utilizing all surplus.

Dick has nearly doubled his herd. As far as the business is going he could increase his plant ten times over, and may before he is done. Up to now, however, he has preferred to see the business grow among the other farmers of the town. He is his own milk commission, and stands ready to accept milk and sell it as Carleton milk so long as any farmer keeps up to Carleton standards. Barney looks after that end of it. At least two hundred cows outside Dick's herd are now producing Carleton milk. It has come to be a big addition to the industry of the town.

This has led to another coöperative enterprise. Dick found that it was decidedly unprofitable to make any attempt to raise his own grain. This was because the market for garden produce offered by the Pioneer Products Company made the land too valuable to be put to this use. What was true for him was true for the others, of course. Not only was the land too valuable, but the dressing was too valuable. It could be converted much more profitably into the higher-priced vegetables. We were producing now a goodly quantity of manure. Where Dick first reckoned it to his dairy credit as worth $1.50 a ton, it could under the new system be fairly said to be worth at least two dollars a ton, if not more.

But if grain had to be bought Dick didn't propose to buy it at retail. He made a canvass of the town, and found every man who kept a Carleton cow eager to coöperate with him in buying by the carload. In this way a saving of ten per cent was effected. The grain was not stored, but as fast as a shipment came in each man went to the car and took away his allotment. In this way no storage losses were suffered and the grain was ordered only as needed.

Dick built a new dairy house, larger and with better facilities and with one big improvement. It was connected with the barn by a covered passageway and contained a milking room. By this arrangement the cows, instead of being milked in the barn, were led to this milking room after being groomed and cleaned, and were milked there. This simplified matters a great deal and allowed more freedom in the stable. The milking floor didn't take up much space and could be washed out with a hose after each cow, if necessary. It seems to me this system could be easily used in any barn where the farmer can't afford to remodel. It doesn't cost much to erect a small shed, and if used for this purpose alone is certainly the next best thing to a clean barn. But the shed must be kept clean, and the cows must be cleaned before being admitted.

The cost is negligible when compared with the results attained. The farmer who says he can't afford so simple an outlay as this, and who says he can't afford to keep his

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"It's an Earthquake and Not a Chance He Needs"

SEEING IS BELIEVING

The Showman's Craft Helps Business Explanations

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A BROOKLYN dock and a dull winter afternoon; knots of roustabouts tug like ants at piles of boxes, barrels and crates consigned to a steamship bound for South American ports. Ton after ton of variegated freight is disappearing in her roomy hold.

Presently the slings are fastened round a long, narrow, heavy box. A whistle blows shrilly; a donkey engine up on the ship's deck puffs and clanks, and the box rises slowly in the air, thirty feet above the dock. All goes well until it hangs over the wide hatch and is being lowered.

Then, quick as a wink—so quickly that men working below have barely time to get out of the way—the wooden end bursts out and a long steel bolt drops like a projectile, leaving the box intact in the slings. It crashes through the cargo and pierces the ship's bottom, for it is a thirty-foot steel shaft, made for heavy mining machinery.

Was it improperly packed? Was it carelessly handled? Probably the courts will have a chance to decide those points.

Meantime water comes into the ship so fast that before she can be taken to a drydock for repairs it is necessary to beach her on a mudflat; and there she lies, with nine feet of water in her hold, with delay and loss to her owners, and many thousands of dollars' damage to her cargo of flour and apples.

About a month before this accident a large party of business men might have been seen traveling round the New York waterfront. Now a fleet of motorbusses takes them along the North River piers, where miscellaneous freight passes in and out of ocean liners. They see tropical fruit unloaded and American automobiles taken through the sides of ships. They inspect refrigerating plants for preserving perishable products; walk about docks piled with everything under the sun; go down into holds to see cargoes stowed away.

Again, a railroad tug takes them over to the Jersey terminals to see cement, flour, heavy machinery and other bulky freight put on lighters; and they follow the lighters over to the vast, obscure dock system of Brooklyn, to see the stuff put aboard ships and watch import goods being unloaded.

Whenever they are hungry there seems to be a hospitable liner right at hand to entertain them at lunch; and, while they eat, steamship and railroad officials talk to them about export methods.

Lessons in Packing and Shipping

THESE sightseers are all connected with the export business of American concerns, and this is the first time that many of them have actually seen export shipments in transit. From time to time their goods have been delayed or damaged and they have blamed the railroad or the steamship people. Traffic men have pointed out deficient methods—too light packing; wrong routing; carelessness in making out export papers—but there have still been hitches and mishaps, based chiefly on misunderstanding of technicalities. The shipper has suspected that the transportation man was unreasonable in his regulations, and the transportation man has felt that the shipper lacked sense.

Finally, on the principle that seeing is believing, and a much easier way of explaining technicalities than telling, an export trade-journal editor has arranged this tour of the docks. Railroad and steamship men fall in with the idea eagerly; New York's waterfront is organized with little trouble into a two-day exposition of export methods, because it is going three hundred days in the year; and export men from half a hundred inland manufacturing centers come down to the seaboard to watch what happens to goods when they are sent abroad.

At least one man in the party will thoroughly understand that accident to the ship sunk by the steel shaft when he reads about it next month. He is the man who has always visualized freight as something rolled from his shipping room on to a truck, and from the truck into a car, and rolled out again at its destination. For the first time in his life he sees freight swung fifty feet into the air in a sling, swaying drunkenly, and lowered into the hold of a ship. It gives him new conceptions of the strains that his export packing cases must stand.

Another man, whose export boxes containing machinery have been damaged by slipping out of the slings at half-equipped ports, discovers a way to bid for the favor of the third mate unloading a cargo and secure better handling. Instead of trusting to the mate's sling he provides a sling of his own on every export box by reënforcing it with wire rope or steel bands, which are brought together in a loop convenient for a crane hook.

Other men note better ways to pack goods; see devices to prevent loss and theft; understand the practical value of properly drawn export documents; and learn through their eyes in five minutes things that might never have impressed them through reasoning. Seeing is believing, and the business world nowadays finds more and more use for the showman's art in making things plain.

Demonstration apparatus is devised for selling purposes; educational exhibits are arranged for fairs and expositions of all sorts; factories are built or arranged with a definite view to entertaining sightseers. In a thousand ways business seeks to set before people—through the eye, vividly and succinctly—something that people should know.

Sometimes the public to be reached is large—no less than the population of a city. It is a busy, heedless public—not likely to be much interested in technicalities. Business used to argue with that sort of public, lay special pleas before it, remonstrate with it, resist it—and be either ignored or outvoted. Now it is learning to go before people with technical arguments that even a street crowd can be interested in and understand.

A street-car company takes space at a city exposition. Its general manager has long had secret technical sorrows brooding in his soul—sorrows like the increasing cost of track and complexity of equipment; increasing difficulty in getting the public to work with the company for better service. Figures and curves showing track and equipment costs are dry stuff; but these things themselves, laid out in a sequence showing growth, are highly interesting.

So samples of actual roadbed are placed side by side, beginning with the oldtime horse-car track with its strap-rails and cobblestones, at about eight thousand dollars a mile, and winding up with the best modern trolley track with its welded rail-joints and granite-block paving, at ninety thousand dollars a mile—a little increase of over one thousand per cent in twenty-five years! Fifteen street-car motors are shown in another sequence, showing only about half the changes in twenty-five years—fourteen other obsolete types have disappeared altogether.

A moving-picture theater is set up beside these exhibits, and on special films, made for the company, little street-car dramas are given—one piece, for instance, is entitled A Two-Minute Delay, and shows a woman holding a car that long while she opens a grip, from which she takes a hand-bag, from which she takes a purse, from which she takes a ten-dollar bill a line of passengers standing impatiently behind her until her fare is finally paid. Again, the public to be reached may be very small, very select, very wise in all the technicalities—yet not a bit less susceptible to a skillful eye-appeal.

About ten years ago the engineers of a big electrical manufacturing concern went to the manager of a big electric-light company. They had designs for an electric generator of five-thousand-kilowatt capacity—the largest ever proposed up to that time, but promising great economies in power production. The manager had it built and installed, and it proved to be as economical as had been expected.

Seven years later, while this generator still had years of mechanical life ahead of it, the same engineers came to the same manager with designs for a generator four times as big, showing so much greater economy that the first one could be scrapped and paid for out of a year or two of savings effected by this new giant.

The manager ordered that also; and it was so satisfactory that the engineers then took the earlier generator back to the factory and set it up at the entrance gate with a commemorative tablet—a sight for visiting electrical experts and a monument to the remote electrical past, seven years ago!

How the Business Showman Works

BUSINESS is rich in show material and is waking up to the fact that a little apparatus in connection with a humanly interesting idea has great possibilities in creating good will, good understanding on the part of the public, and good customers.

One of the underlying ideas that has humanized hundreds of business exhibitions is that of growth. People seem never to tire of comparing today with yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that.

Some months ago, for example, there was a parade of street cars in the city of New York, arranged by one of the companies to illustrate the developments of thirty years. Old equipment was brought to light and put on the street just as it had been used in the past. First came a genuine bobtail horse car, with seating capacity for only twelve passengers. Other types of the horse car followed: single horse cars, double horse cars, then cable cars, then electric cars of different sizes and types—winding up with the modern pay-as-you-enter, the stepless, the double-deck stepless and the storage-battery cars.

This odd exhibit traveled through the streets over the car-tracks in chronological order and was arranged to emphasize one of the chief tendencies of the street-car business, which is, development of new types of cars to meet new traffic conditions.

Another striking way of depicting growth is that of a public-service corporation which has put up a big illuminated roof sign that shows how much electric light a dollar will buy today compared with the past. First, a small incandescent lamp flashes out in outline, with the date 1896. Then a little larger lamp replaces it, and another—until the old-style carbon filament bulb is replaced by the metal filament, which grows in size too; and finally the climax is reached in an outline fifty feet high and the date 1914.

Even so simple a device as a city map, with colored pins stuck in to locate each customer and new pins added daily as new customers are secured for goods or service, has an attraction for the public. There is a strong human interest in the whole idea of Watch us grow!

Another fertile field for the business showman is that of exhibiting big affairs in miniature reproductions—people like to see things in little.

A machinery concern put a new drop-hammer on the market—a big fellow for die-work, with a hammer, weighing a ton and a half, falling twenty feet—very effective and economical in machine shops, especially automobile plants. Any superintendent or manufacturer who saw it was

Results Were So Good That All Salesmen Were Equipped With the Model

impressed with its good points; but it was not easy to impress prospective customers at a distance. The salesman could describe it to a customer, show photographs and give figures of production; but he could not make him feel this new hammer.

So a miniature reproduction was made—an accurate working model, readily carried round for use in selling. Results were so good that all salesmen were equipped with the model; and before long others had to be made for use right in the manufacturer's own plants, because it was found precisely the thing for breaking in new hammermen—they could get instruction without tying up big hammers in the factory.

An express company ordered some new refrigerator cars for its service in transporting fish, meats, fruit and vegetables. The carbuilding concern made a miniature reproduction several feet long of one of these cars.

It was perfect in every detail, with its own track, doors opening, roof lifting to show interior arrangements, and so on—nearly three months were required to build it.

That model refrigerator car works hard for the express company the year round. At one season it will be out in the great producing regions of the West as an exhibit at fairs and expositions. At other seasons it will be in the East among the consumers. Between times it can always be counted on to attract attention in one of the company's offices.

In Europe there is a decided partiality for miniature models of big things. As fast as new trans-Atlantic steamships are put into service the transportation companies have beautiful reproductions made for exhibition; and one concern in London does a large business in the making of such models.

Not long ago an exact reproduction of a big English automobile works was made. It shows several square blocks of buildings, with trains loading on the adjoining railroad, roads and streets, miniature trees—all worked out faithfully on a scale of a sixteenth of an inch to the foot. Even the tiny windows are all glazed and can be lighted by electricity; and this model, shown at exhibitions, gives people an impression of the magnitude of the factory almost as definite as would be received by a visit to the place itself.

A Stranger Finds at the Breakfast Table an Invitation to Visit Some Local Factory

This trans-Atlantic interest in miniature things impressed the London agent for an American automobile. He had a small-scale reproduction made of the car he was selling. It was only large enough to carry two children, the raised top coming a little short of a man's waist in height; but it was a faithful copy in every detail, even to the power, for that was supplied by an electric starter like that built into the big cars at home.

Self-starters are largely an American refinement in automobiles. Makers on the other side are just beginning to take them up. This ingenious demonstration of a strong selling feature in the car made a strong impression on people who saw the baby automobile, for the starter in itself furnished enough power to take two little passengers about fifteen miles, and at a pace of ten or twelve miles an hour. After the model had been shown in England and France it was purchased by the British royal family.

At the factory of a large machinery concern in the East there is a toy railroad that would delight a boy, for it occupies several hundred square feet of floor space, and complete little engines run over a complete little railroad system of single and double track switches and blocks; and the whole affair is built on trestles, so that the engines run just about waist-high for a big boy, and he can follow them round the distance of a city block.

This system is for grown-up boys, however, because the miniature engines on their toy tracks operate full-size signal apparatus made by the company, and visibly demonstrate to railroad men how trains under different conditions are automatically safeguarded.

This exhibit cost twenty-five thousand dollars and is a fair illustration of another showman tendency in business—that of making a show place of the factory. Under this tendency the whole idea of a factory is changing. Manufacturing plants are being built of glass and tile, employees are given every facility for keeping clean and cheerful, and the places are thrown open to the public as permanent exhibits.

There are cities in this country where a stranger registering at any hotel finds at the breakfast table an invitation to visit some local factory that has been laid out on exposition lines, and which can entertain many thousand visitors yearly.

This has been most successful in plants where products are of a popular nature. The exposition idea goes naturally with food specialties, household conveniences and the like.

Other factories develop the show idea along narrower lines. Their products are chiefly of technical interest. The trip round them may be a walk of four or five miles, with almost nothing to see that the average spectator would understand. It has been found that when the average spectator is admitted to such a plant he usually picks out some wholly irrelevant show feature—something like the

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THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XXVI

JIMMY was dying. Peter, fighting hard, was beaten at last. All through the night he had felt it; during the hours before the dawn there had been times when the small pulse wavered, flickered, almost ceased. With the daylight there had been a trifle of recovery, enough for a bit of hope, enough to make harder Peter's acceptance of the inevitable.

The boy was very happy, quite content and comfortable. When he opened his eyes he smiled at Peter, and Peter, gray of face, smiled back. Peter died many deaths that night.

At daylight Jimmy fell into a sleep that was really stupor. Marie, creeping to the door in the faint dawn, found the boy apparently asleep and Peter on his knees beside the bed. He raised his head at her footstep and the girl was startled at the suffering in his face. He motioned her back.

"But you must have a little sleep, Peter."

"No. I'll stay until —— Go back to bed. It is very early."

Peter had not been able after all to secure the Nurse Elisabet, and now it was useless. At eight o'clock he let Marie take his place, then he bathed and dressed and prepared to face another day, perhaps another night. For the child's release came slowly. He tried to eat breakfast, but managed only a cup of coffee.

Many things had come to Peter in the long night, and one was insistent—the boy's mother was in Vienna and he was dying without her. Peter might know in his heart that he had done the best thing for the child, but like Harmony his early training was rising now to accuse him. He had separated mother and child. Who was he to have decided the mother's unfitness, to have played destiny? How lightly he had taken the lives of others in his hand, and to what end? Harmony, God knows where; the boy dying without his mother. Whatever that mother might be, her place that day was with her boy. What a wreck he had made of things! He was humbled as well as stricken, poor Peter!

In the morning he sent a note to McLean, asking him to try to trace the mother and inclosing the music-hall clipping and the letter. The letter, signed only "Mamma," was not helpful. The clipping might prove valuable.

"And for Heaven's sake be quick," wrote Peter. "This is a matter of hours. I meant well, but I've done a terrible thing. Bring her, Mac, no matter what she is or where you find her."

The *portier* carried the note. When he came up to get it he brought in his pocket a small rabbit and a lettuce leaf. Never before had the combination failed to arouse and amuse the boy. He carried the rabbit down again sorrowfully. "He saw it not," he reported sadly to his wife. "Be off to the church while I deliver this letter. And this rabbit we will not cook, but keep in remembrance."

At eleven o'clock Marie called Peter, who was asleep on the horsehair sofa.

"He asks for you."

Peter was instantly awake and on his feet. The boy's eyes were open and fixed on him.

"Is it another day?" he asked.

"Yes, boy; another morning."

"I am cold, Peter."

They blanketed him, although the room was warm. From where he lay he could see the mice. He watched them for a moment. Poor Peter, very humble, found himself wondering in how many ways he had been remiss. To see this small soul launched into eternity without a foreword, without a bit of light for the journey! Peter's religion had been one of life and living, not of creed.

Marie, bringing jugs of hot water, bent over Peter.

"He knows, poor little one!" she whispered.

And so, indeed, it would seem. The boy, revived by a spoonful or two of broth, asked to have the two tame mice on the bed. Peter, opening the cage, found one dead, very stiff and stark. The catastrophe he kept from the boy.

"One is sick, Jimmy boy," he said, and placed the mate, forlorn and shivering, on the pillow. After a minute:

"If the sick one dies will it go to Heaven?"

"Yes, honey, I think so."

The boy was silent for a time. Thinking was easier than speech. His mind too worked slowly. It was after a pause, while he lay there with closed eyes, that Peter saw two tears slip from under his long lashes. Peter bent over and wiped them away, a great ache in his heart.

"What is it, dear?"

"I'm afraid—it's going to die!"

"Would that be so terrible, Jimmy boy?" asked Peter gently. "To go to Heaven, where there is no more death or dying, where it is always summer and the sun always shines?"

No reply for a moment. The little mouse sat up on the pillow and rubbed its nose with a pinkish paw. The baby mice in the cage nuzzled their dead mother.

"Is there grass?"

"Yes—soft green grass."

"Do—boys in Heaven—go in their bare feet?" Ah, small mind and heart, so terrified and yet so curious!

"Indeed, yes." And there on his knees beside the white bed Peter painted such a Heaven as no theologue has ever had the humanity to paint—a Heaven of babbling brooks and laughing, playing children, a Heaven of dear departed puppies and resurrected birds, of friendly deer, of trees in fruit, of speckled fish in bright rivers. Painted his Heaven with smiling eyes and death in his heart, a child's Heaven of games and friendly Indians, of sunlight and rain, sweet sleep and brisk awakening.

The boy listened. He was silent when Peter had finished. Speech was increasingly an effort.

"I should—like—to go there," he whispered at last.

He did not speak again during all the long afternoon, but just at dusk he roused again.

"I would like—to see—the sentry," he said with difficulty.

And so again, and for the last time, Rosa's soldier from Salzburg with one lung.

Through all that long day, then, Harmony sat over her work, unaccustomed muscles aching, the whirring machines in her ears. Monia, upset over the morning's excitement, was irritable and unreasonable. The gold-tissue costume

had come back from Le Grande with a complaint. Below in the courtyard all day curious groups stood gaping up the staircase, where the morning had seen such occurrences.

At the noon hour, while the girls heated soup and carried in pails of salad from the corner restaurant, Harmony had fallen into the way of playing for them. To the music-loving Viennese girls this was the hour of the day. To sit back, soup bowl on knee, the machines silent, Monia quarreling in the kitchen with the Hungarian servant, and while the pigeons ate crusts on the window-sills, to hear this American girl play such music as was played at the opera, her slim figure swaying, her whole beautiful face and body glowing with the melody she made, the girls found the situation piquant, altogether delightful. Although she did not suspect it, many rumors were rife about Harmony in the workroom. She was not of the people, they said—the daughter of a great American, of course, run away to escape a loveless marriage. This was borne out by the report of one of them who had glimpsed the silk petticoat. It was rumored also that she wore no chemise, but instead an infinitely coquettish series of lace and nainsook garments—of a fineness!

Harmony played for them that day, played perhaps as she had not played since the day she had moved the Master to tears, played to Peter as she had seen him at the window, to Jimmy, to the little Georgiev as he went down the staircase. And finally with a choke in her throat to the little mother back home, so hopeful, so ignorant.

In the evening, as was her custom, she took the one real meal of the day at the corner restaurant, going early to avoid the crowd and coming back quickly through the winter night. The staircase was always a peril, to be encountered and conquered night after night and even in the daytime not to be lightly regarded. On her way up this night she heard steps ahead, heavy, measured steps that climbed steadily without pauses. For an instant Harmony thought it sounded like Peter's step and she went dizzy.

But it was not Peter. Standing in the upper hall, much as he had stood that morning over the ammunition boxes, thumbs in, heels in, toes out, chest out, was the sentry.

Harmony's first thought was of Georgiev and more searching of the building. Then she saw that the sentry's impassive face wore lines of trouble. He saluted. "Please, *Fräulein*."

"Yes?"

"I have not told the Herr Doktor."

"I thank you."

"But the child dies."

"Jimmy?"

"He dies all of last night and today. Tonight it is perhaps but of moments."

Harmony clutched at the iron stair-rail for support.

"You are sure? You are not telling me so that I will go back?"

"He dies, *Fräulein*. The Herr Doktor has not slept for many hours. My wife, Rosa, sits on the stair to see that none disturb, and her cousin, the wife of the *portier*, weeps over the stove. Please, *Fräulein*, come with me."

"When did you leave the Siebensternstrasse?"

"But now."

"And he still lives?"

"*Ja, Fräulein*, and asks for you."

Now suddenly fell away from the girl all pride, all fear, all that was personal and small and frightened, before the reality of death. She rose, as women by divine gift do rise, to the crisis; ceased trembling, got her hat and coat and her shabby gloves and joined the sentry again. Another moment's delay—to secure the Le Grande's address from Monia. Then out into the night, Harmony to the Siebensternstrasse, the tall soldier to find the dancer at her hotel, or failing that, at the Ronacher Music Hall.

Harmony took a taxicab—nothing must be spared now—bribed the chauffeur to greater speed, arrived at the house and ran across the garden, still tearless, up the stairs, past Rosa on the upper flight, and rang the bell.

Marie admitted her with only a little gasp of surprise. There was nothing to warn Peter. One moment he sat by the bed, watch in hand, alone, drear, tragic-eyed. The next he had glanced up, saw Harmony and went white, holding to the back of his chair. Their eyes met, agony and hope in them, love and death, rapture and bitterness. In Harmony's, pleading, promise, something of doubt; in Peter's, only yearning, as of empty arms. Then Harmony dared to look at the bed and fell on her knees in a storm of grief beside it. Peter bent over and gently stroked her hair.

The Le Grande was singing; the boxes were full. In the body of the immense theater waiters scurried back and forward among the tables. Everywhere was the clatter of silver and steel on porcelain, the clink of glasses. Smoke was everywhere—pipes, cigars, cigarettes. Women smoked between bites at the tables, using small paper or silver mouthpieces, even a gold one shone here and there. Men walked up and down among the diners, spraying the air with chemicals to clear it. At a table just below the stage sat the red-bearded *dozent* with the lady of the photograph. They were drinking cheap native wines and were very happy.

From the height of his worldly wisdom he was explaining the people to her.

"In the box—don't stare, *Liebchen*, he looks—is the princeling I have told you of. Roses, of course. Last night it was orchids."

"Last night! Were you here?" He coughed.

"I have been told, *Liebchen*. Each night he sits there, and when she finishes her song he rises in the box, kisses the flowers and tosses them to her."

"Shameless! Is she so beautiful?"

"No. But you shall see. She comes."

The Le Grande was very popular. She occupied the best place on the program; and because she sang in American, which is not exactly English and more difficult to understand, her songs were considered exceedingly risqué. As a matter of fact they were merely ragtime melodies, with a lilt to them that caught the Viennese fancy, accustomed to German sentimental ditties and the artificial forms of grand opera. And there was another reason for her success. She carried with her a chorus of a dozen piccaninnies.

Then Harmony Fell on Her Knees in a Storm of Grief

In Austria darkies were as rare as cats, and there were no cats! So the little chorus had made good. The Le Grande was a good advertiser. Each day she walked in the Prater, ermine from head to foot, and behind her two by two trailed twelve little Southern darkies in red-velvet coats and caps, grinning sociably. When she drove a pair sat on the boot.

Her voice was strong, not sweet, spoiled by years of singing against dishes and bottles in smoky music halls; spoiled by cigarettes and absinthe and foreign cocktails that resembled their American prototypes as the night resembles the day.

She wore the gold dress, décolleté, slashed to the knee over rhinestone-spangled stockings. And back of her trailed the twelve little darkies.

She sang Dixie, of course, and The Old Folks at Home; then a ragtime medley, with the chorus showing rows of white teeth and clogging with all their short legs. The Le Grande danced to that, a whirling, nimble dance. The little rhinestones on her stockings flashed; her opulent bosom quivered. The *dozent*, eyes on the dancer, squeezed his companion's hand.

"I love thee!" he whispered, rather flushed.

And then she sang Doan Ye Cry, Mah Honey. Her voice, rather coarse but melodious, lent itself to the negro rhythm, the swing and lilt of the lullaby. The little darkies, eyes rolling, preternaturally solemn, linked arms and swayed rhythmically, right, left, right, left. The glasses ceased clanking; sturdy citizens forgot their steak and beer for a moment and listened, knife and fork poised. Under the table the *dozent's* hand pressed its captive affectionately, his eyes no longer on Le Grande but on the woman across, his sweetheart, she who would be mother of his children. The words meant little to the audience; the rich, rolling Southern lullaby held them rapt:

"Doan ye cry, mah honey,
Doan ye weep no mo',
Mammy's gwine to hold her baby,
All de udder black trash sleepin' on the flo',
Mammy only lubs her boy."

The little darkies swayed; the singer swayed, empty arms cradled.

"Doan ye cry, mah honey,
Doan ye weep no mo' ——"

She picked the tiniest darky up and held him, woolly head against her breast, and crooned to him, rocking on her jeweled heels. The crowd applauded; the man in the box kissed his flowers and flung them. Glasses and dishes clinked again.

The *dozent* bent across the table.

"Some day ——" he said.

The girl blushed.

Le Grande made her way into the wings, surrounded by her little troupe. A motherly colored woman took them, shooed them off, rounded them up like a flock of chickens.

And there in the wings, grimly impassive, stood a private soldier of the old Franz Josef, blocking the door to her dressing room. For a moment gold dress and dark blue-gray uniform fronted each other. Then the sentry touched his cap.

"Madam," he said, "the child is in the Siebensternstrasse and tonight he dies."

"What child?" Her arms were full of flowers.

"The child from the hospital. Please to make haste."

Jimmy died an hour after midnight, quite peacefully, died with one hand in Harmony's and one between Peter's two big ones.

Toward the last he called Peter "daddy" and asked for a drink. His eyes, moving slowly round the room, passed without notice the gray-faced woman in a gold dress who stood staring down at him, rested a moment on the cage of mice, came to a stop in the doorway, where stood the sentry, white and weary, but refusing rest.

It was Harmony who divined the child's unspoken wish.

"The manual?" she whispered.

The boy nodded. And so just inside the door of the bedroom across from the old salon of Maria Theresa the sentry, with sad eyes but no lack of vigor, went again through the Austrian manual of arms, and because he had no carbine he used Peter's old walking-stick.

When it was finished the boy smiled faintly, tried to salute, lay still.

XXVII

PETER was going back to America and still he had not told Harmony he loved her. It was necessary that he go back. His money had about given out, and there was no way to get more save by earning it. The drain of Jimmy's illness, the inevitable expense of the small grave and the tiny stone Peter had insisted on buying had made retreat his only course. True, the Le Grande had wished to defray all expenses, but Peter was inexorable. No money earned as the dancer earned hers should purchase peaceful rest for the loved little body. And after seeing Peter's eyes the dancer had not insisted.

A week had seen many changes. Marie was gone. After a conference between Stewart and Peter that had been decided on. Stewart raised the money somehow, and Peter saw her off, palpitant and eager, with the pin he had sent her to Semmering at her throat. She kissed Peter on the cheek in the station, rather to his embarrassment. From the lowered window, as the train pulled out, she waved a moist handkerchief.

"I shall be very good," she promised him. The last words he heard above the grinding of the train were her cheery: "To America!"

Peter was living alone in the Street of Seven Stars, getting food where he might happen to be, buying a little now and then from the delicatessen shop across the street. For Harmony had gone back to the house in the Wollbadgasse. She had stayed until all was over and until Marie's small preparations for departure were over. Then, while Peter was at the station, she slipped away again. But this time she left her address. She wrote:

You will come to visit me, dear Peter, because I was so lonely before and that is unnecessary now. But you must know that I cannot stay in the Siebensternstrasse. We have each our own fight to make, and you

have been trying to fight for us all, for Marie, for dear little Jimmy, for me. You must get back to work now: you have lost so much time. And I am managing well. The Frau Professor is back and will take an evening lesson, and soon I shall have more money from *Fräulein* Reiff. You can see how things are looking up for me. In a few months I shall be able to renew my music lessons. And then, Peter—the career!

HARMONY.

Her address was beneath.

Peter had suffered much. He was thinner, grayer, and as he stood with the letter in his hand he felt that Harmony was right. He could offer her nothing but his shabby self, his problematic future. Perhaps, surely, everything would have been settled, without reason, had he only once taken the girl in his arms, told her she was the breath of life itself to him. But adversity, while it had roused his fighting spirit in everything else, had sapped his confidence.

He had found the letter on his dressing table, and he found himself confronting his image over it, a tall, stooping figure, a tired, lined face, a coat that bore the impress of many days with a sick child's head against its breast.

So it was over. She had come back and gone again, and this time he must let her go. Who was he to detain her? She would carry herself on to success, he felt; she had youth, hope, beauty and ability. And she had proved the thing he had not dared to believe, that she could take care of herself in the old city. Only—to go away and leave her there!

McLean would remain. No doubt he already had Harmony's address in the Wollbadgasse. Peter was not subtle, no psychologist, but he had seen during the last few days how the boy watched Harmony's every word, every gesture. And, perhaps, when loneliness and hard work began to tell on her, McLean's devotion would win its reward. McLean's devotion, with all that it meant, the lessons again, community of taste, their common youth! Peter felt old, very tired.

Nevertheless he went that night to the Wollbadgasse. He sent his gray suit to the *portier's* wife to be pressed, and getting out his surgical case, as he had once before in the *Pension* Schwarz, he sewed a button on his overcoat, using the curved needle and the catgut and working with surgeon's precision. Then, still working very carefully, he trimmed the edges of graying hair over his ears, trimmed his cuffs, trimmed his best silk tie, now almost hopeless. He blacked his shoes, and the suit not coming, he donned his dressing gown and went into Jimmy's room to feed the mice. Peter stood a moment beside the smooth white bed with his face working. The wooden sentry still stood on the bedside table.

It was in Peter's mind to take the mice to Harmony, confess his defeat and approaching retreat and ask her to care for them. Then he decided against this palpable appeal for sympathy, elected to go empty-handed and discover merely how comfortable she was or was not. When the time came he would slip out of her life, sending her a letter and leaving McLean on guard.

Harmony was at home. Peter climbed the dark staircase—where Harmony had met the little Georgiev, and where he had gone down to his death—climbed steadily, but without his usual elasticity. The place appalled him—its gloom, its dinginess, its somber quiet. In the daylight, with the pigeons on the sills and the morning sunlight printing the cross of the church steeple on the whitewashed wall, it was peaceful, cloister-like, with landings that were crypts. But at night it was almost terrifying, that staircase.

Harmony was playing. Peter heard her when he reached the upper landing, playing a sad little strain that gripped his heart. He waited outside before ringing, heard her begin something determinedly cheerful, falter, cease altogether. Peter rang.

Harmony herself admitted him. Perhaps—oh, certainly she had expected him! It would be Peter, of course, to come and see how she was getting on, how she was housed. She held out her hand and Peter took it. Still no words, only a half smile from her and no smile at all from Peter, but his heart in his eyes.

"I hoped you would come, Peter. We may have the reception room."

"You knew I would come," said Peter. "The reception room?"

"Where customers wait." She still carried her violin, and slipped back to her room to put it away. Peter had a glimpse of its poverty and its meagerness. He drew a long breath.

Monia was at the opera, and the Bohemian sat in the kitchen knitting a stocking. The reception room was warm from the day's fire, and in order. All the pins and scraps of the day had been swept up, and the portières that made fitting-rooms of the corners were pushed back. Peter saw only a big room with empty corners, and that at a glance. His eyes were Harmony's.

He sat down awkwardly on a stiff chair; Harmony on a velvet settee. They were suddenly two strangers meeting for the first time. In the squalor of the *Pension* Schwarz, in the comfortable intimacies of the Street of Seven Stars, they had been easy, unconstrained. Now suddenly Peter was tongue-tied. Only one thing in him clamored for utterance, and that he sternly silenced.

"I—I could not stay there, Peter. You understood?"

"No. Of course I understood."

"You were not angry?"

"Why should I be angry? You came, like an angel of light, when I needed you. Only of course ——"

"Yes?"

"I'll not say that, I think."

"Please say it, Peter!"

Peter writhed, looked everywhere but at her.

"Please, Peter. You said I always came when you needed me, only ——"

"Only—I always need you!" Peter, Peter!

"Not always, I think. Of course, when one is in trouble one needs a woman; but ——"

"Well, of course—but—I'm generally in trouble, Harry dear."

Frightfully ashamed of himself by that time was Peter, ashamed of his weakness. He sought to give a casual air to the speech by stooping for a neglected pin on the carpet. By the time he had stuck it in his lapel he had saved his mental forces from the rout of Harmony's eyes.

His next speech he made to the center table, and missed a most delectable look in the aforesaid eyes.

"I didn't come to be silly," he said to the table.

"I hate people who whine, and I've got into a damnable habit of being sorry for myself! It's to laugh, isn't it, a great, hulking carcass like me, to be——"

"Peter," said Harmony softly, "aren't you going to look at me?"

"I'm afraid."

"That's cowardice. And I've fixed my hair a new way. Do you like it?"

"Splendid," said Peter to the center table.

"You didn't look!"

The rout of Harmony's eyes was supplemented by the rout of Harmony's hair. Peter, goaded, got up and walked about. Harmony was half exasperated; she would have boxed Peter's ears with a tender hand had she dared.

His hands thrust savagely in his pockets, Peter turned and faced her at last.

"First of all," he said, "I am going back to America, Harmony. I've got all I can get here, all I came for——" He stopped, seeing her face. "Well, of course that's not true, I haven't. But I'm going back anyhow. You needn't look so stricken: I haven't lost my chance. I'll come back sometime again and finish, when I've earned enough to do it."

"You will never come back, Peter. You have spent all your money on others, and now you are going back just where you were, and—you are leaving me here alone!"

"You are alone anyhow," said Peter, "making your own way and getting along. And McLean will be here."

"Are you turning me over to him?"

No reply. Peter was pacing the floor.

"Peter!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you remember the night in Anna's room at the Schwarz when you proposed to me?"

No reply. Peter found another pin.

"And that night in the old lodge when you proposed to me again?"

Peter turned and looked at her, at her slender, swaying young figure, her luminous eyes, her parted, childish lips.

"Peter, I want you to—to ask me again."

"No!"

"Why?"

"Now listen to me, Harmony. You're sorry for me, that's all; I don't want to be pitied. You stay here and work. You'll do big things. I had a talk with the Master while I was searching for you, and he says you can do anything. But he looked at me—and a sight I was with worry and fright—and he warned me off, Harmony. He says you must not marry."

"Old pig!" said Harmony. "I will marry if I please."

Nevertheless Peter's refusal and the Master's speech had told somewhat. She was colder, less vibrant. Peter came to her, stood close, looking down at her.

"I've said a lot I didn't mean to," he said. "There's only one thing I haven't said, I oughtn't to say it, dear. I'm not going to marry you—I won't have such a thing on my conscience. But it doesn't hurt a woman to know that a man loves her. I love you, dear. You're my heaven and my earth—even my God, I'm afraid. But *I will not marry you.*"

"Not even if I ask you to?"

"Not even then, dear. To share my struggle ——"

"I see," slowly. "It is to be a struggle?"

"A hard fight, Harmony. I'm a pauper practically."

"And what am I?"

"Two poverties don't make a wealth, even of happiness," said Peter steadily. "In the time to come, when you would think of what you might have been, it would be a thousand deaths to me, dear."

"People have married, women have married and carried on their work, too, Peter."

"Not your sort of women or your sort of work. And not my sort of man, Harry. I'm jealous—jealous of every one about you. It would have to be the music or me."

(Continued on Page 65)

He Tried to Tell Her What She Was Doing

Never Before Had the Combination Failed to Amuse the Boy

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1914

Our Foreign Trade

WHATEVER other angles and phases the case presents, the state monopoly of the oil trade in Germany is a substantial victory for the Deutsche Bank crowd in its contest with the Standard Oil Company for the German market. We may assume that the German oil crowd is spiritually superior to the American, yet the important point is that its government stood behind it with a helping hand, while our Government stood behind our oil crowd with an active boot. And, though curbing big and perhaps predacious concerns, our Government is doing less than it should to assist small and presumptively virtuous concerns in that rivalry for foreign trade which is growing keener all the time.

We are becoming importers of raw foodstuffs, instead of exporters. Raw cotton we can continue to sell in great quantities for many years, whatever our trade policy may be, because we have the best supply; but, with that exception, in selling goods abroad we must compete more and more on equal terms, except as our skill and organization give us the advantage.

In the matter of organization the consular service ought to be the chief item; but the pains and expense the German Government takes to promote foreign trade make our efforts in that line look inadequate. We are often niggardly with the consular service. Men who should be engaged with affairs of some importance—if they are worthy of their places and salaries at all—spend much time on petty details because there is no appropriation for a fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk. That is poor economy.

A German Difference

IF WE had two of the greatest steamship lines in the world, whose commercial fleets sailed every sea and which together did a great part of the country's ocean-carrying trade, we should, of course, forbid them to combine, pool or make joint rate agreements. All the resources of the Government would be employed to keep them from combining and to harry them into competition. And that fact is possibly one of the reasons why we have no great steamship lines.

The two great German lines had an agreement, but failed to renew it. Some months ago a rate war that would probably become worldwide was announced, and that the companies did finally reach an agreement is everywhere attributed to the personal intervention of the Kaiser.

The power of the German Government, in short, was exerted in a direction diametrically opposite to that which our Government would have taken. A rate war between these companies would have been a disaster to German business, and the German Government is not looking for opportunities to breed disaster.

Talk Not Worth Printing

IT IS true that, with our scheme of government, Congress is by no means as important an institution as Parliament is in Great Britain; yet observant foreigners are surprised at the very slight attention this country pays to what goes on in the national legislature. Our newspapers make no attempt to report congressional debate. Only when something extraordinary happens a vote on a big bill or an incident of a sensational nature—do they dignify it with a headline.

For what they utter in debate, says the Constitution, senators and representatives shall not be questioned in any other place; and in the nature of the case they cannot be, because in no other place is the utterance known. Of course tens of thousands of particular speeches are mailed to constituents and mainly thrown into the wastebasket; but even though the particular speech is read, that does not constitute publicity of debate, because the reader does not get the rejoinder.

Now and then we get excited about a speech in Congress and turn expectantly to the Congressional Record in order to read it. What we usually find in the Record is this: "Mr. So-and-So addressed the Senate. His speech will appear hereafter."

The country's extensive ignorance of day-to-day proceedings of Congress seems to us rather unfortunate; but if you raise the point with a newspaper editor his prompt reply is: "The stuff is not worth printing!"—which is perhaps more unfortunate still.

Prejudiced Witnesses

YOU would have a poor opinion of a man who, as a regular occupation, harnessed half-naked women to carts and set them to crawling all day on their hands and knees through the hot, narrow passages of mines, hauling coal, and who bitterly resented every attempt to change that condition.

You would hardly care to belong to the same club with a man who was put into a towering rage by an attempt to stop him from working little children at the loom until they fainted from hunger and exhaustion. Yet good men have done these things.

There is nothing more terrible in any literature than those parliamentary reports on the condition of English labor in the fore part of the nineteenth century, from which Marx took the most important material for the first volume of Capital.

To read now of the awful abuses and of the stubborn resistance to reform gives one the impression of a cold and calculating ferocity that makes Milton's Satan look like a sentimental amateur. Yet it is perfectly certain that the British employers of that time were personally, in the main, good, kindly men so far as they could see. A majority of the Southern slaveholders were personally good, kindly men—so far as their understanding went.

A long-standing abuse from which a profit is derived inevitably blinds its beneficiaries and makes them utterly untrustworthy witnesses. In child-labor legislation, the objections of employers of that labor should not be at all considered. Their position puts them out of court.

Swedish Elections

AN UNUSUALLY brisk canvass preceded the recent general election in Sweden for members of the lower house of Parliament. The Liberal party urged some constitutional reforms and the supremacy of Parliament in the government of the country—matters whose discussion obviously requires some study and thought; but the Conservatives were happily spared the bother of discussing them seriously, making the campaign practically on the sole issue of national defense, which means an army as large as the country can conveniently support. And one wing of the Liberals joined the Conservatives in treating defense as the most important question. Naturally it was rather expected that the Conservatives would win.

There are many urgent modern social and political problems that the conservative mind invariably finds confusing or irritating; but in several countries nowadays it is spared the bother of considering them by meeting all demands for reform with loud shouts for more regiments and battleships. So long as politics can be reduced to the simple matter of waving a flag and blowing a trumpet, the conservative can compete in it on rather more than equal terms. Militarism, the world over, is conservatism's most important and only dependable asset.

Getting the Habit

IT IS practically just as easy to form one habit as another. To one man the notion of a highball at three P. M. is very obnoxious, because it would interfere with his play at golf or tennis. Another man detests the notion of golf or tennis at three P. M. because it would interfere with his highball.

Physically, mentally and spiritually the two men are much alike. They have merely formed different habits, and with a little shifting of the respective scenes one might just as readily have formed the habit of the other.

One man is plunged into gloomy misery by the prospect of spending an evening away from his books and slippers. Another is unhappy unless he has an engagement that will take him out of the house after dark, or company is coming in. Both men crave a strong reaction from the day at the office. One has formed the habit of finding it in literature—the other in lights, motion, company. By pressing a different button, with a little persistence, each could have acquired the other's habit.

Hardly any other habit will stand a young man in better stead than a reading habit, both for what it includes and what it excludes. Of all habits it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most dependable. You can indulge it regardless of weather, seasons and location.

For almost any intelligent young man it is an easy habit to form. That and a habit of physical exercise will make nearly any man fireproof against chronic dissipation.

Great Naval Strategists

THE finest thing about your great naval strategist is that he always ends by blowing himself up. His proposition is that the three sides of a triangle must always be equal—only one side must always be longer than the others.

The world will lapse into chaos unless each one of four or five combinations exceeds all others. If it is the Mediterranean which engages his attention he will demonstrate that England must predominate there or lose India and the colonies—while Germany, Austria and Italy must likewise predominate; and in any event England cannot predominate in the Mediterranean without losing control of her home coasts and territory. Here is the devil, there the deep sea; you may choose between them, but you have no other choice.

Now if all this paper naval strategy were only a sort of weird game, played with building blocks in some home for the aged in order to while away a winter evening, it might have much merit—because you may play it forever without coming to any termination. The astounding thing is that intelligent men, holding positions of great responsibility, take it with deadly seriousness, and that vast sums of actual, hard-earned money are squandered to keep it up

We are amazed at huge follies of the past—a Thirty Years' War; a pre-revolutionary France; a Stuart régime; a Mississippi Bubble. Our children will be equally amazed at the great naval strategy of our day.

One Abused Railroad

DO YOU happen to remember that when the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad went into bankruptcy last May its chief counsel rose in righteous indignation to declare that the innocent corporation was a victim of outrageous interference and oppression by state legislatures and the Federal Government, and society in general?

Well, the Interstate Commerce Commission tried to discover the real reasons for insolvency and ran across such items as a profit of seven million dollars to syndicates partly composed of insiders—which unloaded various branches and feeders on the parent system, and profits of thirty million dollars to other syndicates and bankers, who underwrote and marketed the road's securities.

Obviously the real trouble with the St. Louis & San Francisco was not too much interference, but too little.

The Rate Decision

WE HOPE the railroads will be permitted to raise freight rates five per cent—but it is a hope with a string to it. As Commissioner Prouty has pointed out, we are trying in this country a completely novel experiment. By far the greatest business in the country, except agriculture, is entirely owned by private capital; but we have taken away from the owners all power to fix the price at which their product—transportation—shall be sold.

Imagine that situation in your own business. You furnish the capital and the management, but somebody else has absolute power to fix the price at which your goods shall be sold. That is the novel experiment this country is trying in regard to railroads.

The net revenues of the railroads in the last three years have not increased at all commensurately with the increased capital investment, and we believe the Government—under the novel conditions we have created—can far better afford to give the roads an inch too much than to give them an inch too little. So we hope an increase in freight rates will be granted.

However, when we look over certain scandalous abuses of railroad credit that have come to light of late years we tie a string to the hope. We believe that a great many roads are capably and honestly managed. We also believe that there has been and probably still is a shocking amount of graft in the railroad world as a whole.

When we see great, flourishing transportation enterprises, which ought to be highly prosperous, dragged down to a bankrupt or crippled condition, we want more searching explanations of the reasons than have yet been forthcoming; and we decidedly do not want any railroad to have another nickel for the management to gamble with.

As to somewhat higher freight rates, yes. As to more comprehensive and rigid public regulation, yes also.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Tom Discretion, of Prudence, Circumspect County

REPUTE for mystery is more easily obtained than repute for aught else whatsoever, save wisdom alone, which credit comes through the mere but continued expedient of saying nothing. Everything is mysterious to somebody, and some things are mysterious to everybody. Any closed door may hide a secret, albeit few do; and any set of circumstances may contain the enigma of a lifetime, barring the well-known fact that most sets of circumstances are as obvious as a bald head.

There is a pocket in the mind of every human being that contains the mental ingredients for belief in the inscrutable. And as every crank is cryptic, and most of us are cranks, it is plain to be seen why, on the slightest excuse—on mere say-so—we accept as mysterious what on examination will prove to be palpable; for it usually happens we are too lazy to examine, and thus many things pass as hidden that in reality are self-evident instead of secret.

Of course secrecy is one phase and mystery another; for though a mystery is not always a secret, a secret is usually mysterious; but when you hold a secret mysteriously then you have done what is easy to do, and thus you create your atmosphere of obfuscation.

Hence we who have to do with such matters speak of executive sessions of the United States Senate as both secret and mysterious. Those sessions have been held in that regard for many years. When one is imminent there is an ominous pause in the Senate. Some grave and dignified statesman rises and moves that the Senate proceed to resolve itself into executive session. There is a great jangling of bells and the doortenders hurry out the dawdlers in the galleries. All clerks, reporters and attachés leave. The doors are swung to. Tom Dawson enters. Momentous affairs are to be discussed and mayhap decided.

Tom Dawson enters, than whom there is no more officially mysterious person alive and no franker one unofficially. Tom is the executive clerk of the Senate, the one man outside the accredited membership of the Senate who is allowed to hear those deliberations. The doors remain closed for such time as is necessary; then they open to show a few senators in their seats, to disclose some tobacco smoke drifting against the stained-glass ceilings, and to exhibit an atmosphere of mystery and Pittsburgh stogies. To be sure, since Senator Tillman made his impassioned plea to his colleagues to refrain from smoking in executive session because of his highly sensitized olfactory nerves, the tobacco smoke is absent on occasions when the senator is present; but usually the smoke is there.

Now then, that is a mysterious proceeding. What is said and done there is supposed to be inviolable—supposed to be. Mystery surrounds executive sessions—not because they are mysterious, but because it is the custom, and has been for many years, to say they are. This reputation, easily obtained decades ago, continues traditionally; but the only difference between regular and open sessions of the Senate and executive sessions is that when the executive sessions are important more is printed about them in the newspapers than about the regular sessions.

Taking themselves seriously, the senators take their executive sessions seriously, so far as the word goes, and weigh down Tom Dawson with the clerical responsibility that attends. They trust no other outsider. That, as it happens, shows much senatorial acumen, for if there is one citizen of this Republic eminently fitted by character, by temperament and by training to keep executive-session secrets secret, that person is Tom Dawson.

Leaks in Executive Sessions

THEY can burden that quiet, efficient man with any confidential information they have, from a contemplated foray on Mexico to the character of a candidate for a second-class postmastership, and Tom will never peep. Tom's other name is Discretion, and his place of birth was Prudence, Circumspect County, State of Wariness.

You see, the senators knew Tom—as well they might, for he had been among them a long time. Oddly enough, part of his business was to secure for the public press information concerning the very executive sessions he now guards so closely. Tom was a newspaper man stationed in the Senate Chamber, and he was stationed there for years. In common with a few other correspondents he had the privilege of the floor, but not when there were executive sessions. Then he had to go out and keep off the grass. However, after the executive sessions were over it was his duty to discover what happened, and he always so discovered.

No senator ever told him. Perish the thought! No senator ever tells any correspondent anything that happens in executive sessions—that is, no senator ever admits he tells. Some do. Very good reports are often obtained. I remember a time when a senator rose in his seat during the morning hour and denounced his colleagues for leaking about executive sessions. He was quite bitter about it. He said it was a crying shame and he himself almost cried.

He read the report of a session on the previous afternoon which he said was outrageous in that it correctly told what happened at a gathering concerning which no senator could talk, by right. It was very affecting to me, because I wrote the article this senator read and condemned—and he himself gave me the information!

For many years—twenty, probably—Tom Dawson wrote reports not only of executive sessions but of other Senate sessions as well. He supplied his reports to a press association and what he wrote went into most of the newspaper offices of the country. Naturally he had to be accurate, nonpartisan, unbiased—absolutely—and he was. Tom Dawson never wrote a prejudiced line in his life. He never telegraphed a word he did not think was absolutely in accordance with the facts.

Think what that means! He was no special man, writing for one paper or two or three directed by an editorial policy or by an editorial whim or by a partisan bias. He wrote for hundreds of papers. His part of the report was used as the basis of much editorial comment. In many instances Tom Dawson's stories were all the readers of papers saw, and on them they based their knowledge of what was happening in Washington.

A great trust, I should say! And Tom Dawson never violated it. A quiet, sincere, honest man, he exerted a greater influence than most people understand or appreciate; and there never was a minute in his writing life when he was actuated by any other impulse than to get the news, get it right, and send it along, regardless of whom he might help or hurt.

The senators liked him—all the long procession of senators who served during Tom's work as a correspondent; and when they needed an executive clerk they selected him, because they knew that whatever secrets they might have were safe with him.

Therefore when the bells clang and the doors close Tom is the only person not a senator who is inside; and whatever happens, now that he is out of the newspaper business, is as sure to stay unrecorded, because of him, as in the old days whatever happened was sure to be recorded because of him. In no other way could they keep him from printing the news.

He has been in Washington for a long time, has Tom Dawson; and for some years he was secretary to the late Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado. He owns a ranch in Colorado and raises hay and other crops there, but confines his agriculture at the Capital to the expert cultivation of some highly prized whiskers.

Hundreds of newspaper correspondents have passed through the press gallery on the Senate side since Tom Dawson went there, and there is not one of them but has profited by the wisdom and experience of Dawson, for he is as kindly as he is efficient, and always ready with counsel and information.

Tom Dawson knows more about the Senate than any man in it, and when he was writing about it he did his work with less fuss and with more ability than most of his colleagues.

The influence men like Tom Dawson exert on the opinions the people hold on governmental affairs in this country is incalculable; and there never was a man in his position who had better motives, a stronger sense of responsibility, a more sincere purpose and a more honest execution than this modest, quiet, capable man who guards the executive secrets of the Senate now as faithfully as he diligently set them forth in the old days.

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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: You may recall that I have made casual reference in this correspondence to the fact that nothing is done in Washington which is not political. Though we carry side lines of amelioration of the woes of the people, anxiety for the general good, reverence for the Constitution, economy in public expenditure, and conservation of our resources, as well as conversation concerning constructive legislation and the uplift, our main stock is politics. We handle that almost exclusively; and when we do put out a sample of our other goods we always tie a modicum of politics in with it, that being our business—politics.

I am moved to further reference to this subject by a contemplation of the cities selected by Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Houston and Mr. Williams as regional bank centers. If you hark back a little you will remember that Messrs. McAdoo and Houston made a rather comprehensive and leisurely swing round the circle when they had the establishment of these banks in prospect; and it now appears that they went largely for the air. They needed rest and a change; for if that trip had any effect on the final determination of the cities selected it is not apparent, now that they have been selected.

They had a nice trip, and when they came home they spoke admiringly of the size of this country and its wealth and resources. They were quite impressed with all those features.

"It really is most interesting," they said one to another, "to discover that there are so many centers of population in this broad domain of ours where regional banks could well be established—most interesting. Now—would you believe it?—there are Baltimore and New Orleans; Louisville and Cincinnati; Pittsburgh and Denver; Portland, Oregon; and Seattle—all busy marts of trade and quite populous; excellent cities, all of them—most commendable cities. We approve of them all. Public-spirited people in them too, and excellent hosts! We had a most enjoyable trip and met many fine people; but——"

A Session of the Buts

But! Sure, Jim—but! One but, two buts, three buts, four buts, five buts—a noble array of buts and a powerful. And the buts butted in, Jim; they butted in with a home-sweet-home effect. Let me classify them.

But Number One: William G. McAdoo, born in Georgia.

But Number Two: John Skelton Williams, of Richmond, Virginia.

But Number Three: David F. Houston, erstwhile of St. Louis and ersterwhile of Texas.

But Number Four: Albert S. Burleson, of Texas.

But Number Five: Colonel Edward House, also of Texas.

Of these buts the first three make up the committee that selected the cities, and the remaining two make up the advisory board as pertaining to Texas. You see how it worked out.

"I move," said Mr. McAdoo, "that a regional bank be established at Atlanta, the proud capital of my native state."

"Aye!" voted Williams and Houston.

"I move," said Mr. Williams, "that a regional bank be established at Richmond, the proud capital of my native state."

"Aye!" voted McAdoo and Houston.

"I move," said Mr. Houston, who up to this time had been discreetly silent, save when voting, "that a bank be established at St. Louis and another at Kansas City, both imperial cities of the imperial commonwealth that claims my residence."

"Aye!" voted Williams and McAdoo.

"Further," continued Mr. Houston, "I now move that a bank be established at Dallas, a flourishing municipality in the state of my affections, Texas."

"Aye!" yelled Albert Sidney Burleson and Colonel Edward House; and it was all unanimous and pleasant, and devoid of misunderstanding and acrimony.

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A complete co-operative service helps every BEAVER BOARD user. The Department of Design and Decoration [illegible] suggestions for panel designs [illegible] BEAVER BOARD [illegible] and to show BEAVER BOARD [illegible] also photographs of actual interiors.

Our [illegible] patented BEAVER BOARD [illegible] and [illegible] all your needs.

Write for free illustrated booklet "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses," and painted sample

The Beaver Board Companies

United States: 280 Beaver Board Building, N. Y.
Canada: 480 Wall [illegible]
Great Britain: 4 Southampton Row [illegible]
Australia: 369 Queen St., Melbourne

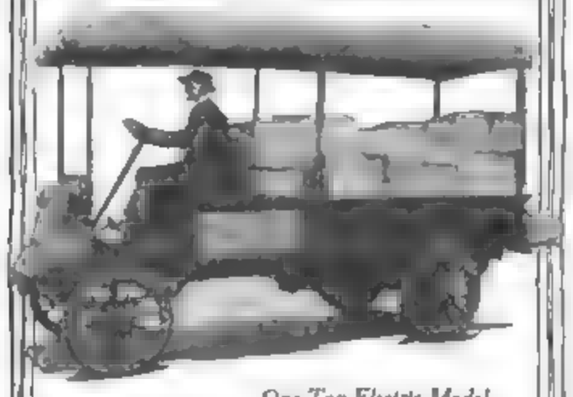
BEAVER BOARD WALLS AND CEILINGS

BEAVER BOARD

TRADE MARK

House of Harry Male, Buffalo. This job made BEAVER BOARD [illegible] out of the whole [illegible] as well as the contractor [illegible] the work.

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS



One Ton Electric Model
Chassis Price $1300
(Less Battery)

IN the comprehensive line of *GMC* Gasoline and Electric Trucks there is the ***right*** truck for your business.

GMC trucks are high-grade. There are no better trucks than those going from our factory every day.

Get that fact fixed in your mind.

And then this one. We do not build ***cheap*** trucks.

Our prices are low because of big volume production and ***right*** business methods.

	Capacity	Price
Gasoline Chassis	1¼ Tons	$1500
	2 Tons	1900
	3½ Tons	2250
	3½ Tons	2500
	5 Tons	2750
	5 Tons	3000
Electric Chassis (Less Battery)	1000 lbs.	$1200
	2000 lbs.	1350
	3000 lbs.	1450
	4000 lbs.	1550
	6000 lbs.	1950
	8000 lbs.	2100
	10000 lbs.	2350
	12000 lbs.	2500

GMC trucks are the product of General Motors Truck Company, one of the units of General Motors Company, the strongest organization of its kind in the world.

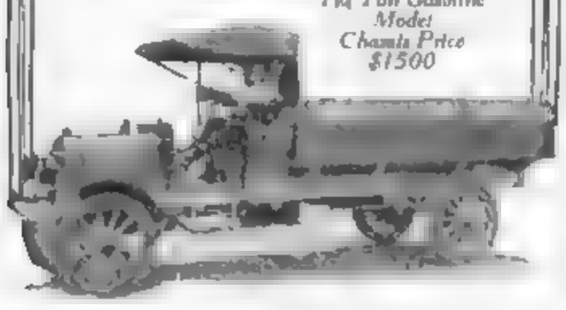
Your business needs a truck with the SERVICE BUILT IN IT. If you choose a *GMC*—that's the kind of a truck you get.

Correspondence invited with dealers of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO.
51 General Motors Bldg.
Pontiac, Michigan

Branches and Distributors
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St Louis, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburg, Minneapolis, Salt Lake, Galveston, New Orleans, Birmingham.

1¼ Ton Gasoline Model
Chassis Price $1500



There was no politics in it, Jim. Of course not! It was all based on friendship and loyalty to and affection for the old homes. State pride, James; and a lovely sentiment it is and patriotic! Who can wonder that the thoughts of William Gibbs McAdoo turned fondly toward dear old Georgia and the metropolis thereof when he had this boon to grant? And who is there to cavil at the loyal affection of John Skelton Williams for Richmond? And David F. Houston is a stern man, it seems, but sentimental—excessively sentimental and powerfully so, for he secured three banks for his share, aided, of course, by those emotional Texans, House and Burleson, whose eyes ever dim with tears when the beauties of dear, dear Dallas are recalled to them by word or deed—Burleson, who made his mysterious visit to the White House when the cities were under consideration, his mysterious visit now being mysterious no longer; and House, the silent, self-effacing House, who spends so much of his time in the Treasury advising, out of the fund of his vast experience, with Secretary McAdoo—House, of whom to say he is gumshod and rubber-tired were as scanty an appreciation of his noiseless methods of operation as to compare him with a brass band!

"But me no buts!" New Orleans and Portland and Denver and Louisville and Pittsburgh might well have exclaimed had they been apprised of what was politically in the wind; but they were not. And they were butted a few buts, Jim; butted a few as herein set down.

So starts the Currency Bill that is to assuage all our financial woes—so starts it in the manner aforesaid; and now we await the appointment of the board. Before you read this, that may have come to pass; but there is no inkling as yet of its possible or probable membership. Still, writing before the event, let it be said that if there is a similar exhibition of the home-sweet-home thing in the make-up of that board the Currency Bill, which began with such fair prospects, will be but a withered flower of legislation, instead of a proud bouquet of law.

The Terrible Meek

However, the President still maintains his grip on the Congressional lever and is still in full control. It is amazing, Jim, how that man runs things; how he gets what he wants in the face of any and all opposition! Every time I watch him in operation I am again of the opinion that the best descriptive phrase for him is the title of Kennedy's play, The Terrible Meek. He is a meek man, Jim, and we have his word for it, as note in his speech to the Press Club; but, hevings! how terribly meek he is! In all my experience I never knew a man who was softer-spoken, more deferential to the wishes and opinions of others, more affable and agreeable; and in all my experience I never knew a man who, once having set out to do a thing, so unrelentingly proceeded to do that thing!

They tried to defeat his man Daniels, of New Jersey, named for a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Senate refused confirmation for a long time. Then suddenly the Wilson forces took up the matter and after it was all over Daniels was confirmed. So it goes with everything. He hasn't missed a trick yet. Prophecy is selling away below par in the present market; but it might be worth while to take a flyer at a prognostication at that. Hence, in a guarded manner, I am here to say that eventually he will get his tolls-repeal bill through the Senate. It will take time, and maneuvering, and pressure and the thumbscrews for some, and the rack for others; but, unless all signs fail, he will get the bill through finally. That sort of thing seems to be his fixed habit of procedure.

Meantime the Democrats of the House continue along their well-known economical lines.

The House was proceeding with the legislative, judicial and executive appropriation bills. There had been a proposition to cut down mileage allowances to actual cost instead of allowing them to remain at the present rate of twenty cents a mile. This would have saved a hundred thousand dollars a year; but the formerly economical Democrats fell on the item with loud cries and tore it limb from limb. Also they tore it out of the bill. Then came a proposition to increase the salaries of Congressional clerks to eighteen hundred dollars a year. Not to have done this would have saved one hundred thirty-two thousand dollars more a year; but they did it.

He knows what he wants

His mother wants the same thing, too. So does the whole family. No difference of opinion when it comes to

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Its delicious zest and flavor, and its creamy richness appeal to the most capricious appetite; while its wholesomeness and invigorating quality make you realize that it actually *is* as good as it *tastes*. And you couldn't say more than that.

Do you prepare it sometimes as a Cream-of-tomato? That is particularly fine. Try it *today*.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's SOUPS
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Pierce-Arrow

A light car and a speedy one

THE thought that went into Pierce-Arrows, to make them durable, also prescribed materials that were strong without being too heavy, and saw to it that these materials were secured and utilized at whatever cost. Today Pierce-Arrow Cars not only possess unequalled durability but are also lighter than any other cars that are compared with them.

The purchaser of a new Pierce-Arrow secures a car in which weight is present only in degree necessitated by requirements of safety and strength and in which even that weight is leavened by the genius of design. He secures a car of life-long durability at a cost which, when spread over years of service, over continents of travel, is insignificant.

The man who purchases such a car from its original owner, before that owner has begun to exhaust its built-in worth, secures the best procurable bargain in motor cars.

Pierce-Arrow cars are built in three chassis sizes, 38, 48 and 66 horse-power. These chassis are equipped with many types of open and enclosed bodies, including a runabout, with interchangeable Victoria and coupé top.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, New York

Thus, having secured a hundred thousand dollars for themselves in mileage and a hundred thirty-two thousand dollars for their clerks, they looked about for some place where they might be really economical. They found it, Jim—found it in the barber shop; and they virtuously and economically fixed it so that the barbers must buy their own talcum powder and toilet water and such, instead of getting it free as heretofore. This saved five hundred dollars a year and was considered a notable achievement along the lines of economy.

Wouldn't that make you proud of your legislators? Wouldn't that cause you to rise up and give three hearty cheers for the statesmen who are spending a billion dollars and more of your money and my money? Doesn't that show the caliber of those patriots? They hold fast to their mileage grab of twenty cents a mile going to and coming from each session, and they give their own clerks three hundred dollars more a year, which means nothing in the way of increased efficiency of service, but does mean a little more pork for the boys; and they say sternly to the barbers that they must buy their own talcum powder and their own witch-hazel.

Meantime again, Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President and official guest, has burgeoned in a fancy vest. It isn't a waistcoat. It is a vest, and it is fancy. One of the members of the Persian Legation gave the vest to him—that is, the Persian gave the Vice-President the cloth, or tapestry, or prayer rug, or whatever it is, and Thomas Riley had it fashioned into a vest. The way it came about was this: The Vice-President, it seems, has always had a longing for a fancy vest.

Mr. Marshall's Persian Waistcoat

Out in Indiana they do not wear fancy vests much, at least not in Columbia City. When he came to Washington the only fly in his ornate amber was the lack of a colored vest. He had everything else his heart craved. He was Vice-President, a nice easy job, and he never had to buy a meal except his breakfasts, which did not tax him much as he belongs to the no-breakfast cult. He had ample opportunity to get off his quips and funny sayings, and he presided over the Senate whenever he felt the need of employment.

He was having a bully time; but there was a drawback—he had no fancy vest. So one night when he was dining with the Persians he happened to remark to Mirza Ali Kuli Khan that a certain bit of gayly-colored stuff he saw there was some cloth!

"Will his excellency allow me to present it to him?" asked Mirza Ali Kuli Khan.

Instantly the Vice-President felt a warm glow stealing o'er him. This filled his cup of happiness to overflowing. He could make a vest of the cloth!

"If it pleases you I shall be glad to accept," Mr. Marshall replied; and the cloth was waiting for him at his hotel when he arrived, so prompt are the Persians in these little matters.

The pattern is two hundred years old and there is a separate shade of color for each decade. The tailor handled the cloth lovingly and cut it so skillfully that he lost not a single gaudy splash.

Isn't it strange how these presiding officers run to fancy vests? There was poor Tim Woodruff, who never got beyond being a presiding officer, and one of the reasons was a fancy vest; and here is T. R. Marshall, a presiding officer, who blossoms out in one! Probably he has no further ambitions; and, when you come to think of it, he has received a pretty fair political dividend considering the capital invested.

In conclusion I note that former President Taft has put out his plan for reducing and that President Wilson has had the temerity to edit some gems of English prose submitted by Doctor Eliot for labeling the new Washington Post Office. Mr. Taft's words should carry weight. As a reducer he is second to none. Look at what he did to the Republican party! And as an editor Mr. Wilson seems to have the courage of his blue pencil, for he sticks to his revisions of the sentiments so happily expressed by Doctor Eliot; albeit, after the papers printed the statement that he had edited those phrases, it was given out officially that President Wilson, when he was editing the stuff, did not know Doctor Eliot wrote it. I suppose the President thought that Jimmie Sloan dashed it off—or mayhap Tom Brahany.

Yours for revision, BILL.

3 SILK SHIRTS Made to Measure $10.50

For Men and Women

Write Today For Our "How To Shop By Mail" Catalog

of SILK Shirts and SILK Pajamas, SILK Night Shirts and SILK Athletic Underwear for Men.

All Garments Made To Individual Measurement.

Sold Direct From Weaver To Wearer.

Catalog contains full descriptions, correct measurements, samples of SILK in actual cash patterns, and states prices of all garments plainly. Also gives expert directions for ordering.

Take instant advantage of this remarkable opportunity and write today for, at this season of the year the demand is very great.

THREE exceptionally high grade SILK SHIRTS (Men's or Women's), made specially to your individual measurement, from selected fine quality Washable Silks guaranteed FAST color, expertly tailored $10.50

This will be a great Silk Shirt Season. Get this booklet, and order your supply DIRECT FROM US—the makers, at prices less than are usually charged for "ready made" of inferior quality.

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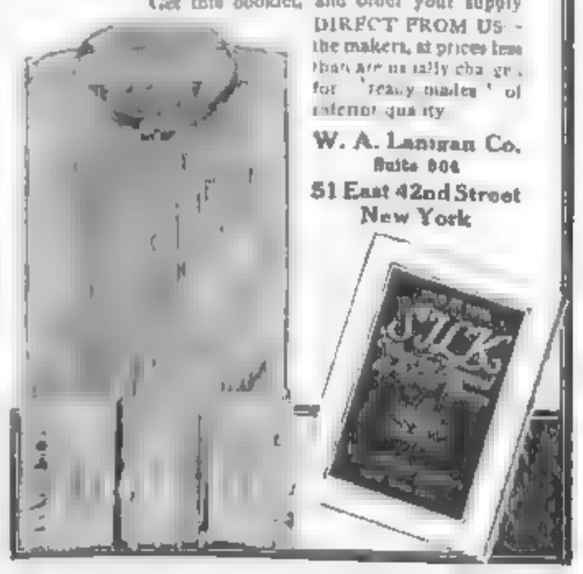


For Critical Smokers

Packed in box of clear cedar—double lid—no glue, paper or paste.

If you are as hard to please as I am, in this matter of cigars, I believe my private "J. R. W." Havana brand will delight you.

For many years I have had these cigars made to order in a full 5-inch panetela, with my own monogram band. The leaf comes from a mountainous district in Cuba. It is especially selected for me by a man who resides there—a connoisseur in tobaccos.

See If You Agree

I am glad to share my discovery with men who want something exceptional—a rare, sweet smoke—not too heavy and strong. It may be that this dainty Havana is just what you have been seeking. Try it. My offer makes it easy. Write me today as below.

Five Cigars Free

If you will send me 10 cents—towards forwarding expenses—I will mail you trial cigars. Smoke five with me—convince yourself. The price is $5 per hundred ($2.60 for 50) [illegible] Use your letter-head, please—stating your position—or your business card, and write now for these cigars. 61

J. ROGERS WARNER
815 Lockwood Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Every Car Owner Should Read

"Care and Repair of Tires"

We Send It FREE!

It's a book every motorist will value highly because of the practical information it contains on tires—their care and repair.

Understand this book is not merely an advertisement for Shaler Vulcanizers. It tells the proper inflation you should maintain in your tires according to weight, load and seasons. It describes fully how to protect the tires while car is idle in the garage—how to care for them in winter—how to avoid substances that rot the rubber and fabric. It gives splendid hints on the spare tire and its care—how to carry extra tubes. Sensible information on the tire sleeve, the blow-out patch—on repair plasters and plugs and emergency or temporary repairs. It explains fully how easy it is to vulcanize and make your own repairs.

This book has made such a big hit in Automobile Circles because of its accurate and reliable information that the leading American and Foreign Automobile Publications quote it as an authority.

We will gladly send it *free* to any motorist. No obligation—just use the coupon.

SHALER Vulcanizers

The only line of vulcanizers on which the heat is controlled automatically—

Prevent Blow-Outs—Save Your Tires—Save Repair Bills

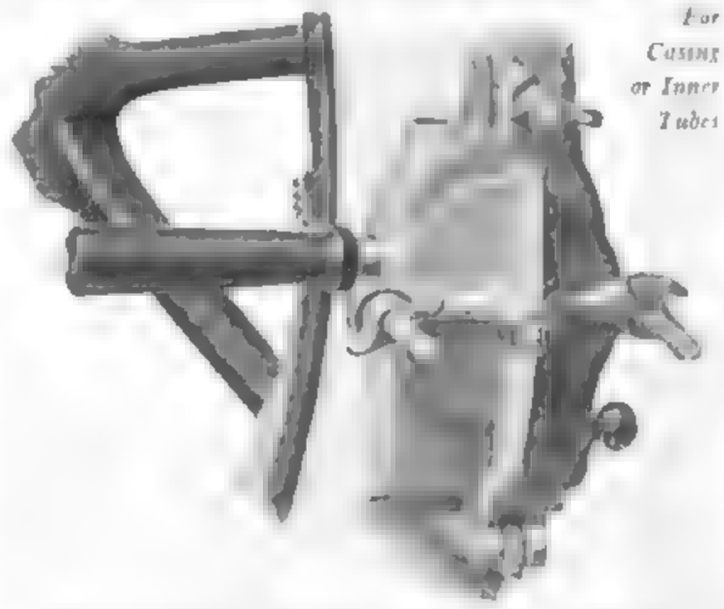
They enable anyone—who can drive a car—to repair permanently any blow-out, puncture, rip, tear or hole in either the casing or inner tube—anywhere—in a few minutes.

The Shaler, because of its scientific principle of construction, gives a thorough vulcanization and leaves the repaired spot the strongest part of the tire.

It is an impossibility to overcure or undercure the tire because of the automatic heat control—an exclusive Shaler feature. No need to watch it at all. It works automatically. Just clamp the vulcanizer to the tire and the repair is completed in a few moments.

Shaler Vulcanizers are the standard and are used in the best garages and repair shops everywhere. The Shaler is the *only* complete line for either the private one-car garage or the public garage of many hundred cars. We are the world's largest makers of vulcanizers and started this business at the advent of the pneumatic tire. We make vulcanizers of every type—Electric (heats from city lighting current), Gasoline, Alcohol and Steam—for every need and purpose, from the Safety Vul-Kit at $3.50 and Model D at $12.50 (for the home garage) to a complete Garage Equipment.

Put a Shaler Vulcanizer in your garage and watch your tire expense go down. It's the little holes, cuts and crevices that you ordinarily let go that grow bigger and bigger and in time ruin the tire forever—which if you had vulcanized in time while the cut was still small the repair would easily enable the tire to give treble the mileage. The secret of securing the utmost mileage is *keeping* the tires in *good condition*—not waiting until they are too far gone. Make a Shaler Vulcanizer part of your regular repair outfit. It will pay for itself many times over in one season.



For Casing or Inner Tubes

Shaler Safety Vul-Kit

The motorist's inexpensive outfit can be carried in the tool box for emergency repairs to tubes and casings. It mends tube punctures and small casing cuts as perfectly and permanently as the most elaborate outfit. Absolutely safe. Burns gasoline or alcohol—an exclusive Shaler feature. No watching, no regulating, simply fill the cut or puncture with new rubber, clamp on the vulcanizer—fill and light the generator. The fuel supply is limited to that required for perfect vulcanization. You can't overcure or undercure a repair. Handle always cool. Anybody can use it. Furnished complete with repair material—everything but the fuel. Fully nickeled. *Type G 32 Shaler Safety Vul Kit.* **$3.50.**

$3.50

You Need a SHALER Vulcanizer

Every motorist does—just as much as they need a spare tire. It's the most essential part of the repair outfit. It is necessary to keep tires in good condition just as lubricant is needed to keep the car in good running order. Shaler Vulcanizers are sold by all good dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not handle them, mention his name in the coupon when you send for the book and we will tell you where you can see and examine a Shaler if you want to. Don't neglect to send for this valuable book—get the facts about tires.

Necessary in Every Garage and Repair Shop

$15 to $20 a day more profit can be made vulcanizing tires with Shaler Vulcanizers. They are guaranteed to give the best results everywhere. They are the only vulcanizers with the Shaler self-clamping, self-regulating features. Every garage in the country should have our free book, "Common Sense About Tire Repairs." Hardware dealers and others in Automobile Accessories can easily add to their sales and profits by handling Shaler Vulcanizers for the home garage. The only accessory needed by every motorist that is never supplied as part of any car's equipment.

C. A. SHALER CO., 1405 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Canadian Distributors—John Mullen & Son, Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Vancouver, Victoria

Garage or Dealers' Coupon

C. A. Shaler Co.
1405 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Send me catalog, dealers' terms and free book, *"Common Sense About Tire Repairs"* (for dealers and garages only).

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Do you sell accessories?_____

Have you a repair department?_____

Jobber's Name_____

Car Owners' Coupon

C. A. Shaler Co.
1405 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Send me your free book, *"Care and Repair of Tires,"* and catalog of Shaler Vulcanizers.

Name_____

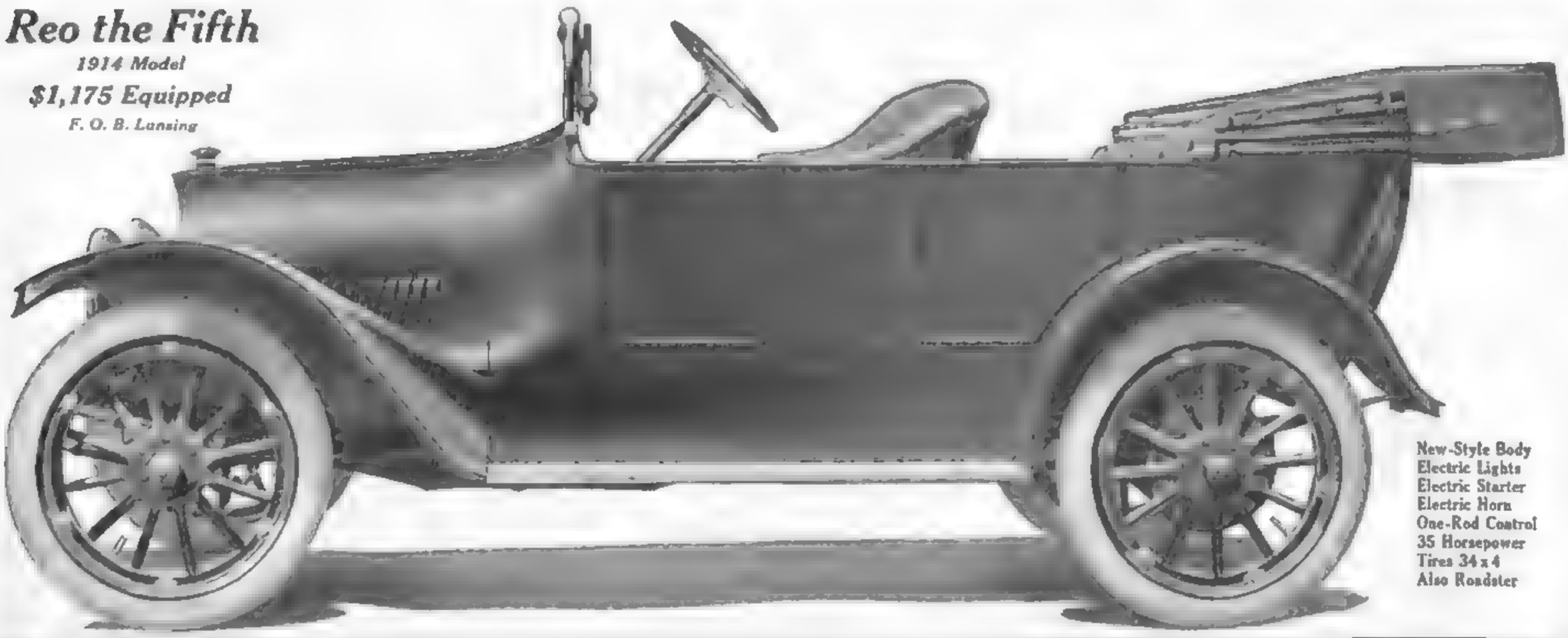
Street_____

City_____

State_____

From whom do you buy your Auto Supplies?_____

Reo the Fifth
1914 Model
$1,175 Equipped
F. O. B. Lansing



New-Style Body
Electric Lights
Electric Starter
Electric Horn
One-Rod Control
35 Horsepower
Tires 34 x 4
Also Roadster

Car or Super-Car

That is the chief question men have to decide in buying a car to keep.

It overshadows everything else.

Almost any car is fit for normal service. There are very few cars which won't demonstrate well, or even run well for a season.

Then is it worth while to build or to buy a super-car like this Reo the Fifth?

Listen to our side of that question.

After 27 Years

Mr. R. E. Olds, after 27 years of car building, says that all these extremes are essential. Not for normal conditions, not for one-season service. But to meet shocks and strains—to withstand years of wear—to save troubles, repairs and upkeep, a car must be built like this.

And no man in the world knows better about that than Mr. R. E. Olds.

Ask any old motorist—men who have been through the mill. They will tell you, by all means, to get the utmost in a car.

They are the buyers of Reo the Fifth—men who know the penalties of buying skimped and short-lived cars. By the tens of thousands they are coming to Reo the Fifth. For years they have come faster than we could supply them.

What It Costs

Before we deal with the cost of Reo extremes let us point out our price—$1,175 with electric starter and lights. Note how it compares with other cars in this class. Note that in the past year, through factory efficiency, we have brought down our price just $220.

But we add one-fourth to the necessary cost of each car to give you this super-strength. We spend six weeks on each car. We devote a whole building to tests and analyses. In every part we secure utter exactness, regardless of time or cost.

We use 15 roller bearings, 190 drop forgings. We pay double-price to build you a clutch which prohibits all clashing of gears. We give you big tires.

In the engine we give you full 35-horsepower—far more than you are likely to ever require.

What We Require

We have for years kept test cars on the road. Relays of drivers run them night and day at high speed on rough roads. After 10,000 miles of this reckless driving we take the car apart and inspect it.

We require every part to endure that rough service. And every driving part, after 10,000 miles, must remain almost like new. Every formula, test and specification is based on these requirements.

To insure this, all steel is made to formula and each lot is analyzed twice. Gears are tested in a crushing machine for 75,000 pounds per tooth. Springs are tested for 100,000 vibrations. Engines are put to five radical tests, then taken apart and inspected.

Then we require a big margin of safety. All driving parts in this 35-horsepower car must meet the usual tests required for a 50-horsepower engine.

It Stays New

The result is a car that stays new. It doesn't grow noisy, doesn't show wear and doesn't give trouble. After years of use, with proper care, the car will run like new.

It has strength enough for shocks. It has power enough for hills. There is no clashing of gears to wreck the transmission. There are no flaws, no weaknesses. Every part has vast over-capacity. A car built like this will save the average user hundreds of dollars in repairs and upkeep.

Then note what a handsome car. Note the new streamline body. The finish is perfect, the upholstery deep and luxurious. There are electric lights and starter, demountable rims, dimming searchlights—everything in modern equipment. And this is the only car in which all the gear shifting is done with our simple one-rod control.

Reo the Fifth is sold by a thousand dealers. Ask for our catalog and address of nearest showroom. We are building a beautiful Roadster.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Lansing, Michigan

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont. Canadian Price, $1,575

(251)

BENSON'S DAY

(Continued from Page 17)

The tea-table episode, however—if it were not for that restless knowledge of how many precious moments he was losing—was not in itself unpleasing. Mrs. Batsford-Wring had the English woman's soothing official attitude toward that superior being, man. After ordering for her brother the special accessories he liked, and sending back his toast to be done over, and jumping up to pull down the blind a trifle to shade his eyes, she had solicitously placed a screen between Benson and the fire, and then sat with her graceful lankiness drooping toward him, and her enormous violet eyes waiting on his as she offered up autobiography, anecdote or sentiment for his entertainment.

Benson was to call her by her pet name, Chickie, as he used to do. She deftly cast a web of comfort round him. Once or twice, indeed, he shot a glance at Cecelie, which said dominantly: "This game is not over yet, wait until my time comes!" while she smiled beneath her golden lashes at the captain's handsome face, her light figure, with its suggestion of withdrawal, her head tilted back as she leaned forward, proving, as ever, a magnet.

She seemed to murmur only provocative monosyllables to his persuasive eloquence, which was punctuated by the loud hawhaws of his delighted enjoyment. Once Benson heard him murmur:

"I *am* a silly ass! If you'll only tell me what you want me to say ——"

And her answer:

"I'll tell you later if I get a chance."

And his again:

"Oh, if that's all you'll get it!"

The remarks served to cut short the tea-hour; Benson stood up suddenly and, excusing himself, went to settle with the beamingly talkative Mrs. Paley, and to interview the chauffeur. There was time yet for that planned walk with Cecelie before the return; but when he came back into the room Mrs. Batsford-Wring was there alone, stretched out indolently in a big chair by the fire.

"Your young friend was tellin' us that you and she are only by way of bein' chummy," she stated. "She says it's quite the thing here—you go off for the day without any preparation at all, you just tellyphone home—so simple, isn't it? My brother is all for making what you call a date—is it not?—with her."

"And where is she now?" asked Benson, looking round.

"She's gone out walkin' with him—they're so interested in the fish-hawk's nest," said Mrs. Batsford-Wring. "Ah, what is this? Are they coming back already?"

Cecelie's face appeared in the doorway, with Captain Hawkly towering over her.

"I just ran back for an instant," she announced sweetly, "to ask you to return in the car with us, Mrs. Batsford-Wring—you and your brother—instead of going by train. We can take them as well as not—can we not, Benson?"

Her tone faltered unexpectedly over the last words as she looked at him. There was a slight pause in which some strange tingling electrical disturbance made itself felt.

Then he answered:

"Certainly; that's a fine idea!"

There was a note in his voice she had never heard before. His face seemed to have changed to a coldness—a sternness—an indifference—so that he was no longer the same person. He began to laugh suddenly.

"You come and see the fish-hawk's nest with me, Chickie!" He waved his hand to the others. "Go on! We'll follow."

IV

THE path down which they walked slowly led over roots, briers, rocks, slippery dead leaves and the tangled, sinuous underbrush of winter, on which Mrs. Batsford-Wring's gown left little dabs of fur in spite of all Benson's assiduous efforts in her behalf.

Chickie's coloring did not seem so barbaric out-of-doors amid the general brownness and russet, the white gleam of the frozen inlet, and the brilliance of the sun—a crimson ball before its setting. She certainly had a nice way with one. She wanted to be kind—to please him. It gave him a sudden warm sense of gratitude; he veered with fierce impatience from any thought of his former fond imaginings of this day that was to have been his. What was it that Mrs. Varley had said? "Things turn out so different from the way you dream them!"

He lingered with Chickie along the way; but when they finally reached the objective point the other two were there, sitting on a big, jutting stone in the midst of the dead leaves and the brown and beaten sedge—Cecelie with a downcast face and the captain murmuring in her ear.

The tree stretched bare and gaunt far, far upward; above swung the deserted nest, from here a small rough black-and-white mass, to which the fish-hawk in his days of wild and fierce living, six feet of him from strong wing-tip to wing-tip, had triumphantly brought his gleaming prey. Some sort of existence that—to swoop and strike and take and soar again, one's object accomplished, up, up into the wide kingdom of the sky and the safety of the winds and the rocking branches!

"And what is that hanging from the nest?" asked Mrs. Batsford-Wring idly.

"It must be a feather," said Benson, bending over her. "Would you like it as a souvenir?"

"Very much but you couldn't possibly get it, dear boy."

"Oh, couldn't I!" He laughed and stood up, beginning to take off his coat. "Just watch me!"

"Benson! Don't!" said Cecelie sharply.

He turned in surprise, as though he had forgotten that she was there.

"Why not?"

"Mrs. Paley told me that lots of boys have tried to get the nest and couldn't. You can see where the lightning struck—those jagged branches may not hold you!"

"Oh, the tree's all right!"

"But, Benson! Please!" Her color flickered. "I ask you not to. It's idiotic! I hate to see people in high places—it makes me dizzy."

"But Mrs. Batsford-Wring wants the feather," he argued seriously. "And if she wants it she must have it."

"Well, you *are* rather a dear, aren't you?" said Mrs. Batsford-Wring caressingly.

"Oh, he's sporty!" agreed the captain. "If he fails I'll bring it down for you, Miss Sherwood."

"I won't fail!" said Benson.

He gave a slight run and threw himself at the trunk of the tree, his feet grappling for a foothold; his wiry form swarmed up until he reached the first branch and stood out on it erect, his figure black against the crimson light beyond before he turned and swung himself agilely upward, testing with eye and hand each jagged branch or stump before bearing his weight on it—up and up and up, with a clean, pulse-filling joy in the keen usage of his powers, until he reached the swaying nest and triumphantly waved the feather to the watching group below.

He rested a moment before attempting the descent, looking out over this brave new world—there was an invigorating tang in the air, the silver of the inlet reflected a rosy glow, the hoarse caw-caw of a swiftly flying crow broke against a wide, rarefied stillness.

"Well, he *can* climb, can't he!" said Mrs. Batsford-Wring. "Really he's quite an extraor'n'ry man, you know, Miss Sherwood—he does everything so well. The tales they tell of him out in Dakotah! My word, but those women at the ranch were mad over him! I thought he'd be married by now to the little Dalgarnie girl; but it seems he's nawt. Well, Bennie, you're back to earth again, aren't you?" Her violet eyes welcomed him.

Cecelie's face had flushed unaccountably. Was this the Benson she knew?

"And here's your feather, Chickie," he said, touching Mrs. Batsford-Wring gently on the cheek with it before handing it to her.

It was already dusk when the party at last started on the way back. Cecelie, looking stealthily at Benson from time to time felt strangely removed from him as she sat slim and straight by Mrs. Batsford-Wring, with the two men opposite. Something seemed to have gone from him—it was as if, though he was conventionally polite, he no longer had any sense of her presence. It gave her a frightened feeling, and Cecelie was not used to feeling frightened.

His keen, bright eyes met hers with no suggestion of interest in them—his lips had a line she had never seen before; he looked both cold and hard.

This New Invention will increase your regard for Self-Filling Fountain Pens

The perfectly smooth barrel of the new Parker Self-Filling Fountain Pen is an advance step in self-filler construction which you will be quick to appreciate. Not a hump, bump or outside projection of any kind to interfere with your grip or writing. From all outward appearances it looks just like any standard fountain pen—but it's a *real* self-filler. I am sure its ease of filling and convenience in writing will win your instant approval.

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Simply take off the shield cap at the end of the barrel, drop the pen point into any ink well, press the button and the pen fills itself in two seconds.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE Self-Filling Fountain Pen

Any Parker dealer will gladly explain the ingenious invention that makes the Parker Self-Filler such a source of comfort and satisfaction to its users. This new pen is thoroughly practical, simple, sure and a marvel of efficiency.

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The new Transparent Bakelite Pen gives you an opportunity to test Nature's law of capillary attraction, as demonstrated by the *Lucky Curve*. When you have finished writing with an ordinary fountain pen some of the ink is held back in the ink channel. Then, when the pen is returned to your pocket, expanding air caused by the heat of the body pushes the ink out into the nozzle, where it is liable to smear your fingers and soil your linen. Now the *Lucky Curve*, through its scientifically arranged contact with the wall of the barrel, drains the ink *out* of the *curved* inkfeed by capillary attraction. With no ink in the channel, no ink can be forced into the cap to leak out and stain your fingers. Hold the Transparent Bakelite Pen up to the light as shown in illustration and you can see exactly how and why leaking is prevented.

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Unit Power Plant	**Long Stroke 4-cylinder Motor**
Dry Disc Clutch	**Selective Transmission**
Bosch Ignition	**Sealed Motor Governor**
Wheel Base 125 inches or 145 inches optional	**36 inch Wheels**

Write today for Selden literature and a leaflet on buying and operating Motor trucks, written by an expert on truck installation.

We want dealers in unassigned territory who know how to sell commercial cars and who appreciate the business proposition offered in the Selden Truck plus the Selden Sales Plan.

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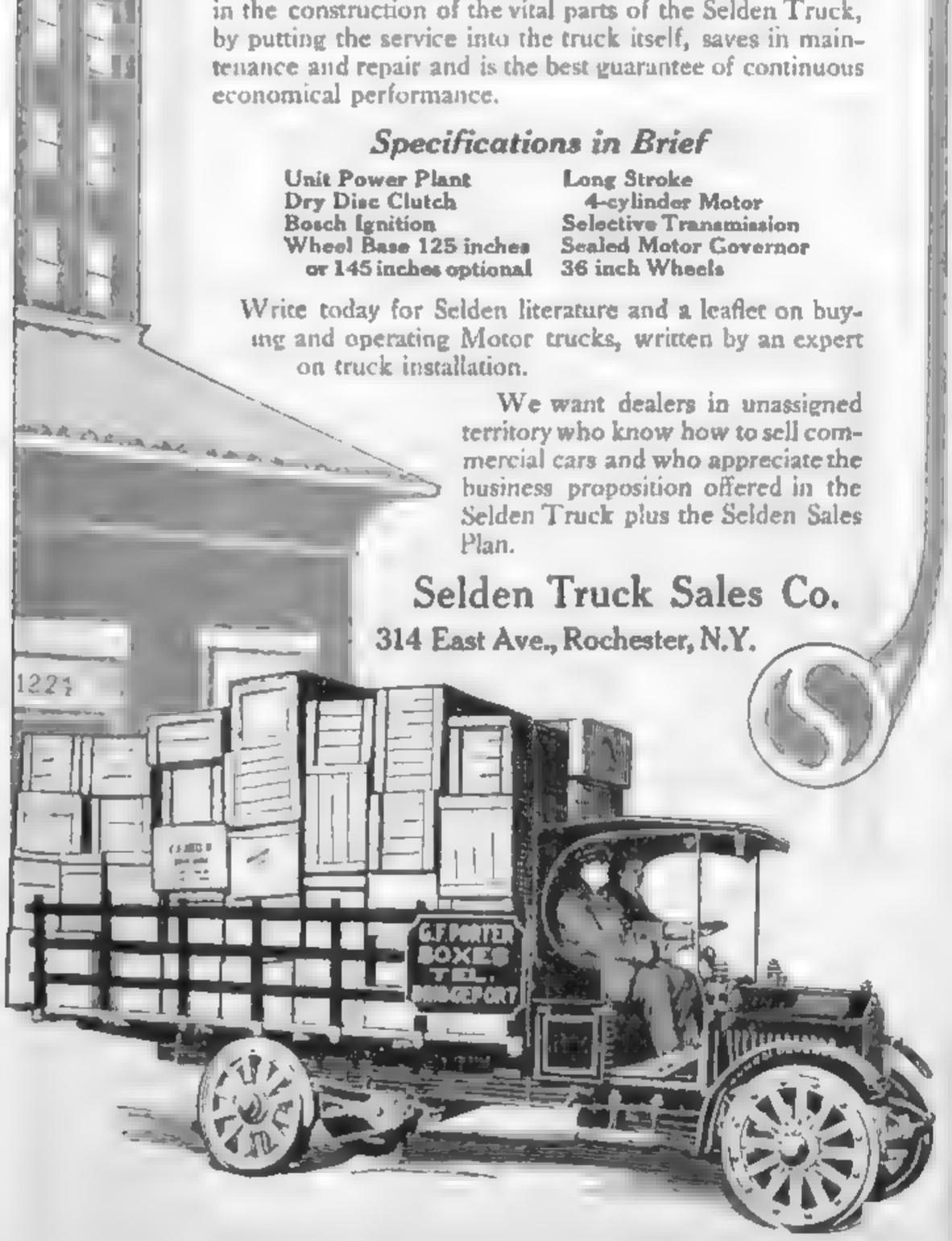

She had whispered, with sudden compunction, before they entered the car:

"I'm sorry—I'm sorry we are not to have our Last Ride together!"

And he had answered aloud, casually: "Oh, it makes no difference at all, really!" It was strange to look at her and feel that what he said was true.

Mrs. Batsford-Wring frankly composed herself for sleep, in which she had a brilliant cubist effect. Benson and the captain kept up an interested conversation on the sports in Inja and how they differed from those in the States, while the former kept up that double tide of thought which was not exactly thought, but a sensation through everything of being free. It was as though he had been wounded so deeply that there was no more feeling left—something had been killed in him. He might wake some day to worse pain than ever; but just now it was entirely gone.

Cecelie sat with her golden head against the cushions, her red lips slightly parted, her eyes flashing out under their golden lashes; that soft, bright pearliness of hers and her magnetic charm were never more apparent.

Captain Hawkly's continually staring eyes took note of her. Benson, for the first time in years, could gaze and feel no thrill or any desire for her—the girl he had loved so wildly! Why had he ever loved her? Why had he thought she would care some day—as he had always persistently, in spite of everything, felt in his heart she would? That was what had made him constant, had given him hope, had made him masterfully take this last stand. It was all over now—and the beauty of it was that he did not care!

It was a long, long ride back—that ride to which he had so looked forward. Cecelie bent over once—ostensibly to pick up her handkerchief—as the car whizzed over a bridge, the lights above reflected in the black water that stretched out beyond on each side.

"Don't look at me like that!" she whispered fiercely between her little white teeth.

"I beg your pardon!" he responded quickly in the same low tone. "I wasn't conscious that I was looking at you at all, truly!"

"I didn't ask you to bring me out!" she said, as though in answer to some voiced aspersion.

"No, no; of course you didn't," he replied at once. "It was all foolishness on my part. The whole thing is done with. Suppose we just let the subject drop."

"Very well," she assented, trying to keep back the unexpected tears.

Mrs. Batsford-Wring emerged from her doze.

"How you do fidget!" she said amiably to Cecelie.

It was a long, long ride—perhaps Cecelie was feeling that she had lost something, too, though she talked gayly to the captain.

They were speeding along the smooth postroad at last, rapidly nearing the town. Now the lights of the city came into view, the houses growing closer and closer together—more lights, and noise and clatter.

"And here we are!" said Benson as the limousine stopped before the Sherwood mansion. He helped Cecelie up the steps after her adieus to the other guests, while the machine still stood waiting. "I'll begin to say good night to you now, so as not to keep you standing here."

She looked up in blank surprise.

"Why, aren't you coming in?"

"No; I think not, if you'll excuse me."

"But, Benson! There are ever so many things I've been counting on saying to you—all the way home. I expected you to come to dinner, of course—I ——"

"I'm sorry; but I promised Mrs. Batsford-Wring to go back with them to the Ayreslea—they've some sort of party on hand tonight. And, by the way, I am afraid this will have to be good-by, too, for some years. It's not likely that I'll see you again—I leave tomorrow."

The door was wide open now; the warmth streamed out from the brightly lighted interior as they still stood there, her lovely face raised perplexedly to his.

"Not see me again! But I don't understand. Why do you talk that way? Benson, you're not like yourself—your eyes are so dark—you look so proud."

He smiled involuntarily.

"Don't let my looks bother you," he responded gently; adding, with a deeper note: "I shall always thank you for many kindnesses in the past—believe that, Cecelie! You'd really better go in—you'll take cold standing here. Good-by!"

Where Is the Pipe Smoker Who Won't Take a Chance?

Every man who smokes a pipe is forever engaged in a more or less happy quest for a better brand of smoking tobacco.

That's one reason why there are so many different brands—so many different forms of "cut" and "slice" and "cube" and "twist" and "granulated" and "shredded" tobaccos—and most of these mixtures and blends are mighty good.

You yourself probably think a lot of some fellow who smokes a brand that you can't learn to like at all, and he wonders why you buy the kind of tobacco that's in your coat pocket now.

We don't think for a minute, and never have thought, that Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed would please every pipe taste in the country, but the fact that of the many who try Edgeworth the majority cling to it makes us feel pretty good.

Edgeworth is Burley, the best Burley that is raised, and it comes in two forms—Sliced Plug, which is the original Edgeworth, and Ready-Rubbed, which means all ready to pack into your pipe.

Ready-Rubbed is so new that we are still introducing it—giving away decent-sized packages of it and inviting men to send for them.

It is gratifying to us to find that most pipe smokers are willing to give Edgeworth a chance—to try it out at our risk and judge it on its merits. And the number who decide that they want to keep on smoking Edgeworth is surprising until you have smoked a few pipefuls yourself and found out how satisfying it is.

Most any old smoker you know will tell you that Edgeworth is a very high-grade tobacco. Will you write us, give your address and your dealer's name and let us reciprocate by sending you a sample, free?

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c for large tin and $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold practically everywhere, but mailed prepaid if your dealer cannot supply.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

TO RETAIL TOBACCO MERCHANTS: If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

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He smiled again, took off his hat, ran down the steps like one very glad to go away, and disappeared in the limousine, which went whirring down the street.

V

THAT was a fine night! Benson did not know when he had enjoyed himself so much, with a strangely unthinking pleasure that seemed to have no connection with either past or future, but to be just the outcome of the gay moment.

After the little dinner with Chickie and the handsome captain, augmented by the presence of a sprightly young English artist and his pretty wife and young sister, the party had gone forth to take in the more conventional Bohemian shows.

They had danced experimentally, with much laughter, until after midnight, and supped after that. Mrs. Batsford-Wring, frankly solicitous for the pleasure of all the men, gave her pervading atmosphere of comfort to the evening, with a special little undercurrent of real warmth for Benson, which touched him deeply.

"You'll not be wantin' me for a partner long," she warned him at the beginning of the revel. "My brother says I dahnce like a horse!"

"Yes—and a spavined one at that, you know," put in the captain.

"My word! But that *was* a nasty one, wasn't it?" said his sister agreeably.

"Oh, you can't scare me off that way!" said Benson. "You'll certainly dance as well as I do."

"You're lookin' a lot more fit than you were; it's a pity I cahn't take you in hand oftener, isn't it?" she murmured once as, his arms round her, her graceful lankiness dipped and reared wildly to the rhythm of the music.

Benson's "Yes" gave quick assent; his hand pressed hers warmly.

"You're the kindest woman I ever knew, Chickie."

"Well, I've had some rawtten times myself, you know!" she answered simply, pressing his hand in return.

Though it was so late when he got to bed in the small hotel where he always stopped, he rose early to a day that from his high window was all a blue winter sky and a gilding sun on the housetops, and smoke-wreaths mingling with the light. He was shaving, and whistling during the process, when the telephone on his stand rang; and he put down the razor to answer it.

"Hello!—Yes, this is Mr. Clark. Who is this?"

"Benson—it's Cecelie."

His face underwent a hardening change.

"Yes Cecelie."

"Benson, I—I called you up so early because I was afraid you might go out. You forgot to leave me your address."

"I really don't know yet where I'm going to be."

"Oh! Benson ——"

He curbed a rising irritation.

"Yes; I'm waiting."

Her voice reached him sweetly:

"I want you to come and see me this morning, Benson."

"I'm afraid it's impossible. I can't get so far uptown again before I go. I have business appointments."

The thought of going to that house again—of walking up those brownstone steps as he had too many times before—was suddenly repugnant to him beyond words. He could not do it.

"But, Benson"—the lightness of her tone had changed to one of appeal—"I must see you before you go—honest, I must!" The familiar accents seemed to set some chord vibrating that he desired above all things not to feel. She went on: "If you can meet me at the Venetia—that's on your way—at ten o'clock, or before—any hour you say—I'll only keep you for a few moments. Benson, please!"

There was a pause.

"Very well," he answered at last reluctantly. "Make it three o'clock, then—I'll be there if I can on my way to the train. I've got to ring off now."

Why had she called him up? It shadowed the day for him; it tethered him still to all that bitter past which he wanted to be done with. He finished his shaving, but he no longer whistled at it.

It was long after the appointed hour when he entered the revolving entrance doors he had watched all that other memorable afternoon for the sight of Cecelie. She was sitting now—as a quick glance showed him—almost where he had sat, the lobby and the corridors filled as before, her slender figure slightly drooping forward over the big gray muff, and her golden head leaning on one hand.

Her face, as she raised it smilingly to his, gave him a start—her eyes looked very large; there was a strange translucence in the unusual pallor of her cheeks, but she had still that drawing quality which a person might curiously observe even without feeling it. She rose eagerly and went forward to greet him.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come! I've been waiting a long while."

"Yes; I was afraid I shouldn't be able to get here at all," Benson said formally. "I haven't much time now."

"Shall we go where we can talk?" she asked him.

"Just as you say."

She lilted across the empty space of a big drawing room, her head thrown back as usual, to a windowed alcove half concealed by heavy red curtains that shut in the immense cushioned armchairs in which they seated themselves. He could not help thinking cynically that she seemed to know the place very well, as he sat facing her, with that new look in his eyes, one hand lying on his knee, waiting for her to begin, while she leaned forward.

"Benson, I'm so sorry about yesterday! I"—she went on with hurried lightness in spite of the slight stiffness that came over him—"I didn't know it was going to be like that to you—honest! I only thought ——" Her agitation grew; she twisted her slender hands together. "No! You must let me speak. I only meant—I thought it would be just something to laugh over afterward; I—Benson ——" She faltered; the great tears suddenly brimmed in her lovely eyes, but she smiled through them. "I know I've been such a horrid girl! But last night—I found out what it was to care—at last! I didn't know it could hurt so much; but—but—I do care for you! It's—it's dreadfully funny, isn't it—that I do?"

He had put up his hand at first as though to stop her, listening afterward with a forced patience; but now his face reddened violently—a strange tremor seemed to shake him. He looked round desperately as one seeking to escape from something dread and mastering. His eyes searched her face and a bitter smile overspread his.

"Oh, I don't believe you care—as much as you think now," he said. "It's very good of you—but it wouldn't last, you know; you'll feel quite differently tomorrow. I'd better go now, Cecelie."

"But, Benson——"

She had risen to her feet now—as had he—drawing farther back into the shelter of the curtain, her eyes hanging on his. He stood irresolute. The words came as if in spite of himself:

"Would you marry me now—and go back with me?"

She shrank instinctively, with drooping head.

"Oh, Benson ——"

He raised his eyebrows, spreading out his hands as he spoke.

"You see! That's what it all amounts to. There's no use of my staying."

"You don't believe me?"

"No, I don't!"

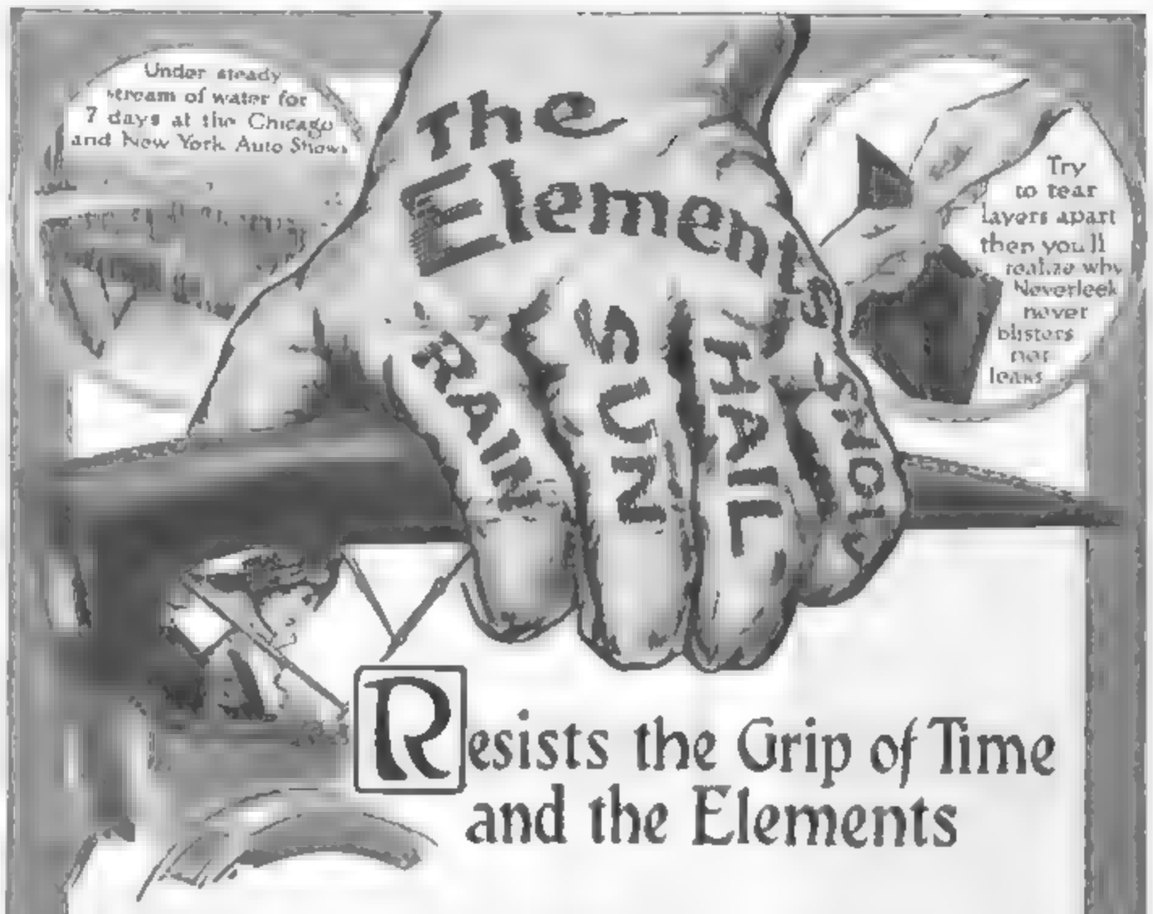
"But you shall!"

She flushed and paled, looking wildly round her; and then, like one who suddenly hurls herself from all hampering bonds, her arms—trembling—reached up round his neck and clung there; her lips—trembling too—reached upward for his; her exquisite magnetic charm stole through every sense.

"Oh! Oh, you must believe me now! . . . Never—never for any man but you, Benson! I want to sit by your hearth; I want to be in your home—always; I want to—to be your wife—now—this minute—any time you say!"

Was that a sob he gave as his strong arms closed round her, and oh, that mighty tide of love rushed back over him!

His day? Oh, Mrs. Varley was right; better than any dreams of it—far, far better!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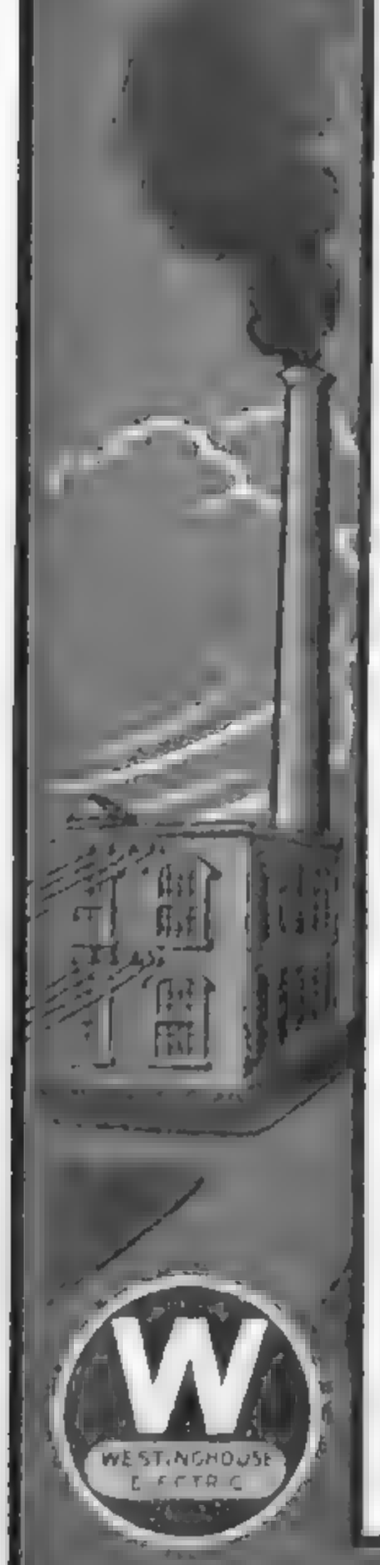

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Meeting foreign competition on a new basis calls for every improvement possible in methods of production. Volume of output must be increased. Quality must not only be maintained, but *bettered*. Cost of manufacture must be reduced.

A careful study of operations affecting manufacturing processes has brought many industrial plants to consider electric drive. Westinghouse Electric has helped manufacturers in many different lines successfully compete for trade against the world.

Westinghouse Electric is known all over the world as being pioneer and leader in electrical engineering design and practice.

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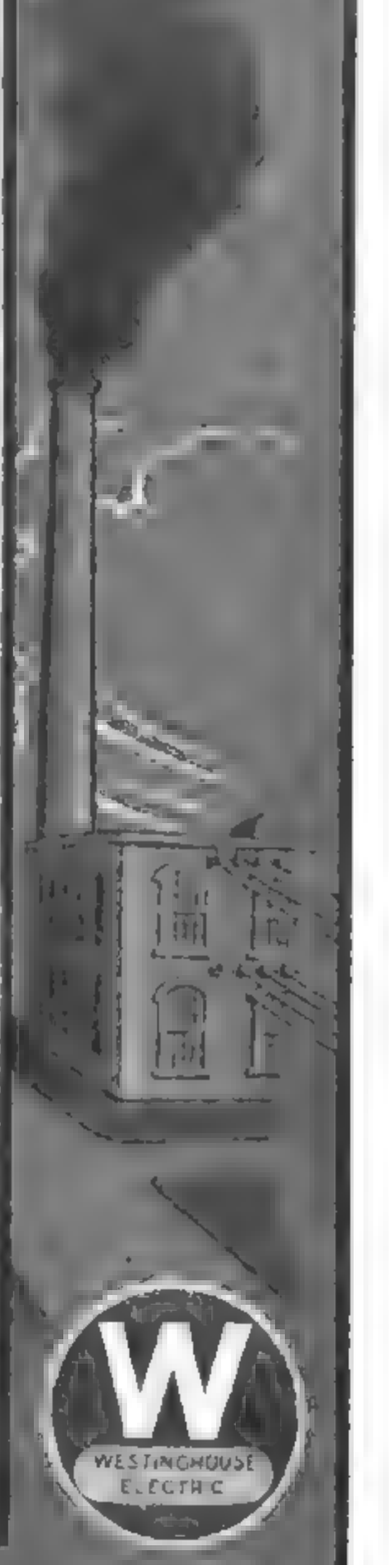

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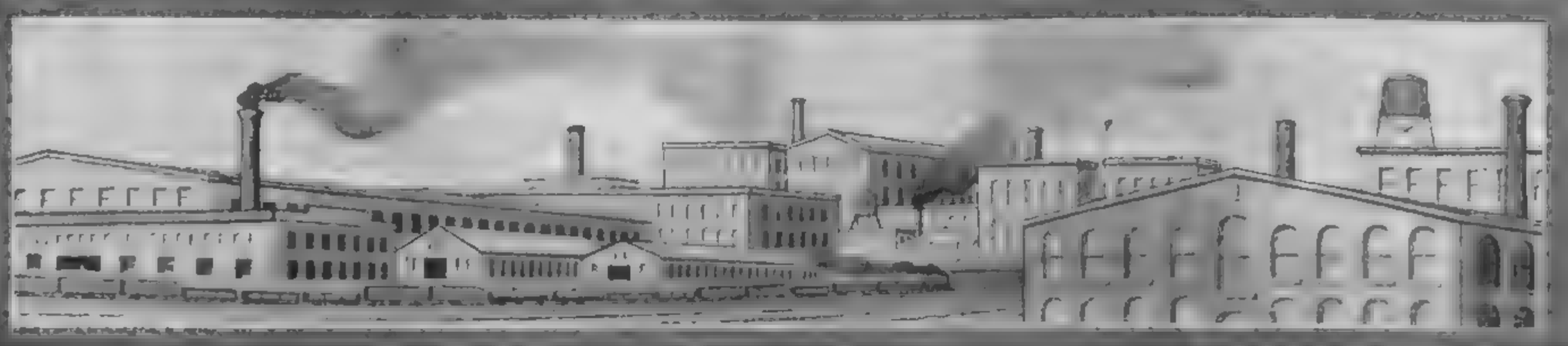


Sense and Nonsense

Dry Wit

BECAUSE of a wreck, a fast train coming North from the southern coast country was laid out all night on a siding in Florida. When two Easterners aboard woke in the morning they looked from the window of the car on a waste of sand and scrub pines and bushy-headed palmettos, with no human habitations in sight except a dinky flag station and a one-room log shack. Over the door of the shack was a rudely lettered sign reading as follows: New York Bar—All Fancy Drinks Served Here!

Being minded to have some fun, the two travelers descended from their halted train and entered the shack. For furniture it contained a shelf, with three dark bottles and half a dozen smeary glass tumblers ranged on it, a rude counter, one chair and a rusty stove. The proprietor, a lanky Cracker, sat in the chair, with his bare feet on the stove base—for it was a chilly morning—intently reading a Jacksonville paper three days old.

The jokers lined up at the makeshift bar and one of them hammered with his knuckles on the wood.

"I'll have a pousse-café," he stated, addressing space.

"I'll take a dry Martini, made with French vermuth," stated his companion.

The owner of the establishment did not raise his eyes from the paper as he drawled:

"I kin lick any dam' Yankee in the house—and I ain't looked yit!"

An Uneasy Witness

IN TENNESSEE a railroad was being sued for a grade-crossing disaster, a freight train having hit a farmer's wagon and mussed up its occupants considerably. The accident occurred late at night. The principal witness for the defendant company was the crossing watchman, an elderly negro with a wooden leg.

Taking the stand he swore positively that, being aware of the approach of the train, he had left his flag shanty and had waved his red lantern in warning; but in spite of this the farm wagon had tried to cross the tracks. On cross-examination he stuck to his story so firmly, and insisted so earnestly that he had swung the red lantern back and forth almost under the noses of the advancing team, that the jury gave a verdict for the company.

Next day the division superintendent sent for the old man. Uncle Sam stumped in, cap in hand.

"Sam," said the official, "your testimony yesterday undoubtedly saved us from having to pay out heavy damages. I want to thank you for your behavior while on the stand and to congratulate you."

"I didn't tell nothin' but de cold truth, boss," said Uncle Sam.

"I'm sure of that," said the division superintendent; "but weren't you the least bit nervous when that white gentleman began to ask you all those questions?"

"Yas, suh," confessed the watchman; "I wuz."

"What made you uneasy?"

"Well, suh, I wuz wonderin' whut I wuz gwine to say ef dat man ax me wuz de lantern lit!"

Unquestionably

THE pop-eyed darky on the witness stand had been content during his examination in chief to answer Yes or No to all questions, but a controversy now arose between his lawyer and the lawyer for the other side. Wide-eared, he listened while they hurled long, jawbreaking words and impressive-sounding Latin phrases back and forth between them.

The opposing counsel turned on him suddenly:

"Gabe," he demanded, "you have followed carefully this intricate discussion touching on the various aspects of medical jurisprudence involved in the issue we have here before us for adjudication; and in view of that I now desire to know whether you do or do not find that your evidence still coincides with the theory advanced by my learned brother?"

The witness cast a triumphant side glance at his own attorney. Then he puffed out his lips and his chest.

"Most doubtless!" he answered.

The Odorless English

A YOUNG Englishman went to a hunting lodge in South Carolina last fall to spend a week as the guest of some American friends. On the second day in camp they had a deer drive.

The Britisher was given the best station, with a negro guide to keep him company. Presently, as the baying of the hounds grew louder, a noble buck came bounding down the runway, suddenly halted and, as the Englishman aimed his gun, turned about and darted off.

"Now why do you suppose the beast behaved in that fashion?" inquired the disappointed hunter of the darky.

"Didn't you see his nose sniffin', boss?" said the negro. "I reckin he must 'a' smelled you."

"Oh, but that's quite impossible!" said the Englishman. "I had a barth only this morning!"

A Full Day

AT A RECENT dinner given to the Giants and the White Sox after their world-circling tour one of the speakers said that a friend of his, named Cassidy, went to mass and heard the priest preach on the Judgment Day. After the services he waylaid the clergyman.

"Father," inquired Cassidy, "I want to ask you something. You say that when the trumpet blows on Judgment Day everybody who ever lived in this world will come before the Judgment Seat to be judged for their sins on earth?"

"I so stated."

"Will Adam and Eve be there?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And Cain and Abel?"

"To be sure."

"And Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries?"

"I assume so."

"And Ban Johnson and Charley Murphy?"

"They will."

"And the A. O. H.'s and the A. P. A.'s?"

"I told you everybody would be there."

"One thing more: Will Hogan that sued me in the magistrate's court last week and me both be there?"

"I tell you, Yes."

"Then there'll be dam' little judging done the first day!" said Cassidy.

Too Cheap

A HUSKY-LOOKING person in a flannel shirt, who had evidently strayed some distance off his accustomed beat, walked up to the Waldorf bar, flipped a dime down on the mahogany and said:

"Gimme a drink of rye."

"We don't sell ten-cent drinks here," said the man in the white jacket.

The stranger reached for his dime.

"I can't drink that nickel stuff!" he said, and passed out.

A Platonic Token

WHEN Mahally, who did the family washing, came on Monday morning to get the bundle of soiled garments, she was wearing a black eye, which stood out vividly against the brown background of her broad and comely face.

"Dear me," said her sympathetic employer, "what has happened to your eye?"

"A nigger man hit me," said Mahally briefly.

"Oh, that's too bad!" said the lady. "Was it your husband that hit you, Mahally?"

"No, ma'm," said Mahally, with emphasis. "George, he don't never hit me. He treats me mo' lak a friend than a husband."

Optimistic Partners

A FIRM of notion dealers on the East Side had gone out of business via the bankruptcy court, and the attorney for the principal creditors was going through the accounts of the concern.

In the back of the safe he came on a partnership agreement, drawn up by the two bankrupts when they engaged in commerce and jointly signed by them. The second clause read as follows:

"In the event of failure the profits are to be divided equally."

Guaranteed
VITALIC TIRES
TRADE MARK
Bicycles - Motorcycles

Brutal Test of a Bicycle Tire

ON our service testing machine the tire is held by pressure against rapidly revolving drums. These drums are uneven, with cleats nailed at intervals, patches of sand-paper, etc., thus reproducing hard road conditions. The best tire we ever made, prior to Vitalic Tires, stood this test for 1200 miles before wearing through and yet our tires have always been famous for endurance.

Several Vitalic Bicycle Tires have been tested and every one of them has stood this brutal test for over 7200 miles.

Backed by such extraordinary evidence of quality and endurance, are you surprised that we dare to make the unlimited, unqualified Vitalic Guarantee?

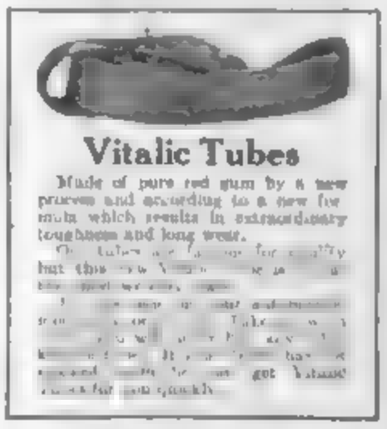
Vitalic Bicycle Tire Guarantee

If Vitalic Tires do not, in your judgment and to your entire satisfaction, prove all we claim for them, you may return them to us and get your money back or new tires.

There are two basic reasons for Vitalic endurance: An unbreakable tire fabric and the purest rubber ever used in a tire.

We have at last found a way of compounding pure rubber so that it has all the toughness and wear-resisting qualities formerly secured by introducing a lot of foreign materials, at the same time preserving the elasticity and life of pure rubber. Just send for our free cross section and test for yourself the quality of this pure rubber.

We make more bicycle tires than any single concern in the world; we think we know more about them because we are specialists.



Vitalic Tubes

Made of pure red gum by a new process and according to a new formula which results in extraordinary toughness and long wear.

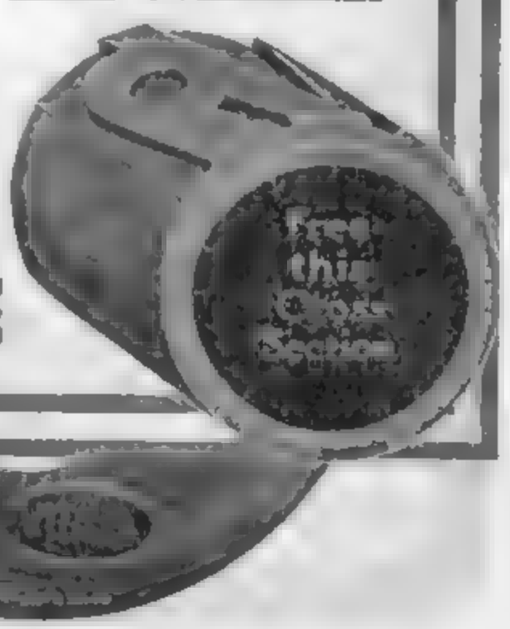
Write for
FREE Testing Sample of
Vitalic Bicycle Tire

Prick the inner tube with a pin—test the pure rubber—examine the rugged tread, then you'll know why Vitalic Tires can be guaranteed. We will also mail an interesting booklet, "The Truth from Tube to Tread," free. It tells all the facts about these wonderful tires, how they are made and why they are the best tires to buy for long service.

Most good dealers sell the Vitalic Bicycle Tires.
Look for the Vitalic Sign.

Continental Rubber Works
19th and Liberty Sts.
Erie, Pa.

Largest Single Maker of Bicycle and Motorcycle Tires in the World



Overland

Economy—Efficiency—Quality

IT is impossible to judge an automobile by price comparison or its appearance. The best time to judge is after six months' or a year's use. It is then, and then only, that its real merits or defects are apparent.

The material in the Overland, its design and its manufacture, throughout, are such as to fully justify its undoubted and unparalleled reputation for economy, dependability and durability.

We are able to make the extremely low price of $950 because of the enormous quantities which we produce. The picture on the left shows one piece of machinery which brings down the original cost to the buyer. It is known as a toggle press—the only one of its size and capacity in the world. It was especially designed and constructed for stamping out Overland bodies and fenders. It is the largest and most effective cost reducing apparatus in the automobile industry. This machine turns out two complete fenders every minute. In two minutes it furnishes the four fenders necessary for each car. This machine produces in one minute *six times* as many fenders as any other press now in existence. The average manufacturer doesn't produce enough cars to use even the next smaller similar machine. So the method he must employ takes fifty minutes to do what this machine can do for us in one minute. This is merely one item to show you the economy of producing cars in lots of fifty thousand, as we do.

The material in the Overland is of the highest standard. The workmanship is no better in any car, no matter what the price, and it cannot be better. The Overland price is simply and solely the result of enormous production. It is secondary to Overland quality.

Friction is what causes wear and consumes power in machinery of any kind, whether it be a watch or a threshing machine. Therefore, every device known to mechanics is brought to bear to eliminate friction in the Overland car. To that end, every part that coordinates with another part—such as pistons, bearings, shafts, gears, etc.,—is machined and ground to one one-thousandth part of an inch, has a mirror finish, is tested, inspected and retested, until it is as perfect as human ingenuity and the finest machinery can make it.

In precision, fineness in fit and thoroughness in testing and inspecting, no car selling at or near our price exceeds the Overland. That accounts for the long life and economy of the Overland.

That is precisely why, while cars may appear on the surface to look as good, and may in a demonstration seem to act as good, they do not and cannot compare with the Overland after, say, a year's use.

When you buy an Overland you not only make a very material saving on the first cost, but, what is far more worth considering, on the second cost—that is to say, the cost of operation and maintenance.

It is a fact, of which any Overland dealer can furnish you ample proof, that this car, because of its design, the materials in it, and our care and precision in manufacture, does "stand up" and is absolutely economical and efficient.

Please address Dept. 26.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Garford and Willys-Utility Trucks. Full information on request.

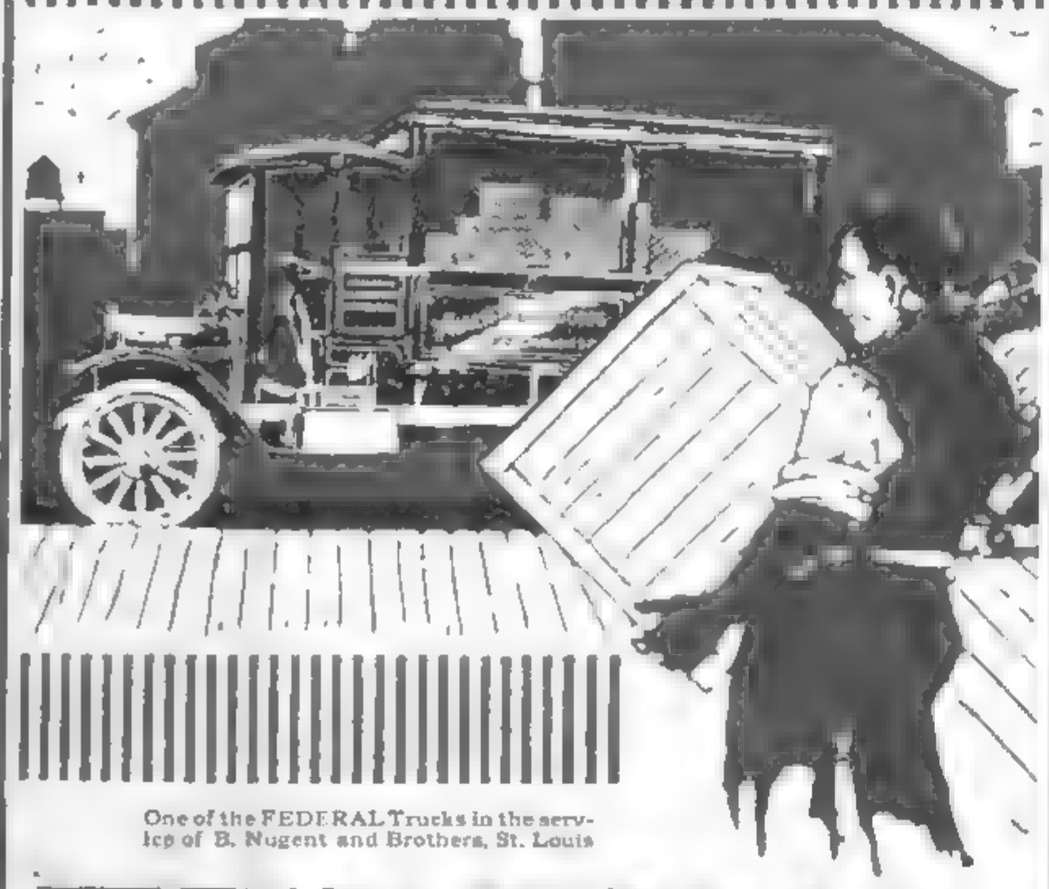
Electric head, side, tail and dash lights
Storage battery
35 horsepower motor
33 x 4 Q. D. tires
114-inch wheelbase

Stewart speedometer
Mohair top, curtains and boot
Clear-vision, rain vision windshield
Electric horn

$950
Completely Equipped
f. o. b. Toledo

$1075
With electric starter and generator
f. o. b. Toledo

Canadian Prices: f. o. b. TOLEDO, OHIO Duty Paid { *$1250 Completely equipped* / *$1425 With electric starter and generator*



One of the FEDERAL Trucks in the service of B. Nugent and Brothers, St. Louis

FEDERAL

Efficient, Economical Delivery For Furniture, Piano and Department Stores

Department stores in large centers or serving large territory, have found that their haulage divides itself naturally into two parts—the ***delivery*** of purchases in bulk to one or more distributing centers; and the ***distribution*** of the purchases from those centers to the individual customer.

For the first of these services motor trucks are almost a necessity today. They afford greater speed, greater efficiency and a considerable economy in actual cost as well. We would welcome an opportunity to analyze the particular conditions in your case and demonstrate these facts to you. And we can cite to you the successful experience with Federals of many of the leading department stores of the country.

In the piano business, where the tonnage per delivery unit is heavy, Federal trucks stand the strain of load and road with remarkable facility.

Furniture dealers—wholesale and retail—who have Federalized their delivery service, report to us some wonderfully successful results which every merchant in this line should know.

We have prepared some especially interesting literature on delivery problems as related to department stores, furniture and piano houses, which we shall be glad to send on request.

Federal Motor Truck Company

104 Leavitt Avenue **Detroit, Michigan**

THE TWO BAD MEN

(Continued from Page 10)

"Do something!" urged Steve. "We can't hang round here all day. I got to get back and see if another telegram ain't come for me."

With a muffled groan Bogie O'Leary eased one foot cautiously to the ground. With neck strained to watch the enemy over his shoulder he noiselessly moved the other to join its mate. A second later he had leaped again to his isle of safety. His scream of fright coincided nicely with the resonant impact of the Doctor's hardy brow against the side of the kennel. There had been but a gray flash across the arena.

"Wha'd I tell you?" came the sob-riven shout of the victim. His enemy stood off and pawed the ground.

"Yer frind there's quick on his feet," said Kerrigan, with grudging praise; "but it vexes th' Docther t' have his fun shpoiled. Oh, ain't he th' j'yous elf!" He rocked perilously on his narrow seat and beat his thighs in ecstasy. "It's th' brisk young lad y' are, Docther! Watch him there, now! Good old Docther!" The Doctor ignored his owner. "It's like 'm," continued Kerrigan to his seatmates. "He'll pay me no heed whin he's a game on. Ye'd think I was no more to 'm than anny tot al stranger. There he goes agin—pertundin' he's weary!"

The Doctor slouched to his corner and turned a deceitful back once more on the game.

"Goin' to see me murdered, are you?" demanded Bogie.

"Tut! Tut!" admonished Kerrigan. "Murder's a crime! Don't be talkin' wild like that whin ye're among frinds!"

"Mebbe he'd let you crawl over to the house," suggested the resourceful Kid.

"I tried that—the devil jumped on me with his pointed feet. He's a killer, I tell you!"

"An' t' look at th' innocent airs of 'm now!" purled Kerrigan, "An' d'ye note th' beauty of his quarthers? Oh, min! If on'y ye'd thought t' bring yer camaries! Ah, but 'tis worth th' two-dollars' fine I'll be made t' pay."

"I thought I had a friend in you, Steve," pleaded Bogie.

"Well, ain't I thinkin' about what ought to be done?" demanded Steve reproachfully. "Just remember Rome wasn't built in a day—and after the way you fooled me with that telegram this morning!"

"Ain't he th' stage-acthor!" insisted Kerrigan. "Watch him makin' out he wouldn't har-rum a baby—an' him in there this minute f'r resistin' an off'cer!"

"What officer," asked Steve, with mild interest.

"Th' Swede cop hereabout. Man, 'twas an ingratiatin' spectacle t' see thim come togither—I was goin' along on me truck. But th' Swede's a coward—he wouldn't fight fair. He roped th' Docther. Else he'd niver got 'm. Th' Docther mistrusts Swedes. Would yer frind be a Swede, mebbe?"

"Ain't there any justice in this land?—for the love of heaven!" moaned the victim.

"Keep your heart up, pal—I'll save you." Thus the Pell Street Kid.

"You?" gasped Bogie. "Say, pal, I'm sorry if I done anything ——"

"Fergit it! We got to stand together." The Kid studied the field with a fine strategic eye. "We can draw up this ladder and put it down inside ——" he began.

"Not my ladder!" put in Kerrigan firmly. "I'll be fined two dollars now f'r maintainin' a dishorderly nuisance. An' d'ye think I want t' be arristed f'r helpin' a jail delivery? Besides, 'twouldn't be fair t' th' Docther."

The Kid studied him coldly. Kerrigan at once became cold himself. Under a frivolous exterior it became apparent to the Kid that the goat's owner carried convictions of weight, in behalf of which he would perish if need be. He also exposed a certain fluency of shoulder that the Kid liked less and less as he surveyed it.

"Well, what can we do, then?" he demanded amicably. "My friend there's got the pull, all right. If your goat kills him ——"

"It's a shameful death!" moaned Bogie.

"Where's this cop, then?" demanded the Kid.

"Hi! You fallers oop there!" hailed a voice from below. They turned.

"As I live, 'tis Officer Peterson himsilf!" said Kerrigan delightedly.

"You batter coom down; that ban 'gainst the law," warned the newcomer.

All Studebakers Leave Their Factory With This Spark Plug

The makers of your car have only one reason for selecting a certain spark plug.

Perfect ignition is a vital question for them, and for *you*. They take no chances—and you shouldn't.

75% of all American made cars—Studebaker, Ford, Overland, Maxwell, Metz and nearly 60 others—carry specially designed "*Champions.*"

Their makers don't think any other spark plugs are "just as good."

Studebaker and Overland Plugs sell at $1 everywhere. The Ford—the Champion X—costs 75c.

Your dealer knows which "Champion" will give your Motor Car, Motor Truck, Motor Boat, Motorcycle or stationary motor its greatest efficiency. Consult him.

Champion Spark Plug Company

112 Avondale Ave., Toledo, O.

Export Representatives: Automobile Sundries Co., 18 Broadway, N. Y.

Power for Fords

A FORD engine is made remarkably powerful, speedy and economical by fitting a Bosch Magneto to replace the coil system regularly used. By means of the Bosch-Ford Attachment the Bosch Magneto can be fitted in a few hours to any Ford Car—no coils, no complications, but an all-efficient, no-worry ignition system, the same as is now being used by the world's most prominent cars.

Ford Owners can obtain instructive and convincing literature by writing for the Bosch-Ford Booklet, sent free to any Ford Owner.

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233 West 46th Street, New York, N.Y.

100 Service Stations in U. S. and Canada to serve you.

Wide Awake AGENTS!

Make BIG Money

Be Your Own Boss

You need no experience. Our line sells itself. We have the most complete, fully guaranteed line of knives, razors, strops and cutlery specialties. Golden Rule Knives are hand forged, made of genuine English razor steel. We will put any photo or lodge emblem on one side of the transparent handle and name and address on the other. Write for catalog and terms—exclusive territory.

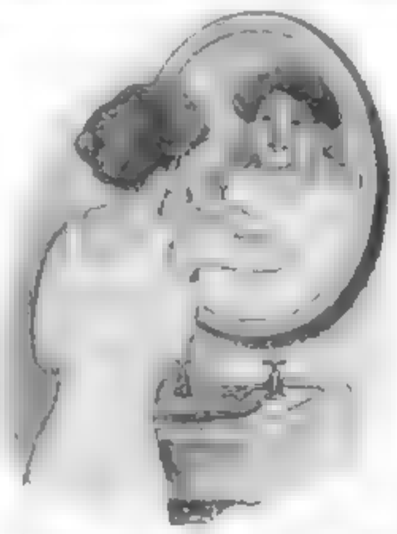
GOLDEN RULE CUTLERY CO., 552 W. Lake St., Dept. 149, Chicago

If coming to New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York

Special Rates for Permanent Guests $2.00 per day

Write for descriptive booklet with free map of city



The new treatment for tender skins

Many people with tender skins have been misled by the superstition that washing the face with soap and water is bad for the complexion.

Dr. Pusey in his book on the care of the skin says, "The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the skin is a poor substitute for a clean, clear skin and is a constant invitation to various disorders."

The following treatment with Woodbury's Facial Soap is just what a tender skin needs to keep it attractive and resistant.

See what a difference it will make in your skin

Just before retiring, dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to the face. Do this several times. Then make a light warm water lather of Woodbury's, and dip your cloth up and down in it till your cloth is "fluffy" with soft, white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are opened and thoroughly cleansed. Rinse the face well with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days and your skin will show a marked improvement, a promise of that loveliness which the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap gives a tender, sensitive skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25¢ a cake. No matter where you live or what your skin trouble, get a cake today, begin the Woodbury way tonight, and you will be delighted with the quick improvement. Clear out the coupon at the bottom of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment tonight.

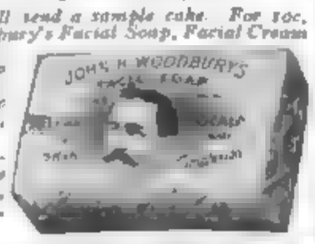
Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada

Write today for samples

For 4¢ we will send a sample cake. For 10¢, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 2-E, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

IN CANADA, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 2-E, Perth, Ontario.



LISTERINE

THE toilet of the mouth is incomplete without rinsing with a mouth-wash. Listerine is the most agreeable and efficient antiseptic mouth-wash that can be prepared. Use it every day.

All Druggists Sell Listerine.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

"You'll have a dead man in there—you'll be arrested for murder," said the Kid and slid nimbly to the ground to confront the Tiburon police force.

"He said he ban bad faller—mabbe that goat ban good deal more bad," retorted the officer, with a strenuous try for the retort epigrammatic.

"He'll sue your county for fifty thousand dollars' damages ——"

"Yah! I ban hear all about them lawsuits before."

"And you'll lose your job if you don't get him out of that yard." Officer Peterson surrendered himself to a moment of serious reflection. "I'll have you broke—just like that!" threatened the Kid with a confidence he was far from feeling.

"Give him some of these grapes," suggested Steve, who had been moodily consuming the Pell Street Kid's offering to Bogie, that busy sufferer having heatedly declined to trifle with them.

"He dislikes fruit," advised Kerrigan; "but ye might try th' little felly with some o' them gay pitchers fr'm yer paper. At times I've known him right fond o' one or two if th' printin' tastes right."

"Try him with this here funny page," suggested the Kid.

"I ban all in my new coat and pants—yust out from Sunday school," faltered the official.

"I'll do it myself," volunteered the Kid intrepidly. "I used to know goats. C'mon! Unlock the door."

Kerrigan grew tense again. Even the listless Steve betrayed a languid interest in what might ensue.

"Ain't he ever comin'?" wailed Bogie.

"It's goin' t' be good—it's goin' t' be good!" sang Kerrigan, and hugged himself.

"I don't see what you thought I could do," called Steve, "telegraphing me all over the country that way. I'd as lief handle a rattlesnake as one o' them goats. You might have known that, if you'd just stopped to think!"

"Have a care, Docther! Don't let them do ye a mischief!" called Kerrigan softly.

The Doctor remained a gray statue. Only the keenest eye could have detected his occasional sidelong glance at his prey. Bogie O'Leary was the only observer present who felt sure of it.

The low door opposite the watchers opened softly on the Pell Street Kid. Behind him cowered the officer of the law. In one hand the Kid flaunted the bedizened comic supplement from his paper. He held it well from his side against the wall and hurled a pithy insult at Kerrigan's pet. The pet ignored this. He was still the semblance of a graven goat.

Emboldened by this indifference the Kid stepped bravely into the arena and waved his gaudy emblem where the Doctor could no longer pretend to ignore it. The Kid wove from side to side with a tigerish swiftness, showering on the Doctor such epithets as caused Kerrigan to hope he might be destroyed utterly. Something in the Kid's stealthy, crouching progress stung the bored Steve to reminiscence.

"Hooray! He's a bullfighter!" yelled Steve. "Look at him, will you? A regular bullfighter!" And, being a patron of the opera, he burst into fitting song: "'Toreay-a-dor!"

And then, to Kerrigan's accompanying cheer, the Doctor charged. Straight as the lightning's bolt he shot for the Pell Street Kid, who now dashingly wore the gay sheet athwart his breast; but the Kid, in the quickness of his moving, was also like unto the lightning's bolt. When the Doctor very accurately hit his mark it shielded only the solid boarding of his prison.

"Shame!" screamed Kerrigan, who saw his pet crumple against the wall much in the manner of a squeezed accordion.

The Kid stood safely to one side, panting but collected. Already Bogie O'Leary crept tremulously toward the door where stood his Swedish guardian. The Doctor, after a few seconds' prone quivering, leaped nimbly to his feet. He tossed his head lightly and seemed to shrug his capable shoulders in mild annoyance. Then forthwith he fell daintily to the comic supplement. The Kid tiptoed softly to the crouching Bogie O'Leary and tenderly helped him over the last dozen feet to safety.

"'Twas unfair!" yelled Kerrigan. "Ye hur-rted 'm. I dare ye t' wait there till he's et his paper! Gwan! I dare ye, now! Be a spoort!"

"That's the stuff!" urged Steve. "Try it again. Maybe we can have some fun here this afternoon."

500 SHAVES GUARANTEED
From 12 Blades

The Razor that takes the "H" out of shave

Auto Strop Safety Razor Co.
327 Fifth Ave., New York
Toronto London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself — Strops Itself

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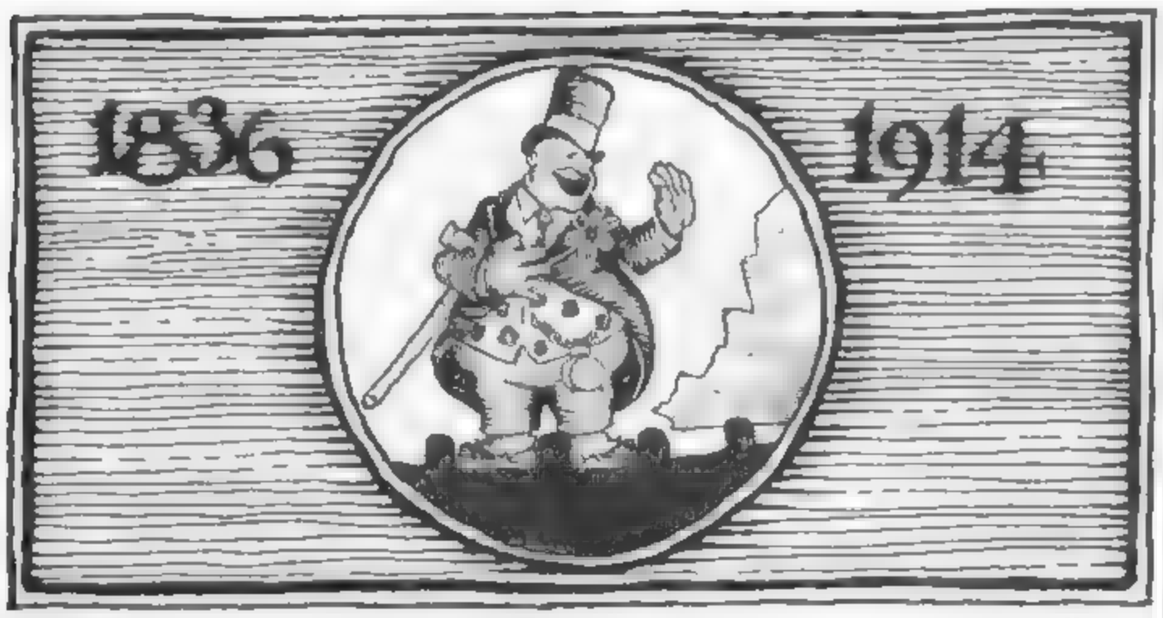


"THE JOSH CITIES OF AMERICA"

—such is the heading of a magazine article.

Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Kokomo—let's make fun of them. We don't live there.

The somnolence of Brooklyn, the dilatoriousness of Philadelphia—these are the last resort of the uninspired humorist.

The slowness of Philadelphia is the slowness of the tortoise in its well-known race with Brer Hare. It is the slowness that wins.

Philadelphia is the richest city of the richest State in the Union.

Her bank clearings are the third largest in the United States.

Her bank resources are the second largest in the United States.

Her stock exchange stands second in the amount of business done.

Her wealth is more evenly distributed than in any other large city,

and

in Philadelphia the newspaper that reaches the homes with the greatest wealth, the greatest influence and the greatest buying power—that newspaper is the

PUBLIC LEDGER

But as no response came to this they regretfully descended. It seemed to them that nothing of an entertaining character could now be hoped for.

In the little brick house Bogie O'Leary, with many groans, straightened to his full height.

"You saved my life, pal!" he cried warmly to the Kid.

"Fergit it!" begged the rescuer.

"Never!" responded Bogie fervently. "And look where he put a white man!" he continued bitterly, pointing to the narrow quarters in which he had passed a night of horror. "And he had a bloodhound or something in here that nearly tore me limb from limb; then he turned me out with that mankiller."

The law's servant was, it seemed, not sensitive to criticism. He lolled in the doorway interestedly observing the last wisp of the comic supplement on which the Doctor chewed blissfully.

"Wall," Officer Peterson remarked quietly without turning, "you said you han bad faller. I think you should han with bad goat."

He was plainly fond of this *mot*. His belief had been too apparent, the first time he achieved it, that he was being witty. He continued to observe the Doctor, his huge frame all but shutting the light from the doorway into the yard.

From the eyes of the Pell Street Kid there flashed one look of deep meaning to the capable eye of Bogie O'Leary. Bogie paused only to regard behind him the open door into the street. Then he crouched, a shoulder forward—even as the Kid crouched. Officer Peterson clucked friendliness to the now-observant Doctor and again became sententious.

"Ay guess he ban good goat with good faller—but with bad faller he ban——"

"Three!" shouted the Pell Street Kid; and Officer Peterson, lifted by the force of a mighty and heaven-born inspiration, described an approximate parabola that ended in his own shambles.

"Quick with the bar!" cried the Kid; and they did well to be quick, for scarcely was the door secured ere a great weight fell on it.

"Out!" said the Kid; and he and his companion stood once more in the benign free spaces of earth.

Bogie O'Leary started feebly to run.

"Slow down, pal!" hissed the Kid. "You'll put some one wise." Calmly he closed the outer door and methodically snapped the waiting padlock. Then he paused expectantly. "Listen!"

From within the inclosure came a staccato passage of hoofbeats ending in a gloriously softened thud. There followed a heartfelt peal of imprecation couched evidently in the speaker's native tongue. Bogie O'Leary shook a petulant fist.

"Why don't he talk English?" he bitterly complained. "You can't understand a word he's sayin'!"

"Look out for them two!" warned the Kid. "C'mon! Walk slow."

From round the corner came Steve and Kerrigan, the latter bearing his ladder.

"Where's the Swede?" asked Kerrigan of Bogie O'Leary and the Kid.

"He went back to play with your goat," explained the Kid brightly.

"Did he, now? Well! Well! He's a husky lad; but I think he's takin' a chance. However!"

"Bringin' me all the way out here for nothing!" grumbled Steve.

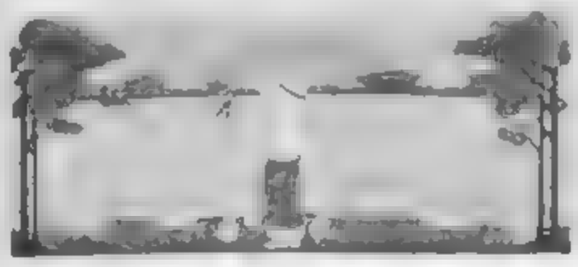
Bogie O'Leary and the Pell Street Kid followed slowly.

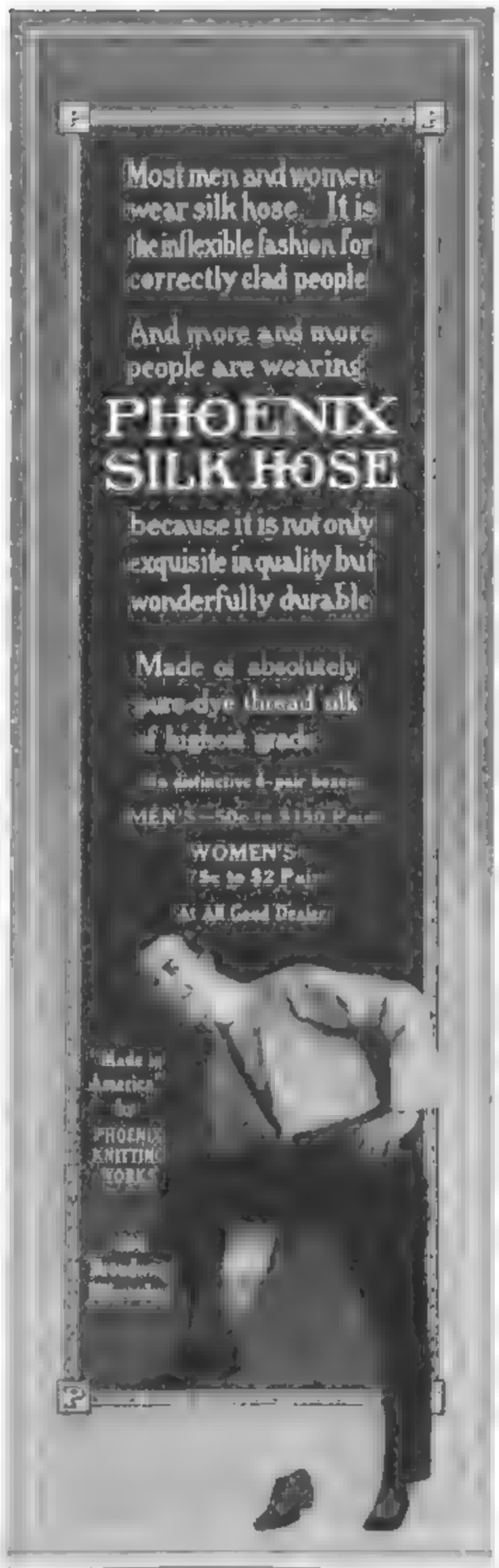
"Brace up, pal!" soothed the Kid. "We'll be on the boat and all right in a second. You get a shave and a shine and a drink—and it'll be happy days come again."

"I don't feel's if I could ever make it up to you," began Bogie weakly.

"Fergit it!" answered the Kid. "And here—you're limpin' bad!" He slipped an arm helpfully under one of Bogie's.

"There's a boat waitin'," he remarked a little later. "And the only thing I hope—I hope that squarehead Scandahoovian gets his nice new clothes all dusty before he starves to death!"




Most men and women wear silk hose. It is the inflexible fashion for correctly clad people
And more and more people are wearing
PHOENIX SILK HOSE
because it is not only exquisite in quality but wonderfully durable
Made of absolutely pure-dye thread silk of highest grade
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THE SWOBODA SYSTEM

with the Least Expenditure of Time, Energy and Money and with no Inconvenience, Builds vigorous brains, superb, energetic bodies, develops great reserve force, strong muscles, creates a perfect circulation, by vitalizing and developing the body, brain, and nerves to their highest power. When I say that I give something different, something new, more scientific, more rational, effective, and immeasurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of efficiency and action, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my system, are saying for me voluntarily.

The Originator of personal mail instructions in Physiological Exercise

Swoboda

If you are of the opinion that gymnastic or athletic exercise or physical labor can give you the results which my system produces, please take note of the fact that my most enthusiastic pupils are those who have previously exercised in some of the best gymnasiums of the world. I have pupils in all the leading colleges of the United States. They have access to the gymnasiums and athletic training which is a part of the institution. Moreover, I have pupils in New York City who have spent from ten to fifty thousand dollars in building private gymnasiums in their own homes. I have also pupils in the armies and navies of America and Europe, and I have blacksmiths, machinists, farmers and laborers who are very enthusiastic over my system. All these pupils prefer my system because it gives results which no other exercise can duplicate. You should profit by the experience of these people.

The Swoboda System **is not only a means of restoring health but it is also a direct means of taking the limited forces which exist in each individual and compelling them to grow. It is the most condensed form of exercise; it strengthens the heart instead of overtaxing it.**

The results are permanent; exercises need not be kept up indefinitely when the body is once thoroughly energized and the habit of greater cell activity is established.

The Swoboda System **requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing—there is nothing to worry you; it gives good health without inconvenience. It is as you want it—"ideal" in every respect.**

It is not the amount of exercise one takes which denotes the benefit to be derived, but, on the contrary, it is the amount of exercise from which, physiologically, each human organism can react, which will govern the character of results. If exercise built up the body and increased the energies directly, as most people seem to think is the case, instead of through secondary and tertiary reactions, it would then be true that the amount of exercise one takes would govern the beneficial results to follow. Exercise to be beneficial must always be adapted to each organism in full accord with its physiological limit and range of adaptation. This is precisely what I accomplish through my personal mail instructions. It is one of the secrets of the success of the Swoboda System.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word

"Words can not explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"Ten minutes of your exercise is equal in value to three hours of horseback riding."

"I have more energy; my work seems easier, and I am feeling much brighter."

I have at least 50,000 similar testimonials.

If I could meet you face to face

I know that I could easily and quickly prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and half as well developed as you ought to be. The fact is that, no matter who you are, I can prove to you positively, by demonstration, that you are leading an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way in which you may, speedily and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come into possession of real health, vigor, energy, development, and a higher realization of life, success, and yourself.

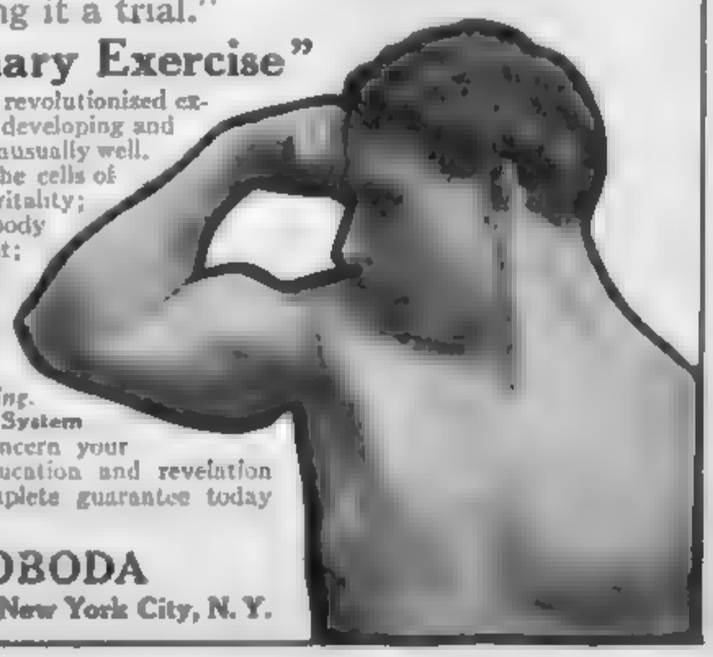
The Swoboda System **is no Experiment.** I am giving it successfully to pupils all over the world. I have among my pupils ... senators, congressmen, members of cabinet, ambassadors, governors, thousands of business men, farmers, mechanics, and laborers and almost an equal number of women.

Join the Swoboda Army of unusually vigorous and healthy men and women. It is now more than two hundred thousand strong and growing fast every day. I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a single penny. ***My guarantee is startling, specific and positive.***

"I make your success with my System absolutely certain; you take no risk in giving it a trial."

My new copyrighted book **"Evolutionary Exercise"**

shows how **the Swoboda System** has revolutionized exercise and simplified the methods of developing and energizing the body and making it unusually well. **My book is free.** It tells all about the cells of the body, and how to increase their vitality; it explains the evolution of the body and how to augment its development; it shows how you may become fully alive; it explains how **the Swoboda System** is making vigorous and strong men and women out of weak individuals; it tells of the *Dangers of Exercise* and of *Excessive Deep Breathing*. The facts concerning **the Swoboda System** will interest you because they concern your welfare. My book will be an education and revelation to you. Write for it and my complete guarantee today before it slips your mind.



ALOIS P. SWOBODA

1225 Aeolian Hall **New York City, N. Y.**

ANYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 7)

Then again, the bulk of all this lawmaking was done in hot haste in the last few days of the session and not infrequently bills were rushed through under omnibus rollcalls.

A great many legislative sins are committed by the omnibus method. Measures that sometimes meet the positive disapproval of a majority of the House or Senate are omnibused, though if considered separately in either body their passage would be impossible. I know of enactments on the statute books of Kansas that, after passing one branch of the legislature, were objected out of an omnibus reading and rollcall, and were never voted on in the Senate at all, but were shown afterward by the Journal as having passed the Senate in the usual legal way. The omnibus method would be impossible with a single-house legislature of few members.

Notwithstanding the fact that my executive clerk and the attorney-general did their best in the brief time allowed to scrutinize all the bills, Chapters 177 and 178 and Chapters 174 and 175, respectively, are duplicates. Chapter 75 of the laws of 1911 was repealed three times—first by section three of Chapter 75 of the laws of 1913; by section two of Chapter 123 of the laws of 1913; and then by section seven Chapter 124 of the laws of 1913. Chapter 318 of the laws of 1913 was immediately amended by Chapter 319 of the laws of 1913. Chapter 82 of the laws of 1911 was repealed by Section seven of Chapter 89 of the laws of 1913, and after being repealed was then amended and repealed by Chapter 108 of the laws of 1913. Fifteen bills were returned for the correction of serious mistakes.

The last session of the Kansas legislature appropriated about nine million dollars of public funds; and though these appropriation bills passed through the hands of the proper committees, yet a vast majority of the members voted for them without even having the most casual knowledge of what the bills contained. This vast amount of money was appropriated in less than three hours after the bills reached the House and Senate.

No big business would spend even a thousand dollars without first requiring a scientific report from men who have the matters in charge, and then giving the matter a thorough consideration—but the public's business is everybody's business; and that has prompted the oft-repeated statement that if a private enterprise conducted its business as most states do, it would become bankrupt in a very short time.

With all that, the Kansas legislature of 1913 was as efficient, as capable, as upright and honest as any legislature that ever sat; it passed many wholesome laws. There was not a single suspicion of corruption. It was as good a legislature as can be gotten together under the bicameral system; but it requires much more than honesty to make laws for a state. Effective work in a legislature can only be done by men of experience, irrespective of intentions.

Legislation by Spasms

The Illinois legislature was in session twenty-three weeks. Three-quarters of the laws passed by it were passed in the last two weeks of the session. Commenting on this, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, under date of August 9, 1913, said editorially:

"That is the inevitable legislative program—two or three months of preliminaries appointing committees, playing politics, squabbling over points of party advantage; then two or three weeks of earnest effort to get the machinery really started; then about ten days of frenzied haste, during which a large part of the important legislation is actually accomplished.

"A body constituted as our legislatures are cannot possibly work any other way. There would be exactly the same result with a bank or a railroad if once in two years the stockholders elected a large body of directors who mostly knew nothing in particular about banking or transportation, who were sharply divided by opposing professional interests, and who were to remain in session only three months; but the bank or railroad would not last long under the guidance of such a board.

"We legislate in convulsions when we legislate at all. The organism is so constituted that it must have a fit or lie dormant.

"It is not a representative system. The people of Illinois do not conduct their personal affairs in rare bursts of frenetic energy divided by long periods of torpidity. No farmer hires thirty men to debate about small grain from July fourth to July thirtieth and then harvest the oats on the thirty-first. Why should he regard a legislature which operates that way as representing him?"

Describing another legislature, a well-known writer in a magazine article that appeared in December, 1904, said:

"One-half these measures—eight hundred and thirty-eight—were passed the last fifteen days. On the last day there were passed seventy general laws, seventeen local laws, and six joint resolutions. On the next to the last day were passed fifty-nine general laws, twenty local laws, and one joint resolution. A total of one hundred and seventy-three enactments, or one-fifth the work of the session in two days. I will grant that some of this grist had been ground out in committee, but how fine could even a committee grind so much grist? There are twenty-four hours in one day; in forty-eight hours one hundred and seventy-three laws were passed, or one law every sixteen minutes. But as the legislature sat only twelve hours a day these rules of human conduct were created at the rate of one every eight minutes."

If it was the intention of our Constitution makers that the bicameral system of legislation, which now prevails, should be a system both representative and deliberative, they have utterly failed to secure that result under the present system. The average member of the legislature, and especially of the House of Representatives, does not even represent the people of his own little district. As a matter of fact, unless he happens to be one of the very few leading spirits who run the legislature, about all the new member is good for is to vote as he is told.

Law-Making at Albany

This is well illustrated by the following somewhat humorous account, written by a member of the New York Assembly, in the New York Evening Telegram of February 25, 1908:

"Before I came up here I had an idea that a legislator, after a profound study of the subject, would introduce a bill with a few words that would at once attract the attention of the press and through them the public. Presently, by some machinery which I never clearly understood, the bill would be taken up in its turn and after grave and serious argument would either be passed or defeated.

"But what really happens is this: You sneak up back of the desk and drop into a slot your bill, which half the time you do not know anything about yourself, because either your boss or your senator, or some organization in your district, gave it to you. By bothering the clerk next day you can find out what committee it has been referred to. If you are a member of that committee there is a good chance to get it reported, because the other members of the committee want your vote to get their own bills out. If not, you are a hundred-to-one shot unless your senator comes over and sees Wadsworth, the speaker of the assembly, or Merritt, the floor leader of the majority, about it.

"The next thing you do is to ask for a hearing on the bill. You find out who is the chairman and hunt him up. When he sees you are only a first-year man he insists in mistaking you for a doorkeeper or messenger, just to let you know your place. After you get that straightened out and tell him what you want, he pulls a long face and talks about the flood of bills they have to consider.

"That's all you can do. If the committee or, rather, if two or three men on the committee are willing to give your bill a chance, you may get it out after begging like a college president. Once on the calendar, instead of the chairman of the committee you have one man—Merritt, the Republican floor leader—to convince before you can get a vote on the bill at all. All a new assemblyman is good for is to vote as he is told. If he does not do that, never a bill of his will see daylight. The committee holds the power of life and death over a bill."

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Lysol is five times stronger and safer than *carbolic acid*; better in every way than *bichloride of mercury*. Gives maximum protection with maximum safety.

Lysol provides the ideal antiseptic wash for sores and cuts; the standard douche for personal hygiene; the best disinfectant and deodorant.

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Those of us who have had legislative experience know that this is true in varying degrees of almost every state legislature. If a body of crude and ill-digested legislation has resulted, it is the natural product of the system. Even though a bill is originally written so clearly that any intelligent citizen may grasp unmistakably its purpose, some ambitious legislator who has given the subject matter no study or consideration will insist on amending it until it becomes in its final shape a piece of surpassing obscurity.

In spite of all the remedies which have been applied, the fact is unquestionable and undeniable that the bicameral legislature remains a heavy and complicated mechanism, yielding quickly enough to the operation of the political expert, but blocking at every turn the attempts of the people to work it honestly and efficiently. And it is true, as has been said, that by a strange perversity of fate the fear of democracy and the passion for democracy have contributed equally to this result. And so it has come about that the people have been unable to maintain control over their own Government; and it has fallen more and more completely into the hands of the professional politician, aptly described as "one who knows more about the voter's political business than he does himself."

So, though we set out on our political adventures as a nation firm of purpose to put the control of the Government in the hands of the people, we are just discovering, after one hundred and thirty-odd years of experience, that we have neither efficiency nor control. This is so largely because, in our attempt to set up a new order of things, we adopted the legislative machinery that was the product of the old order with which we were trying to break; and so we find ourselves at the beginning again, face to face with our original problem of finding means to make our Government representative, efficient, and at all times responsive to the public will and weal.

A Cartoon and Its Lesson

What President Wilson has said of city government is equally true of state government:

"I take it that the problem we have set for ourselves is the problem of responsibility. We want a Government which responds to public opinion and we have not been able to get it. The explanation you can hang on your wall if you choose, if you would only take the pains to buy a copy of that old cartoon by Tom Nast, which represents the Tweed Ring in New York as a circle of men, each with his thumb to his neighbor, the title of the picture being, 'Twas him.' We have invented or stumbled on a 'Twan't-me system of government and what we are in search of is a 'Tis-you system of government."

If the sovereign voter is ever to reach the goal of representative, responsible and efficient government, it must be through such a simplification of our legislative machinery as will permit the electorate to bring steady and persistent pressure on this great organ of government in the broad daylight of interested public discussion, and to fix the responsibility for any failure on the part of any member of the legislative body to respond to the will of the majority of the people.

Under the bicameral system, when a desirable measure fails to pass or an undesirable measure passes there is no way whereby the public can single out a particular member of the legislature and say: "You personally are principally to blame in this matter." Not only is it almost impossible to locate the man who is to blame, but often when he has been located it is very probable that voters of his district are not particularly concerned about what he has done though his action may be of great importance to the state, as a whole, while he is responsible to nobody except his own local constituents.

One county in our state has no publicly or privately owned utilities. Its representative received one hundred and eighty-eight votes; and though his party declared for a Utilities Commission law, he voted against his party pledge because it raised the taxes. Another member of the same party received four thousand votes; his county recognized the necessity of the enactment and he supported the measure. It takes a decided stretch of imagination to recognize a truly representative body wherein the power of one hundred and eighty-eight votes in one county equals that of four thousand in another.

This system of scattered responsibility puts the very smallest incentive on the

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Right now these sweet, juicy, California Sunkist Oranges should be used in every home as a food and Spring Tonic. Can you afford to be without them?

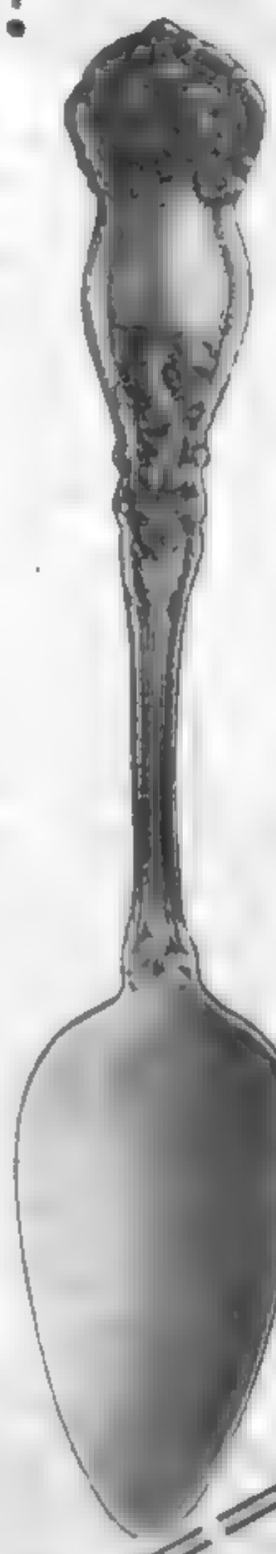
Over ten million Sunkist Oranges are being shipped every day from California and are now offered by dealers everywhere.

Because sixty-five hundred expert growers grow, pick, pack and market their fruit together they are able to bring the quality up to the very highest standard.

Every Sunkist Orange is glove picked and tissue wrapped—shipped on picking day, therefore always fresh.

Thin-skinned, highly flavored, firm, tender-meated and seedless—the finest oranges that ever grew.

And prices were never so low as *now*.



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Sunkist Oranges are the world's most delicious fruit—fruit that is both *good* and good *for* you. Eat them at every meal, between meals and at bed-time. Try this for Spring Fever.

Give the children this juice—this drink of natural purity. Any fruit dealer can supply you with genuine Sunkist Oranges.

Ask for Sunkist Lemons too.

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Mail us this coupon and we will send you our complimentary 40-page recipe book, showing over 100 ways of using Sunkist oranges and lemons. You will also receive our illustrated list of 27 Wm. Rogers & Son Silverware Premiums for your table, with instructions showing how to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful silver. Send this coupon.

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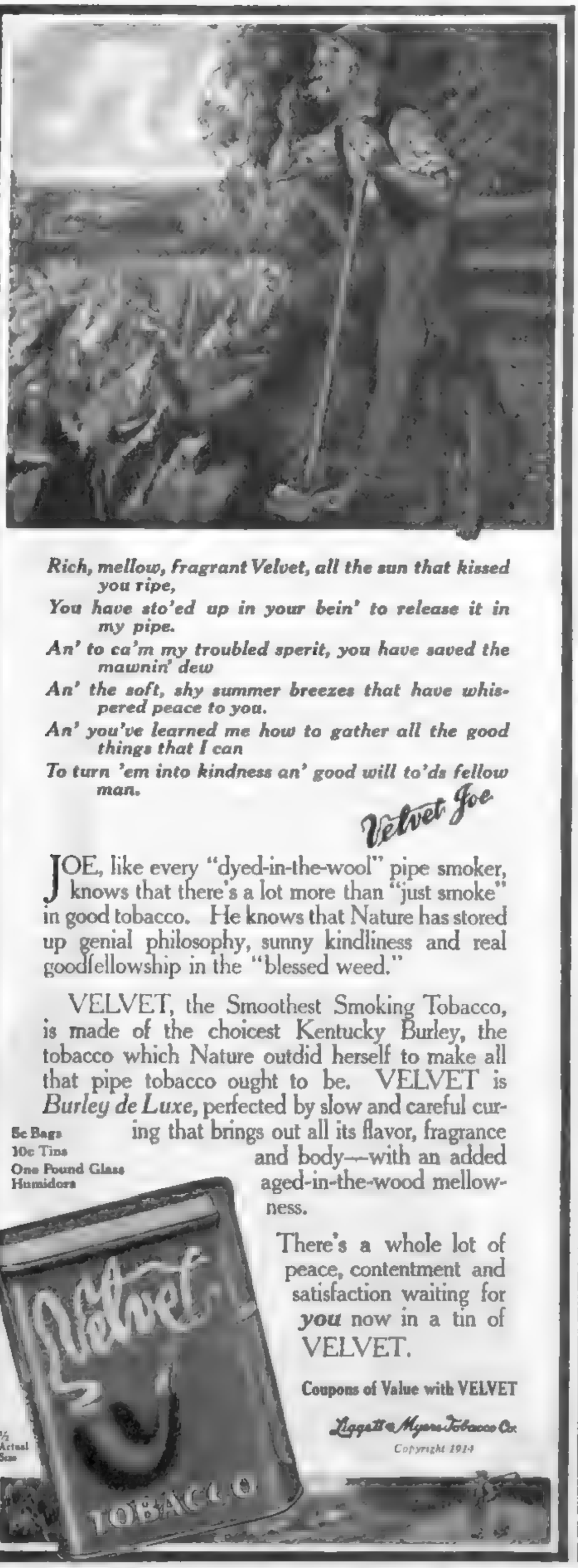
Rich, mellow, fragrant Velvet, all the sun that kissed you ripe,
You have sto'ed up in your bein' to release it in my pipe.
An' to ca'm my troubled sperit, you have saved the mawnin' dew
An' the soft, shy summer breezes that have whispered peace to you.
An' you've learned me how to gather all the good things that I can
To turn 'em into kindness an' good will to'ds fellow man.
Velvet Joe
JOE, like every "dyed-in-the-wool" pipe smoker, knows that there's a lot more than "just smoke" in good tobacco. He knows that Nature has stored up genial philosophy, sunny kindliness and real goodfellowship in the "blessed weed."
VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is made of the choicest Kentucky Burley, the tobacco which Nature outdid herself to make all that pipe tobacco ought to be. VELVET is Burley de Luxe, perfected by slow and careful curing that brings out all its flavor, fragrance and body—with an added aged-in-the-wood mellowness.
5c Bags
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There's a whole lot of peace, contentment and satisfaction waiting for you now in a tin of VELVET.
Coupons of Value with VELVET
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individual to accomplish effective results. Not only can he divide the blame with all the rest of the majority but he can offset it entirely by bringing forward some local excuse or justification. He can point to something else he has done that was of particular interest to his constituents and thereby avert any embarrassing consequences for a mistake or misdeed of profound importance to the state, as a whole—if, indeed, under the present system he is capable of accomplishing anything.

The second house, as Franklin pointed out, more often prevents the passage of good laws than hinders the passage of bad ones. In Kansas last year among the good laws of the utmost importance that failed because of the opposition of the second chamber were the Compulsory Grain Inspection Act, the Kincaid Bridge Act, a collateral-inheritance tax, a recording-mortgage tax, and an act prohibiting the foreclosure of mortgages until the owner or holder should either pay or show that he had paid all taxes which might lawfully have been assessed against it from its date. I do not recall any really bad piece of legislation the second house killed. Much time, however, was taken up in passing worthless laws, like the Chiropractor Law and the Pure Shoe Law.

Generally speaking, the two houses do a lot of trading; the first house, in order to get anything, accepts the amendments of the second, and vice versa. In actual practice the two houses seldom seek a middle ground, at least not by formal methods. Two considerations do not necessarily mean a double consideration and two hasty considerations may not be as good as one thorough one. There is a tendency to assume that a subject has been considered in the other house when the consideration there has been very inadequate, or sometimes one house hastily passes a bill with the expectation that the other house will deal with it more carefully; and so there is frequently a shifting of responsibility from chamber to chamber.

In 1905 the Equal Suffrage Resolution was submitted to the Kansas legislature for its adoption. The resolution passed the House of Representatives with practically no opposition. The members of the House were so positive it would not pass the Senate that they gave it their almost unanimous support. Even before the resolution reached the Senate sixty-five per cent of the House members were importuning their senators to vote against the resolution; and the senators, as though in duty bound and by reason of an expected reciprocity, smothered the legislation instantly. About the only real use of a second legislative body is to act as a scapegoat for the other.

It is customary for amendments of the second house to be accepted without question on matters of minor importance. It is also customary to advance bills advocated by the party leaders, and on these the second chamber has little additional usefulness in furnishing consideration.

The Conference Committee

Then there is the Conference Committee, the easiest of all the points of attack—and the least open to public gaze—when the interests want to defeat a measure the public is demanding.

It is easy to get a bill of vital importance amended in one house or the other; then, by a failure to concur in the amendments, the bill goes to a conference committee, usually composed of two members from the Senate and three from the House. The interests see to it that they have a reliable friend on that committee, who delays, argues, wheedles and cajoles; and in the end the committee fails to agree. So Conference Committee succeeds Conference Committee until the dragging-along process reaches the adjournment day.

Two of the most important bills before the last Kansas legislature went to the legislative junkheap by the Conference Committee route. Such a thing would be impossible in a single-body legislature of a dozen members.

Then there is the argument that it is more difficult to corrupt or wrongfully influence two bodies than one. The test of legislative efficiency is the ability to effect positive enactments. A good measure opposed by special or predatory interests may as easily be defeated under the bicameral system as under a one-house system, because all that is necessary is for the opponents of the measure to control one house, and in cases of that kind the special interest has two chances with the bicameral system to one with the other. Indeed, the lobbyist and the representative of corporations first attempt to defeat a measure objectionable to them in the committee; and if they fail there they concentrate their assault on the members of whichever house appears to offer the best chance of success in blocking the proposed legislation.

A single-house legislature of large membership, elected from numerous and widely separated districts, would be almost as objectionable as the two-house system. Good results can be obtained only from a single house of small membership of trained men. Membership in such a body would rank not far below the governorship itself; and this, together with an adequate salary, would be more attractive to first-class talent than membership in the Congress

This plan would bring the legislature nearer to the people. That statement contradicts the first impression, but it is true nevertheless. The legislature of today is as remote from the people as possible. The people may rage and storm over some bill that has been passed or turned down, but the individual members of the legislature are shielded from blame by the simple fact that each member is safely lost in the shuffle. In a legislative body with sixteen members the newspapers would publish the rollcalls on all important bills, and the people would have a clear picture of the kind of man who was representing them.

A Sixteen-Member Legislature

A small one-house legislature would be more responsive and obedient to public opinion and at the same time more efficient and less expensive than the large and cumbersome system now in vogue. It would be easy and inexpensive to call together in emergencies like those that existed in Kansas last year. Such a legislature would have enabled us to handle the gas situation; it would have enabled us to handle the situation with reference to the inspection of grain; it would have enabled us to handle without trouble the difficulties arising from the destruction of our twine plant at the Kansas Penitentiary; it would have enabled us to provide aid to those counties that have been sorely afflicted by the drought. And so every year such a body, able to meet without large expense whenever necessity required, would be a good business proposition for the people of the state. As it is, one coördinate branch of the state government is absolutely abandoned for a whole biennium unless the legislature is convoked in an expensive, extraordinary session by the governor. It is as though the head of an important department of some other big business should give only fifty days every two years to its management.

In such a legislature there would be no necessity for haste. Being paid adequate salaries, the members would devote their whole time to legislation as a business proposition. They would doubtless take time to study the bills presented, both as to substance and form, and give the people laws written in plain and direct English that would mean one and the same thing to every intelligent citizen.

A sixteen-member legislature would be harder to corrupt. This also contradicts first impressions. There are many who believe that the more people there are to pass on a measure, the harder it is to pass a bill by bribery. Just the reverse is true. The more conspicuous a man is before the public and the more clearly his responsibility is appreciated by the people, the harder it is for him to go wrong. Turn the strong limelight on a man and make him feel that he is performing before a large and important audience, and he will be hard to corrupt. Light is as salutary in politics as in hygiene.

Finally, it is a matter of common knowledge that every legislature is controlled by a little group of leaders who exercise authority without commensurate responsibility to the people. The late "Blind Boss" Brayton, of Rhode Island, long Aldrich's righthand man in controlling that state's legislature, stated the situation in a few words of comment on the commission plan for states:

"We've got it now, only folks don't know it. Rid out the regiment of members who do nothing but vote as ordered; then fetch your little governing group out into the spotlight and make 'em responsible—and they'll feel the fear of God in their hearts as they never do now."

Young Men's Three-Button Sack—Patch Pockets, Soft Roll

Men's Double Breasted Sack

Young Men's Three-Button Sack

"5130"

How a Number Achieved Personality

The little tailor of the story books, sitting cross-legged on his bench, snipped and stitched and pressed—making a thousand motions to do what could better be done by a hundred, and never doing the same thing twice in the same way.

He never bothered himself with the problem of how it is possible to make better and better clothes without charging more for them—and at the same time to pay more to every man and woman who has to do with the making.

He had no chemical test to make sure his fabrics were pure wool, no test for strength, no expert to pass on his workmanship but himself.

He never realized what could be done by analyzing every operation in making a suit of clothes; and then *perfecting those operations individually.*

The extreme opposite of the little tailor is the Scientific Tailoring of Clothcraft Ready for Service Clothes where each single operation is the task of a different individual, trained to do it in the one best and shortest way, helped by expert instructors, following methods established by the ability and experience gained in sixty-eight years of scientific clothes-making.

You may not be interested in the operations, but you are in the result—better clothes at no increase in cost.

Clothcraft No. "5130" Blue Serge Special, $15.00

The number of ways in which quality has been increased and cost reduced by Clothcraft methods is literally measured by hundreds. The saving goes into better materials, better designing and many other points of added quality.

If it is better to do a thing by hand, it is done by a more skillful hand. If it can best be done by a machine, you get the benefit of the best machine to be had.

Why should each individual suit be cut separately—no one exactly like the pattern—when twenty can be cut at once, with mathematical accuracy?

Why should material be trimmed by hand, when a sharp knife attached to a swift-running machine, trims it with an accuracy no hand could achieve, and does it *while it is being stitched?*

Why should a workman laboriously mark the positions of the buttons on a coat with a piece of chalk? By Clothcraft methods he can locate the position of each button on twenty coats at once.

Sometimes the best way seems more expensive. It costs more to heat irons by electricity than by gas; but it is better for the worker's health—for he does not have to labor in a heated, fume-laden atmosphere—and his increased efficiency offsets the extra cost.

Thus we make better men and women of our workers, and better clothes for you. It enables us to make "5130," a blue serge suit for $15.00, in nine different models, suiting men of different tastes, size, weight and age.

The recent reduction in the tariff on wool has enabled us to give you this year a finer quality of guaranteed all wool blue serge than ever.

"5130" is merely the last concrete expression of the Clothcraft idea. Clothcraft includes many other fabrics and patterns. It is the *one guaranteed all wool* line at $10 to $20.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY 620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W. CLEVELAND, SIXTH CITY

Established 1848—Oldest American Makers of Men's Clothes

There is also a fall-weight Clothcraft Blue Serge Special at $18.50 known as No. 4130

Young Men's Two-Button Sack

Men's Three-Button Sack, Soft Roll

Young Men's Three-Button Sack, Soft Roll

This Label in Every Clothcraft Coat; our Signed Guaranty in the Pocket

Drop in at the Clothcraft Store and try on one of the models of "5130." You will probably find an advertisement of the local dealer in the paper you read. If not, we shall be glad to send you a note of personal introduction.

Meantime write us for the new Spring Style Book and a sample of the cloth used in No. 5130.

Young Men's Three-Button Sack, Box Back

Young Men's Norfolk —Two-piece Suit

Men's Three-Button Sack

All Men's Wear Dealers Acknowledge

that when we drafted the *Declaration* of *Underwear Independence* with our patented closed crotch garment

Cooper
Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch
Union Suits

deservedly gained national popularity at a single bound.

We had supplied the key to union suit satisfaction by adding feelable comfort to durability.

A crotch—mind you—without a fold, wrinkle or uncomfortable point anywhere—*just one smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout.*

Every Men's Wear Department does or will supply these garments—easily distinguished by the smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout the crotch, and the Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Label. We make every good, wanted style, weight and quality.

The Original

Bears This Label

Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

Retail at $1.00 and up to $18.00 a suit
always comfortable—All ways

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO.
Originators, Patentees and Makers
Kenosha, Wisconsin

A Word to the Wearer

None but a shortsighted merchant will allow his clerks to urge a *"just as good"* upon you. In any field—a "just as good" is an *"also ran,"* and in the finals a *"never was."* When buying union suits declare yourself—be *Independent—Suit Yourself.*

Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch
Remember the spelling

CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 5)

Tom shook hands with the fat little man, whose wonderfully shaped head had on it no hair worth speaking of, and handed him the pearl he had picked out from the dozen the man in 777 Blank Avenue had placed before him. Doctor Lentz looked at it, weighed it in his hand and, without waiting to be asked any questions, answered what nearly everybody always asked him:

"Persian Gulf. About fifteen grains—perhaps a little more. We sell some like it for about thirty-five hundred dollars."

"Thanks," said Tom, and put the pearl in his pocket.

If it was a joke it was expensive. If not, the other pearls the man had shown, nearly all of which were larger, must have been worth from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars. Such is the power of money that this young man, destined to be one of the richest men in the world and, moreover, one who did not particularly think about money, was nevertheless impressed by the stranger's careless handling of the valuable pearls. He concluded subconsciously that the talisman was even more valuable. He took the package from his coat pocket and give it to Doctor Lentz.

"Raw silk—Syrian," murmured the gem expert, and undid the covering.

"Ha! Italo-Byzantine. The Raising of Tabitha. No! No!" He glared at young Merriwether, who retreated a step. "Very rare! It's the Raising of Jairus' Daughter. Same workmanship in the Lipsanoteca, Museo Civico, Brescia. If so, not later than fourth century. Very rare! H'm!"

"Is it?" said Tom. "I don't know much about ivories."

"No? Read Molinier! Græven!"

"Thank you. I will, Doctor Lentz."

Doctor Lentz opened the little ivory box and pulled out the silver case.

"Ha! H'm! Not so rare! Asia Minor. Probably eighth century."

"B. C.?"

"Certainly not. Key? H'm!"

"Haven't got it here," evaded Tom.

The little savant turned to his secretary and said:

"Bring drawer marked forty-four, inner compartment, antique-gem safe."

He was examining the little box, nodding his head and muttering: "H'm! H'm!" Tom felt the ground slipping away from under the feet of his suspicions even while his perplexity waxed monumental. And with it came the satisfaction of a man convincing himself that he is neither wasting his time nor making himself ridiculous.

The clerk returned with a little drawer in which Tom saw about a hundred and fifty small keys.

"Replicas! Originals in museums of world!" explained Lentz. "H'm!" He turned the keys over with a selective forefinger. "It's that one or this one." And he picked out two. "Probably this! Damascus! Eighth century. Byzantine influence still strong. See that? And that? And that? And that? H'm!"

He inserted the little key and opened the casket. He saw the gold box within.

"Ha! H'm! Thracian! How did you get this? H'm!" He raised his head, looked at Tom fiercely and then said coldly: "Mr. Merriwether, this has been stolen from the British Museum!"

It beautifully complicated matters. Tom's heart beat faster with interest.

"Are you sure?" he asked, being a Merriwether.

"Wait! H'm!" He lifted it out and examined the back. "No! No!! Thracian! Of the Bisaltæ! Time of Lysimachus! But —— Well! Aryan symbolism! Possibly taken to India by one of Alexander's captains—perhaps by Lysimachus himself! And —— Oh! Oh, early Christians! Oh, early Philistines! See that? Smoothed away to put that —— Oh, beasts! Heretics in art! Curious! Do you know the incantation to use before opening?"

"It was in Greek, and ——"

"Of course!"

"Yes. He said this had belonged to Apollonius of Tyana."

"How much does he ask?"

"It is not for sale."

"Inside is a pentagram?"

"No; a cross, with seven emeralds as big as that, all flawless."

"There are only two such emeralds in the world without flaws and we have one of them. The other is owned by the Archbishop of Bogotá, Colombia."

"He said these were flawless and that he has proofs. He says Eligius studied this ——"

"Mr. Merriwether, you have on your hands either a very dangerous impostor or else —— H'm! He must be an impostor! How much does he want?"

"It is not for sale."

"H'm! Worse and worse! If I can be of use let me know! They'll fool us all! All! Good day!" And Doctor Lentz walked away, leaving Tom more puzzled than ever, but now determined to go to 777 East Seventy-seventh Street at eight o'clock that night.

He went home and wrote an account of what had happened, placed it in an envelope, sealed the envelope and gave it to his valet.

"If you don't hear from me by ten o'clock tonight give this to my father; but don't give it to him one minute before ten. And you stay in until you hear from me."

"Very good, sir."

He then went to the club, ordered an early dinner for two, and invited his friend Huntington Andrews to go with him. He did not go into details.

Shortly before eight he stationed Andrews across the way from 777 East Seventy-seventh Street and told him:

"If I am not back here at eight-fifteen come in after me. If you don't find me go to my house and wait until ten. My man has instructions. See my father."

Tom was Merriwether enough to have in readiness not only an extra revolver to give to his friend but also a heavy cane and an electric torch. Also he drove Huntington to within a hair's-breadth of death by unsatisfied curiosity.

At one minute before eight Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether went into the house of mystery, realizing for the first time how often the mystic number seven recurred. The Bible teemed with allusions to the seven stars, the seven seals, the seven-branched candlestick, the seven mortal sins. The Greeks had Seven Wise Men and Seven Sleepers, and the Pythagoreans saw magic in all the heptamerides. And there were seven notes of music and seven primary colors and seven hills in the Eternal City. Also, it had never before occurred to him that he was born on the seventh day of the seventh month. And now it had its effect.

He tried the door. It opened when he turned the knob. The hall was dark, but he could descry the staircase. He grasped his revolver firmly and entered.

There was a smell of undusted floors and unaired walls. The darkness thickened with each step as he climbed, compelling him to grope. And because he groped there came to him the fear that always comes with uncertainty. It permeated his soul and was intensified, without becoming more concrete, by reason of the ghostly emptiness peculiar to all unoccupied houses. The absence of furniture served merely to fill the corners with shadows that bred uneasiness. People had been there; people no longer were! The house was empty of humanity, but full of other beings—impalpable suspects that made the flesh creep! It was like death—unseen, but felt with the senses of the soul.

There was no place, decided Tom, so fit to murder people in as an empty house. His adventure now took on an aspect of reckless folly. But though he felt in this ghostly house what might be called the ghost of fear, he also felt the impelling force of an intelligent curiosity. In this young man's soul was a love of adventure, a gambler's philosophy, a reserve force of cold intelligence and warm imagination such as is found in the great explorers, the great chemists and the great buccaneers of dollars.

That was why in the year of grace 1913 Tom Merriwether stood in the middle of the second-story front room of a house situated in a very good street, only three doors from Fifth Avenue, with his left hand outstretched, and on the open palm of it a cross with a Greek name that meant Dispeller of Darkness—in a darkness that could not be dispelled. His right hand grasped the butt of an automatic .45 loaded with elephant-stopping bullets—but of what avail was that against a knock in the head from behind?

Listening for soft footsteps, he seemed to hear them time and again—and time and again not to hear them! People nowadays, he finally decided, do not want to take

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Chas. C. Moore, President of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, has purchased a Haynes four-cylinder car equipped with the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift.

Worthy of note is the fact that this car is the twenty-seventh owned by Mr. Moore. It is in constant use—much more so than were any of its twenty-six predecessors, and, due largely to its simplicity of control, Mr. Moore frankly admits that only now is he deriving the real pleasures of motoring. No doubt about it—the hand shift method suffers by comparison.

Before you buy, look over other cars at the price you want to pay, compare the specifications, part for part, with those of the Haynes. Here are a few facts regarding the

HAYNES

America's First Car

The Haynes motor has a bore of 4¼ in. and stroke of 5½ in.; cylinders cast in pairs; L-head design; valves enclosed; with a dynamometer rating of 65 and 48 horsepower on the "six" and "four," respectively. Ignition is provided by the American Simms Dual High Tension Magneto; carburetion, by the Stromberg device; electric lighting and starting, by the Leece-Neville *separate unit* system; and cooling by centrifugal pump, pressed steel fan and cellular radiator.

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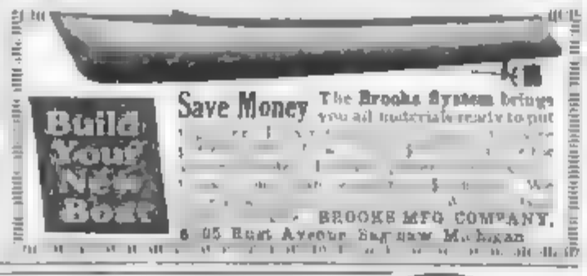

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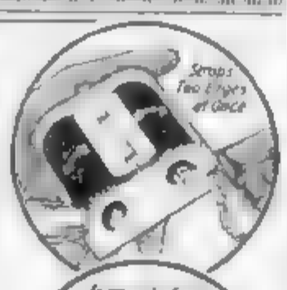

Simply lay blade in holder and turn—strops first one side, then the other, at every turn—the correct principle of stropping reduced to mechanical accuracy. Never [illegible] fails. Small, handsome, fascinating. Pays for itself in a year, then "the shaving and the saving are BOTH velvet." Guaranteed for 10 years. Sold by leading dealers on 30 days' trial. Ask for booklet telling all about it.

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other people's lives—only their money. Whereupon he once more grew calm—and intensely curious! He had not one cent of money on his person. He had left it at home intentionally.

Presently he thought he heard sounds—faint musical murmurings in the air about him, low wailings of violins, scarcely more than Æolian harpings, and pipings as of tiny flutes—almost indistinguishable. Then a delicate swish-swish, as of silken garments. Also, there came to him a subtle fragrance that turned into an odorous sigh changing into a summer breath of sweet peas; and he imagined—he must have imagined—hearing "I do love you!" ah, so softly!

He smelled now the odor of sweet peas, which stirred sleeping memories without fully awakening them, as all flower odors do by what the psychologists call association. He heard "I do love you!"—and then the Dispeller of Darkness was taken from his outstretched hand.

He stood there, his muscles tense, braced for a shock, ready for a life struggle, perhaps half a minute before the sound of footsteps retreating in the hall outside recalled to him his instructions. He vehemently desired to follow and see who it was that had taken the Dispeller of Darkness; but he had pledged his word not to. He hesitated.

The odor of sweet peas was flooding him as with waves. And he heard "I do love you!"—heard it again and again with the inner ear of his soul, the listener of delights. He thrilled at the thought of being loved. It made him incredibly happy. He felt unbelievably young!

Suddenly it occurred to him that he had not counted a hundred as he had promised, though he must have spent more than a minute woolgathering. He counted a hundred as fast as he could and then hastened from the room. It was plain that Tom Merriwether was already doing incredible things or, at least, failing to do the obvious. Great is the power of suggestion on an imaginative mind!

He flashed his electric torch. He was in a bare room with a dusty hardwood floor, ivory-tinted wainscoting and a Colonial mantel. The hall was empty. He walked down the stairs, his steps raising disquieting echoes and creepy creakings.

Mindful of his waiting friend outside he quickly walked out of the gloom into which he had carried the Dispeller of Darkness of Apollonius of Tyana, the cross of the seven emeralds. Huntington Andrews saw him coming and crossed over to meet him.

"How did you make out, Tom?"

"I'm a fool, Huntington; and so are you! And so is everybody!"

"Right-o!" agreed Andrews, who was inveterately amiable and loved Tom.

"It's the most diabolical ——" Tom paused.

"Yes, it is," agreed Huntington Andrews, so obviously anxious to dispel his friend's ill temper that Tom laughed and said cheerfully:

"Come on, me brave bucko!" And together they walked to the corner and headed for 777 Blank Avenue.

"Huntington, you wait here; and if I am not back by nine-forty-five go to my house. At ten o'clock have my valet deliver the letter I gave him for my father. You can be of help to the governor if you will."

And Huntington Andrews asked no questions—he was a friend.

Tom rang the bell of 777. The door opened. One of the four over-intelligent-looking footmen stepped to one side respectfully.

"Is your ——" began Tom.

"Yes, Mr. Merriwether," answered the man with a deference such as only royalty elicits.

He then delivered Tom to footman Number Two, who in turn escorted him as far as Number Three: then Number Four led him to the door of the master's library. The footman knocked, opened the door and announced, with a curious solemnity:

"Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, 7-7 77."

The strange man was there in his armchair, his back to the window. The room was lit by candles. The man rose and said respectfully:

"I thank you, Mr. Merriwether."

"Don't mention it," said Tom amiably.

The man bowed his head and looked at Tom meditatively. Tom was the first to break the silence.

(Continued on Page 53)

Last week that foot had corns. But the owner read of **Blue-jay.**

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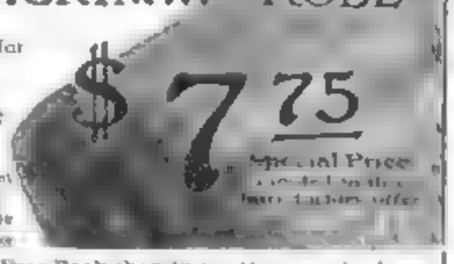

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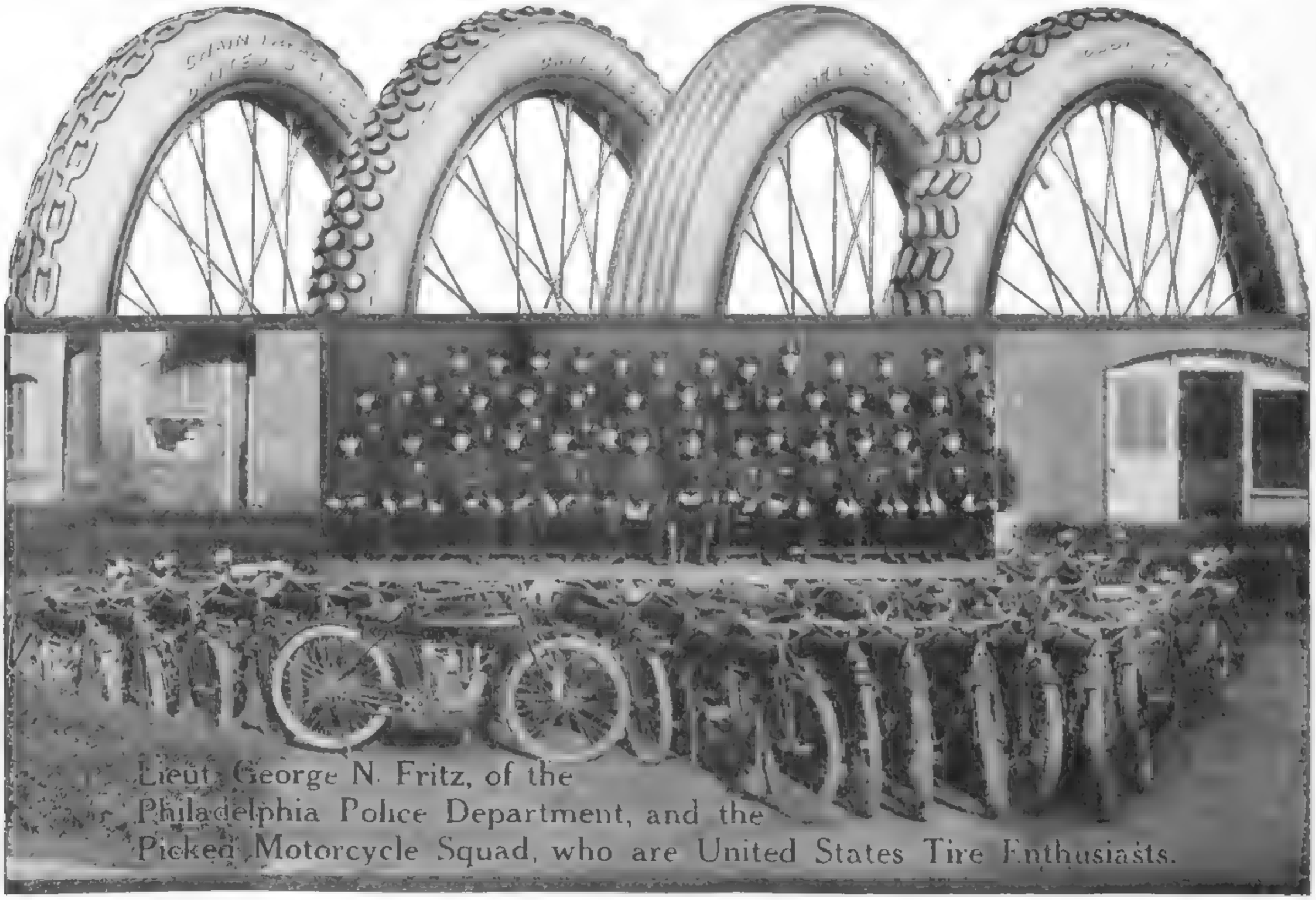

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United States Tires help police departments to rely on the motorcycle as an aid in preserving law and order

The safety, low cost, reliability and speed of the motorcycle have made it invaluable to the police.

The Motorcycle Policeman gives his tires the hardest of service. His duty takes him over roads that other riders avoid. Frequently he trusts his very life to his tires. United States Tires withstand hard police service everywhere.

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Today United States Motorcycle Tires stand alone—in a class absolutely by themselves and are acknowledged to be the standard motorcycle tires of the world.

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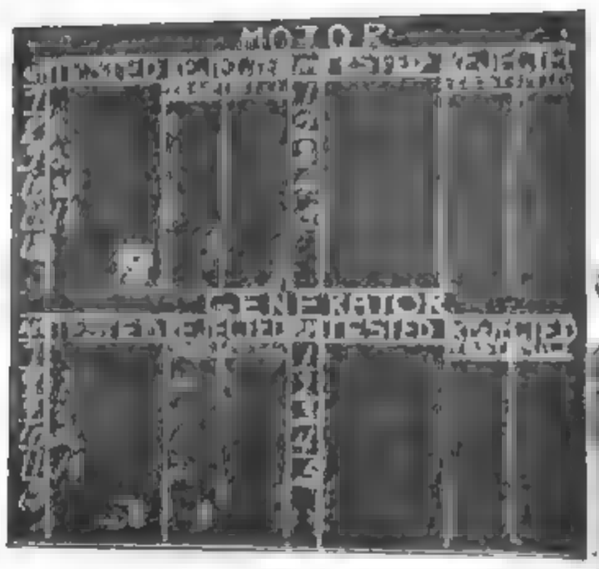

Testing the generator for- *The* Starter that is built to order.

An automobile starter is composed of a motor, a generator and a storage battery. The motor does the cranking, the generator manufactures the current to operate the motor and the lights, and the storage battery stores the current until it is needed.

If the starting motor is bigger and more powerful than the car needs, it requires more current to operate it. That means a larger generator, which, in turn, means extra power taken from the engine, and extra weight added for the engine to carry.

The ideal combination is a starting motor that develops the energy actually needed to crank the engine under the maximum resistance, plus a sufficient overage for any emergency—and a generator that takes only enough energy from the engine to supply the current needed by the starting motor and the lights. That is precisely what you get in

The Wagner Starter

Being designed and built to order when the engine is built, it is possible to build both a starting motor and generator exactly suited to the car—no compromise of either is necessary.

Wagner engineers scientifically measure the engine and positively determine what is required to crank it in its most obstinate moods. From these measurements, a starter is designed and built according to specifications.

Then comes the testing. The exact equivalent of the maximum resistance offered by the engine is applied to the motor, by brakes, and the current required to turn the engine, under such resistance, is recorded and compared with the specification chart at the tester's elbow.

The generator is also tested to prove three things. First, that it will generate the current needed; second, that it takes the minimum power from the engine; third, that it is silent.

The latter test is made in a small room, from which all outside sounds are excluded by heavy brick walls. After having passed all other tests, the starter must prove that it will do its work silently, as well as efficiently.

No starter that does not measure up to all of these requirements gets as far as the car for which it was built. That explains, in part, why the Wagner Starter does its work so well in day to day service.

The other part of the explanation lies in Wagner, Quality. In building the Wagner Starter, Wagner engineers work at their specialty. For 23 years, they have been specializing on motors, both single-phase and poly-phase, generators, converters, transformers, and electrical instruments of precision. They have brought these things to a state of perfection that has made Wagner, Quality a hall mark of excellence.

The reputation of Wagner, Quality is the best guarantee that the Wagner Starter, on the car you buy, is the best starter that can be built for that particular car.

IF you are interested in starters ask any agent of a Wagner Started car for a demonstration of Wagner efficiency. Also write for our book, "The Starter that is made to order."

If you are interested in motors and other Wagner, Quality products, and the Wagner service behind them, confer with the nearest Wagner Branch and Service Station, or write

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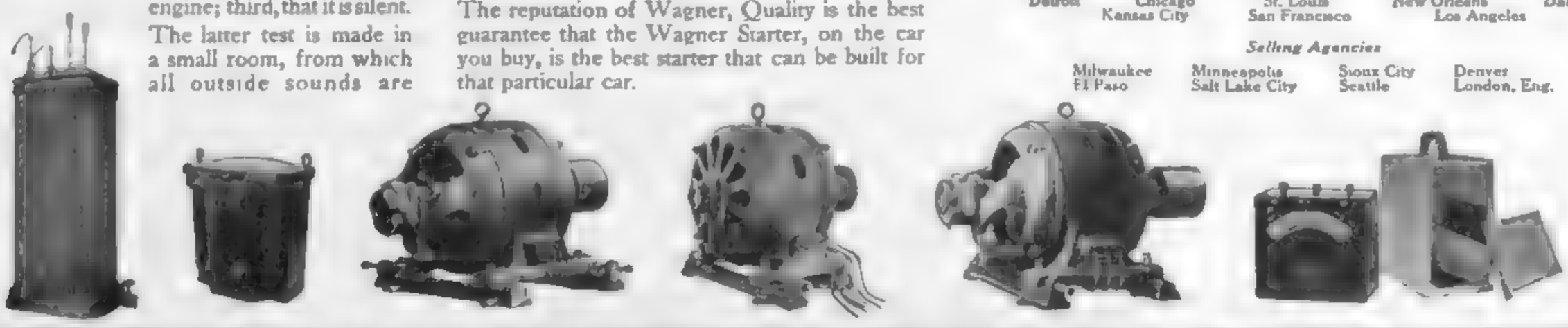

The name Wagner on electrical apparatus is equivalent to the Sterling mark on silver

(Continued from Page 50)

"May I ask what ——" Tom began, but was checked by the other, who held up his right hand with the gesture of a traffic policeman and said slowly:

"A message in the dark! You carried one to another soul, who waited for it. And that other soul is taking one to you. Some day you will meet her. You will marry her. There is no doubt whatever of that. None! Ask me no questions, Mr. Merriwether. I ask nothing of you—no money, no time, no services, no work, no favors—nothing! Your fate is not in my hands. It never was! You will follow your destiny. It will take you by the hand and lead you to her!"

"That is very nice of destiny."

"My young friend, you are very rich, very powerful. You can do everything. You fear nothing. This is the year 1913. But I tell you this: The woman who will be your wife in this world and throughout eternity has received your message. It was ordained from the beginning. You have not seen her; you have not heard her; you have not touched her. And yet you will know her when you see her and when you hear her and when you feel her. Into the darkness you went. Out of the darkness she will come. Nothing you can do can change it. Improve your hours by thinking of her. Think of the love you have to give her! Think of it constantly! Of your love! Yours! Of hers you cannot guess. The love you will give will make her your mate! Your love! And so, Thomas Thorne Merriwether, think of the One Woman!"

"I think ——"

"I know! Amusement, sneers, skepticism, anger—all are one to me. I ask nothing, expect nothing, desire nothing and fear nothing from you, young sir. A queer experience this—eh? An unexplained and apparently unconcluded little game! A plot? A joke? A piece of lunacy? Call it anything you wish. Again I thank you. Good evening, Mr. Merriwether."

And Tom was politely ushered from the room by the strange man and from the house by the four overintelligent footmen.

III

NEXT day Tom Merriwether found himself unable to think of anything but the mystery of the fateful Tuesday. He felt baffled. His curiosity had been repulsed at every step. In their definite incomprehensibility all the incidents that he so vividly recalled took on an irritating quality that made him a morose and uncomfortable companion. Huntington Andrews noticed it at luncheon; and so admirable was the quality of his amiability that after the coffee he said:

"Tom, I've got important business to attend to today, and if you don't mind I'll be off now. Of course if you think I can help you in any way all you have to do is to tell me what to do."

"Huntington, you are the best friend in the world. I've been thinking ——"

Tom paused and stared into vacancy. He was trying to recall whether the man at 777 Blank Avenue had a criminal look about the eyes. Huntington Andrews rose very quietly and walked away. He knew his friend wished to think—alone.

Lost in his exasperating speculations Tom finally ceased thinking of the man and began to think of the girl. Was the game to rouse his interest in an unknown, later to be introduced to him? Was the scheme one that involved an adventuress? Why all the claptrap? And why had his thoughts, in spite of himself, dwelt so persistently on love and somebody to love? Why had the springtime—since the night before—come to mean a time for loving? Why had he begun to see, in flashes, tantalizing glimpses of rosy cheeks and bright eyes? Why had he permitted his own mind to be influenced by the strange man's remarks, so that Tom Merriwether was indeed thinking—if he would be honest with himself—of marriage? Was his affinity on her way to him at this very moment, as the man said? He began to hope she was.

He dined at home and was so preoccupied at the table that even his father noticed it.

"What's up, Tom?"

"What? Oh! Nothing, dad! I was just thinking."

"Terrible thing, my boy—thinking at mealtime," said E. H. Merriwether with a self-conscious look of badinage.

"Yes, it is. I'll quit."

"Is it anything about which you need advice—or help, my boy?" said the great little railroad dynast very carelessly.

His eyes never left his son's face; but when Tom raised his gaze to meet his father's the elder Merriwether showed no interest. Tom knew his father and felt the paternal love that insisted on concealing itself as though it were a weakness.

"No, indeed. There is nothing the matter—really. I was thinking I'd like to do a man's work. I guess you'd better let me go with you on your next tour of inspection."

The face of the czar of the Southwestern & Pacific lighted up.

"Will you?" he said, with an eagerness that made his voice almost tremble.

"Yes."

And that evening E. H. Merriwether delivered a long lecture on railroad strategy and railroad financing to his son, which brought them very close to each other.

On the next day, however, all thoughts of being his great father's successor were subordinated to the feeling that, if Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether had to be the successor of a railroad man, he should himself take steps to provide his own successors. Feeling that he was his father's son made him think of paternity. And that made him think of the message he had delivered in the dark and of the message the man had said would some day come to Tom Merriwether. He drew a deep breath and thought he smelled sweet peas. And that somehow made him think of the girl he should marry. Try as he might he could not quite see her face. He thought he kissed her, and he inhaled the fragrance of sweet peas. Her complexion was beautiful. No more!

On the afternoon of the third day Tom decided that he was wasting too much time in thinking of the possible meaning of his queer experience, and also that it was of little use trying not to think about it. Therefore he would try to put an end to the perplexity.

He went to 777 Blank Avenue and rang the bell. A footman opened the door and stared at him icily. Tom perceived he was not one of the men whose faces looked too intelligent for footmen.

"I wish to see Mr.—er—your master."

"Does he expect you, sir?" The tone was not so respectful as footmen in Blank Avenue houses used in speaking to the heir of the Merriwether millions.

"No; but he knows me."

"Who knows you, sir?"

"Your master."

"Could you tell me his name, sir?"

"No; but I can tell you mine."

"He's not at home, sir."

"I'm Mr. Merriwether. Say I wish to speak to him a moment."

"I'm sorry, sir. He's not in."

The footman was so unimpressed by the name of Merriwether that Tom experienced a new sensation, one which made him less sure of his own powers. He took out a card and a banknote and held them out toward the man.

"I am anxious to see him."

"I'm sorry. I can't take it, sir," said the footman, with such melancholy sincerity that Tom smiled at the torture of the Cockney soul.

Then he ceased to smile. The master of this mysterious house had compelled even the footmen to obey him!

"But if you will call again in an hour, sir, I think perhaps, sir ——"

"Thank you. Take it anyhow!"

He again held out the banknote. The man saw it was for twenty dollars and almost turned green.

"I—I d-daresent, sir!" he whimpered, and closed his eyes with the expression of an anchoret resolved not to see the beautiful temptress.

Tom left him, walked over to the park and sat down on a bench. He settled down to think calmly over the mysterious affair and looked about him.

The grass in the turf places had taken on a definite green, as though it were May. The trees were not yet in leaf, making the grass-greenness seem a trifle premature, but Tom noticed that the buds on the trees and shrubs were bursting; there were little feathery tips of tender red and pale green—tiny wings about to flutter upward because the sun and the sky beckoned to them to go where it was bright and warm. The sky was of a spotless turquoise, as though the spring cleaning up there had been thorough. The clouds were of silver freshly burnished for the occasion. The air was alive, laden with subtle thrills; it throbbed invisibly, as though the light were life, and life were love. He saw hundreds of sparrows, and they all twittered; and all the twitterings

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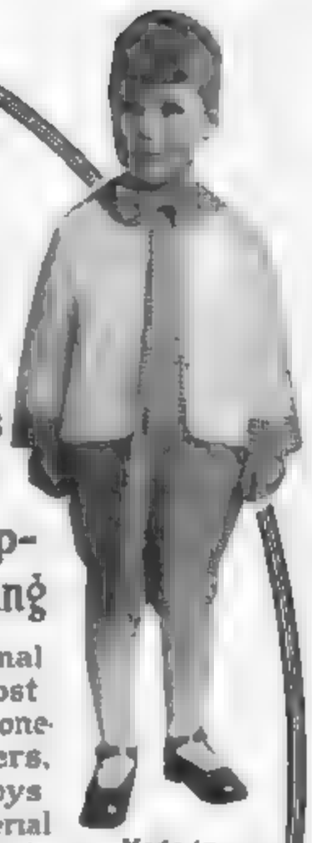

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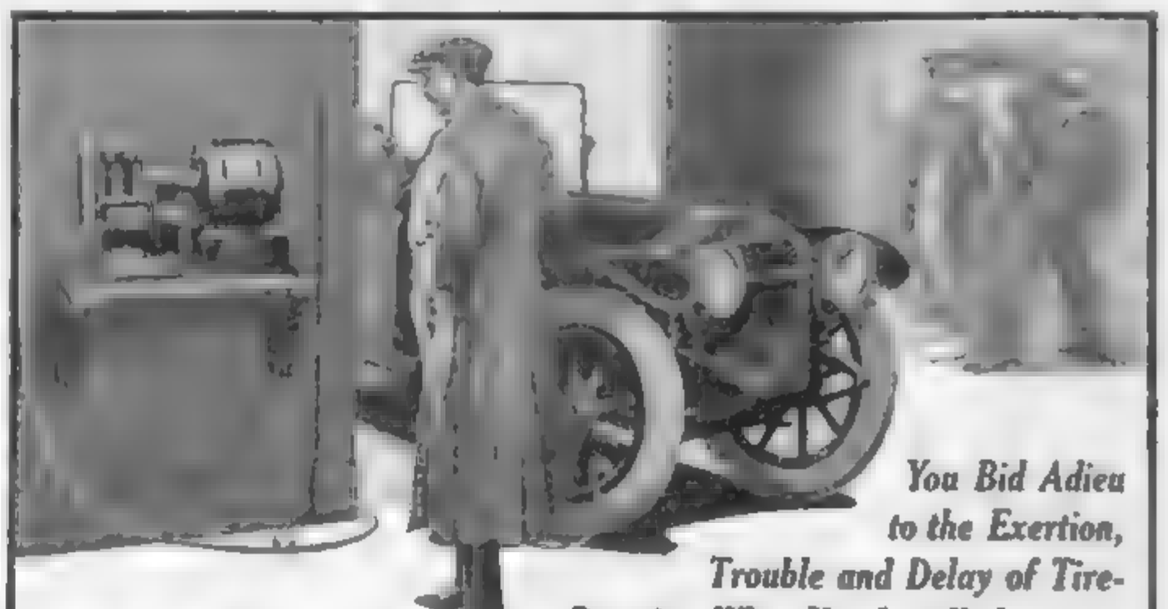

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MASTER GARAGE PUMP

An actual necessity for every well-equipped private garage—a wonderful convenience that soon pays for itself in saving of time, exertion and tires. The pressure gauge insures the keeping of your tires at the right inflation essential to long life.

Will completely inflate a 37x5 tire to 90 lbs. pressure in less than three minutes. The most powerful equipment of its size on the market—12 inches high, 18-inch base, 8 inches in width.

May be set on floor or mounted on small shelf—out of the way—but always ready for service. Equipment consists of a two cylinder pump driven by a small electric motor and mounted on small frame. 20 feet of best reinforced rubber air-hose furnished. General Elec. Co. motors used. Pistons of special steel carefully hardened and ground to exact size. No rubber or leather packing rings used in entire construction. This insures delivery of pure air, absolutely free from oil, and maximum efficiency at all times as well as great wearing qualities. With ordinary care this outfit should last at least ten years.

Rawhide gears used to connect motor to pump. Outfit is thus made practically noiseless.

No installation expense. Necessary only to connect motor with ordinary electric light circuit. No tank required. Pump delivers pure air in a steady stream directly to tires.

10 DAYS TRIAL OFFER AND GUARANTEE

We will refund purchase price on return of pump after 10 days trial, if so requested. We guarantee "Master" Garage Pumps for one year against defects of material and workmanship. Price Complete with alternating current motor, $60.00. Price Complete with direct current motor, $55.00.

Our stock motors are for 110 volt direct current and 110 volt single phase 60 cycle alternating current, but where necessary we can furnish motors for 220 volt direct current, 110 volt, 25 or 40 cycle alternating current or 220 volt 25, 40 or 60 cycle alternating current. *Send your order today. Be sure to state current conditions.*

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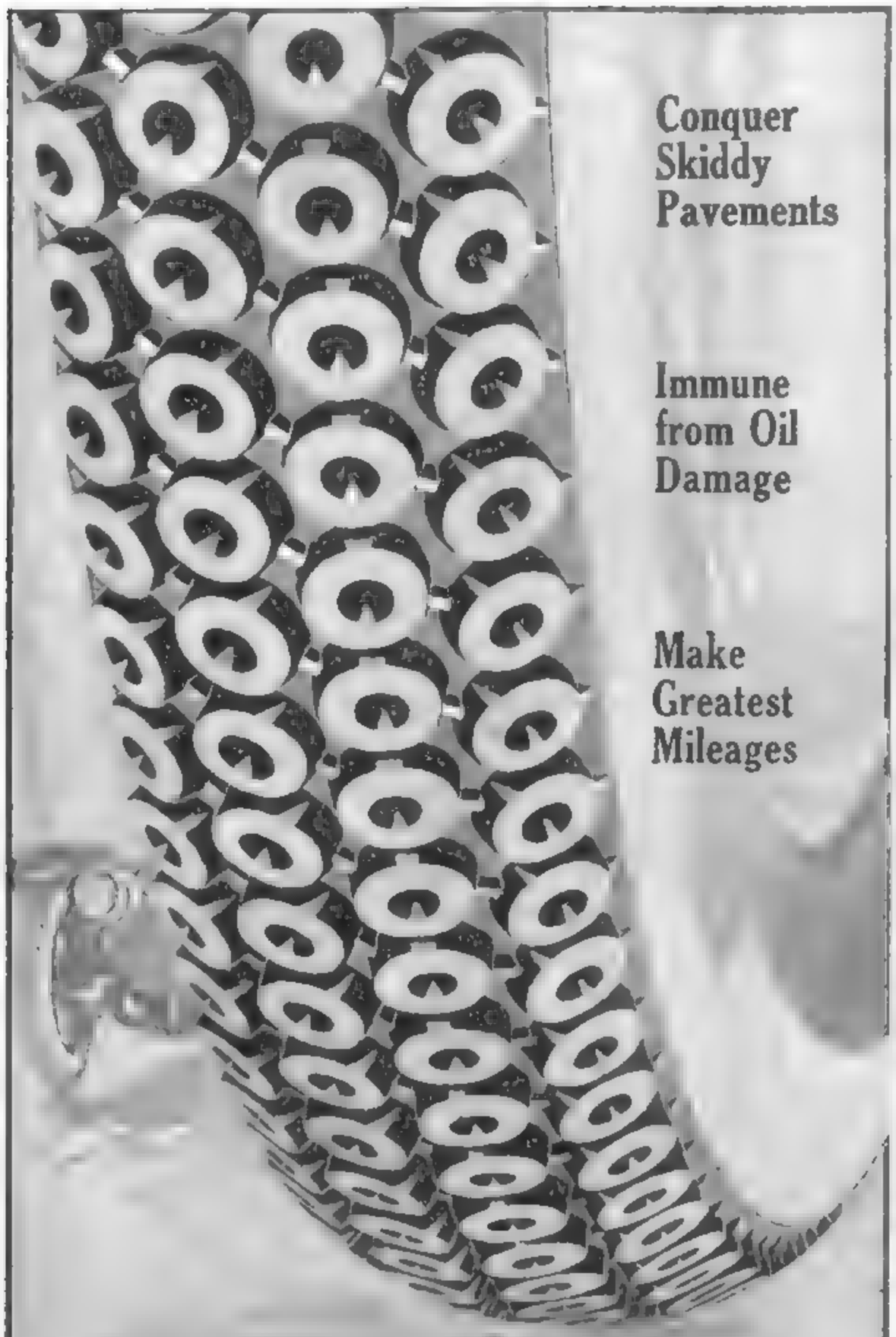

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Lewis Mfg. Co., 1105 Lafayette, Bay City, Mich.

were very, very shrill, and yet very, very musical. And, also, they twittered in couples that hopped and darted and aërially zigzagged—always together and always twittering!

A policeman stopped and said something to a nursemaid. The nursemaid said something to the policeman. He was young and she was pretty. Then the policeman said nothing to the nursemaid, and the nursemaid said nothing to the policeman. Then two faces turned red. Then one face nodded yes. Then the other face walked away, swinging a club; and—by all that was marvelous!—swinging the club in time to the tune the sparrows were twittering—in couples—the same tune, as though the clubswinger's soul were whistling it!

Tom smiled uncertainly—he wanted to give money, lots of it, to the policeman and to the nursemaid; and he knew it was impossible—it was too obviously the intelligent thing to do! So, instead, he drew a deep breath.

Instantly there came to him not the odor of spring and of green things growing, but of sweet peas and summer winds, and changing, evanescent faces pink-and-white as flowers, with flower-odor associations and eyes full of glints and brightnesses that recalled dewdrops and sunlight and stars. And these glittering points shifted in tune to the twittering of birds and the swinging of park policemen's clubs!

Love was in the air! Love was making Tom Merriwether impatient, as that love which is the love of loving always makes the mateless man.

He could no longer sit calmly. He could not sit at all. He craved to do something, to do anything, so long as it was motion. Therefore he walked briskly northward. At Ninetieth Street he halted abruptly. He had begun to walk mechanically and he could think of what he did not wish to think. So he shook himself free from the spell and walked back.

An hour had passed. He again rang the bell of 777. The same footman opened the door.

"Is he in?" asked Tom impatiently.

"Yes, sir—he is, sir. I told him the moment he came in, sir." He looked as uncomfortable as a lifelong habit of impassivity permitted.

"What did he say?" asked Tom.

"He said: 'How much did he offer to give you when you said I wasn't at home?' Yes, sir. That's what he asked me."

"And you said?"

"I said it was a yellowback, sir. That's all I could see. I said I wouldn't take it, and he said I might just as well have taken it. Thank you, sir! This way, sir."

The footman led the way to the door in the rear, rapped, and in the sonorous, triumphant voice that a twenty-dollar tip will give to any menial he announced:

"Mr. Merriwether!"

The same man was in the same chair in the same room, with his back to the stained-glass window. Tom recalled all the incidents of his previous visits—recalled every detail. Also the old question: What is the game? Also the new question: Where is she?

The man rose and bowed. It was the bow of a social equal, Tom saw.

"Good morning, Mr. Merriwether. Won't you be seated, sir?" And he motioned him to a chair.

"Thank you."

"How can I serve you?"

"Who is the woman?" said Tom abruptly.

"Your fate!" answered the man.

"Her name?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Her address?"

"I don't know it."

"What is your game?"

"I have money enough for my whims and time enough to gratify my desire to help you. Eugenics is my hobby. I recognize that I cannot fight against the decree of destiny."

"I am tired of all this humbug."

"I ask nothing of you now. You can go or you can come. You can go to India or to Patagonia—or even farther. You may send detectives and lawyers, or even thugs, to me. You may cease your search for her—if you can!"

"You have roused my curiosity ——"

"That is a sign of intelligence."

"I tell you now that I don't believe a word of what you say."

"Free country, young man."

"I've had enough of this nonsense ——"

"Though I am always glad to see you, young sir, and would not wound your feelings for worlds"—the man's voice was very polite but also very cold—"I might be forgiven for observing that I did not ask you to call."

"I'll give you a thousand dollars ——"

The man stopped him with a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"One of the pearls I offered you, Mr. Merriwether, is valued at ten thousand dollars. You did not select that one; but I'll exchange the one you took for it now if you wish."

"That's all very well; but ——" Tom paused and the man cut in:

"Do you wish to see her from a safe distance? Or do you wish to talk to her without seeing her? Or ——"

"To see her and talk to her!"

"Wait!"

The man intently regarded the tip of Tom's left shoe for fully five minutes. Then he raised his head and clapped his hands twice. The black manservant with the fez appeared.

The man said something in Arabic—at least it sounded so to Tom. The black answered. The man spoke again. The black replied.

The man said what sounded to Tom like: "*Ay adad.*"

The negro answered: "*Al-sabi! Al-sabi wal Saboun.*"

The man waved his hand dismissingly and the negro salaamed and left the room.

After a moment the man turned to Tom and said with obvious perplexity:

"I am not sure it is wise for me to meddle, but perhaps it is written that I am to help you three times. Who knows?"

He stared into Tom's eyes as though he would read a word there—either yes or no. But Tom said, a trifle impatiently:

"Well, sir?"

"Go to the opera tonight. Take seat H 77. No other seat will do."

"H 77—tonight," repeated Thomas Thorne Merriwether.

"The opera is Madama Butterfly."

"Thanks," said Tom and started for the door. He halted when the man spoke:

"It is the seat back of G 77. None other will do."

"Good day, sir," said Tom, and left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Combination Cure

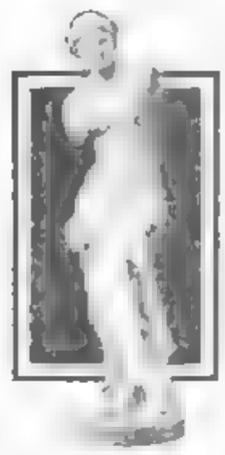
SUCH a combination of the most modern surgical and medical methods and devices was used recently in London to save the life of a boy aviator who had been badly injured in the fall of his monoplane that the case is attracting the attention of medical men in all countries.

The aviator's left leg was badly broken and was treated by one of the new practices. The broken bones were spliced by metal plates called Lane's Plates. It had been feared that lockjaw might develop from the tear in his leg caused by the broken bones at the time of the fall; and after the bones had been spliced the dreaded lockjaw appeared. Tetanus or lockjaw antitoxin was then injected into his back. This helped, but did not entirely stop the progress of the dreaded infection; so his leg had to be amputated.

For various reasons it was inadvisable and dangerous to give him ether in the ordinary way to produce unconsciousness during the operation; so he was anesthetized by injections direct into the blood. From then on for many days it was a battle to save him from death as a result of the shock of the operation, his other injuries and his weakness.

Antispasmodics and other drugs were given by injection, and at times he was kept alive by having him breathe oxygen bubbling through alcohol. Altogether, six of the most recent medical and surgical methods were used in addition to many ordinary ones, and in two months he was discharged from the hospital cured.

Countess Potocka



$5,000 *for* Photographs *of* America's Fifty Loveliest Women

Ansco Company will present to the world at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, photographs of America's 50 loveliest women. Camera users of the United States and Canada, whether amateur or professional, are invited to make these photographs. Ansco Company will pay the sum of $5,000.00 for the 50 chosen pictures.

IN little villages and great cities of America live women whose grace and beauty and personal charm would easily place them among the most fascinating in the world. *You* of the little village and *you* of the great cities know these women. And you can present their beauty before the world. Does that interest you? Will *you* help?

Poets, artists and historians have perpetuated the glories of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra, of Salome; Poppæa Sabina, Francesca da Rimini, Marie Antoinette, Mary of Scotland, Josephine, and many other beauties of ancient days; but what of the lady of your own home-place whose loveliness excels them all?

Will you help Ansco Company perpetuate her glories?

Women whose charms have made and unmade kings are unquestionably fascinating, but in America—in the smallest villages and largest cities—one sees hundreds of feminine faces that for genuine loveliness eclipse the renowned beauties of olden times.

Somewhere in this land your "loveliest woman" lives—a wife, a mother, a sister, or a sweetheart or friend, but surely *some one* somewhere. It should be *your* pride and *your* effort that places *your* "loveliest woman" among the fifty whose fascination excels those of whom the poets sang. *Her* picture should be among "America's 50 loveliest women."

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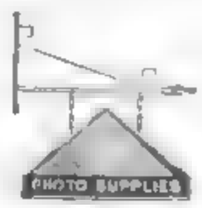
Conditions of this $5,000.00 contest are very simple. The Ansco dealer in your town will present you with full information and instructions with our compliments, or we will gladly mail you copies of the contest folder, if you will write



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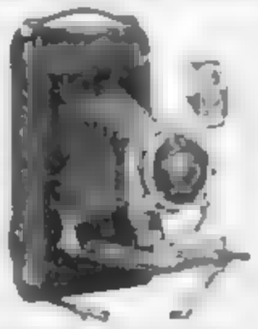
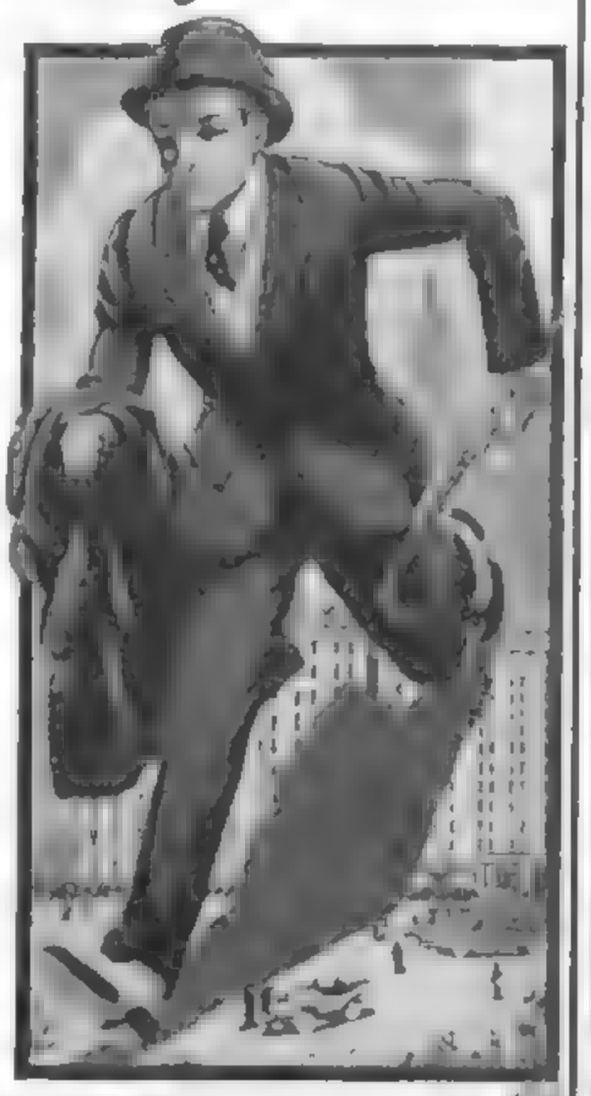
produces the Ansco, the amateur camera of professional quality; Ansco color-value film; Cyko, the paper that gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade, and Ansco photo chemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been proven many years by amateurs and professionals.

The No. 3A Ansco Speedex takes 3¼ x 5½ size pictures and is equipped with a high grade Ansco Anastigmat lens and Optimo shutter with a maximum speed of 1/100th of a second. The price is $55.00



The shock of your daily steps



The jolt of your entire weight coming down on your heels in a two-mile walk gives you a total shock as great as if you stepped off a 16-story building.

If you wear heels of hard leather, this tremendous shock, amounting to hundreds of tons, is carried directly through your spine and nervous system every day.

Protect yourself with *O'Sullivan's Heels of new, live rubber.* Have them put on the shoes you work in, walk in, play in or dance in. They will take up the shock and save you from the resulting fatigue, nerve fag and exhaustion.

They will increase your comfort and pleasure; make you more active and energetic and give you a brisk, youthful stride.

O'Sullivan's Heels cost but 50 cents a pair, attached. All shoemakers and shoe dealers will attach them to your shoes when you buy them, or at any other time. If you prefer, send us 35c and a tracing of your heel, and we will mail you a pair. O'Sullivan Rubber Co., 131 Hudson Street, New York.

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Ask your dealer for HAZZARD SHOES made with **O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS** right on them. If he does not carry them, send us his name and get our catalogue. It shows and describes *seventeen* newest styles of comfortable, serviceable shoes in stock.

Stock No. 011A (as illustrated)—Made of Gun Metal, with a soft Mat Kid top, on our new medium high round toe. Medium Military O'SULLIVAN'S HEEL. **(Price $3.00)**

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GARDINER, MAINE

THE IDLE BOY

Is usually his mother's care and the neighbors' aversion. His mischief, his noise, are generally the result of having nothing particular to do.

Few boys can be taught industry by the willow-stick method. You must substitute some incentive to his voluntary action in conformance with your wishes. You must get the boy *to teach himself.*

How you can solve your boy problem is told in "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" an interesting, to-the-point booklet written for parents. About 10,000 parents and not a few "neighbors" have written for it. Upon request we will send you a copy, free of charge. Write to

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILA., PA.

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 14)

him—and then, mutually filled with an envious despair, they would go apart and hold a grand lodge of sorrow together.

Also, he constantly wears his spurs and his sword; he wears them even when he is in a café in the evening listening to the orchestra, drinking beer and allowing an admiring civilian to pay the check—and that apparently is every evening.

There was one Austrian colonel who came one night into a café in Vienna where we were and sat down at the table next to us; and he put our eyes right out and made all the lights dim and flickery. His epaulets were two hairbrushes of augmented size, gold-mounted; his Plimsoll marks were outlined in bullion, and along his garboard strake ran lines of gold braid; but strangest of all to observe was the locality where he wore what appeared to be his service stripes. Instead of being on his sleeves they were at the extreme southern exposure of his coattails; I presume an Austrian officer acquires merit by sitting down.

This particular officer's saber kept jingling, and so did his spurs, and so did his bracelet. I almost forgot the bracelet. It was an ornate affair of gold links fastened on his left wrist with a big gold locket, and it kept slipping down over his hand and rattling against his cuff. The chain bracelet locked on the left wrist is very common among Austrian officers; it adds just the final needed touch. I did not see any of them carrying lorgnettes or shower bouquets.

One opportunity is afforded the European who is neither a soldier nor a hotel cashier to dress himself up in comic-opera clothes—and that is when he a-hunting goes. An American going hunting puts on his oldest and most serviceable clothes—a European his giddiest, gayest, gladdest regalia. We were so favored by gracious circumstances as to behold several Englishmen suitably attired for the chase.

The conventional morning costume of an English gentleman expecting to call informally on a pheasant or something during the course of the forenoon consisted, in the main, of a perfect dear of a Norfolk jacket, all over plaits and pockets, with large leather buttons like oak-galls adhering thickly to it, with a belt high up under the arms and a saucy tail sticking out behind; knee-breeches; a high stock collar; shin-high leggings of buff or white, and a special hat—a truly adorable confection by the world's leading he-milliner.

The Sports of a King

If you dared to wear such an outfit afield in America the very dickeybirds would fall into fits as you passed—the very chipmunks would lean out of the trees and just naturally laugh you to death! But in a land where the woodlands are well-kept groves, and the undergrowth, instead of being weedy and briery, is sweet-scented fern and gorse and bracken, I suppose it is all eminently correct.

Thus appareled the Englishman goes to Scotland to shoot the grouse, the gillie, the heather cock, the niblick, the haggis and other Scotch game.

Thus appareled he ranges the preserves of his own fat, fair shires in ardent pursuit of the English rabbit, which pretty nearly corresponds to the guinea pig, but is not so ferocious; and the English hare, which is first cousin to our molly cottontail; and the English pheasant—but particularly the pheasant.

There was great excitement while we were in England concerning the pheasants. Either the pheasants were preying on the mangel-wurzels or the mangel-wurzels were preying on the pheasants. At any rate it had something to do with the Land Bill—practically everything that happens in England has something to do with the Land Bill—and Lloyd George was in a free state of perspiration over it; and the papers were full of it and there was generally a great pother over it.

We saw pheasants by the score. We saw them first from the windows of our railroad carriage—big, beautiful birds nearly as large as barnyard fowls and as tame, feeding in the bare cabbage patches, regardless of the train chugging by not thirty yards away; and later we saw them again at still closer range as we strolled along the haw-and-holly-lined roads of the wonderful southern counties. They would scuttle on ahead of us, weaving in and out of the hedgerows; and finally, when we insisted on it and flung pebbles at them to emphasize our desires, they would get up, with a great drumming of wings and a fine comet-like display of flowing tailfeathers on the part of the cock birds, and go booming away to what passes in Sussex and Kent for dense cover—meaning by that thickets such as you may find in the upper end of Central Park.

They say King George is one of the best pheasant-shots in England. He also collects postage stamps when not engaged in his regular regal duties, such as laying cornerstones for new workhouses and receiving presentation addresses from charity children. I have never shot pheasants; but, having seen them in their free state as above described, and having in my youth collected postage stamps intermittently, I should say, speaking offhand, that of the two pursuits postage-stamp collecting is infinitely the more exciting and dangerous.

Exciting Sport in October

Through the closed season the keepers mind the pheasants, protecting them from poachers and feeding them on selected grain; but a day comes in October when the hunters go forth and take their stands at spaced intervals along a cleared aisle flanking the woods; then the beaters dive into the woods from the opposite side, and when the tame and trusting creatures come clustering about their feet expecting provender the beaters scare them up, by waving their umbrellas at them, I think, and the pheasants go rocketing into the air—rocketing is the correct sporting term—go rocketing into the air like a flock of Sunday supplements; and the gallant gunner downs them in great multitudes, always taking due care to avoid mussing his clothes. For after all the main question is not "What did he kill?" but "How does he look?"

At that, I hold no brief for the pheasant—except when served with breadcrumb dressing and currant jelly he is no friend of mine. It ill becomes Americans, with our own record behind us, to chide other people for the senseless murder of wild things; and besides, speaking personally, I have a reasonably open mind on the subject of wild-game shooting.

Myself, I shot a wild duck once. He was not flying at the time. He was, as the stockword goes, setting. I had no self-reproaches afterward however. As between that duck and myself I regarded it as an even break—as fair for one as for the other—because at the moment I myself was, as we say, setting too. But if, in the interests of true sportsmanship, they must have those annual massacres I certainly should admire to see what execution a picked half dozen of American quail hunters, used to snap-shooting in the cane jungles and brier patches of Georgia and Arkansas, could accomplish among English pheasants, until such time as their consciences mastered them and they desisted from slaughter!

Be that as it may, pheasant shooting is the last word in the English sporting calendar. It is a sport strictly for the gentry. Except in the capacity of innocent bystanders the lower orders do not share in it. It is much too good for them; besides, they could not maintain the correct wardrobe for it.

The classes derive one substantial benefit from the institution however. The sporting instinct of the landed Englishman has led to the enactment of laws under which an ordinary person goes smack to jail if he is caught sequestrating a clandestine pheasant bird; but it does not militate against the landowner's peddling off his game after he has destroyed it. British thrift comes in here. And so in carload lots it is sold to the marketmen. The result is that in the fall of the year pheasants are cheaper than chickens; and any person who can afford poultry on his dinner table can afford pheasants.

The Continental hunter makes an even more spectacular appearance than his British brother. No self-respecting German or French sportsman would think of going forth after the incarnate brown hare or the ferocious wood pigeon unless he had on a green hat with a feather in it; and a green suit to match the hat; and swung about his neck by a cord a natty fur muff to keep his

hands in between shots; and a swivel chair to sit in while waiting for the wild boar to come along and be bowled over.

Being hunted with a swivel chair is what makes the German wild boar wild. On occasion, also, the hunter wears, suspended from his belt, a cute little hanger like a sawed-off saber, with which to cut the throats of his spoil. Then, when it has spoiled some more, they will serve it at a French restaurant.

It was our fortune to be in France on the famous and ever-memorable occasion last November when the official stag of the French Republic met a tragic and untimely end, under circumstances acutely distressing to all who believe in the divinely bestowed prerogatives of the nobility. The Paris edition of the Herald printed the lamentable tale on its front page and I clipped the account. I offer it here in exact reproduction, including the headline:

"HUNTING INCIDENT SAID TO BE DUE TO CONSPIRACY

"Further details are given in this morning's Figaro of the incident between Prince Murat and M. Dauchis, the mayor of Saint-Félix, near Clermont, which was briefly reported in yesterday's Herald.

"A regular conspiracy was organized by M. Dauchis, it is alleged, in order to secure the stag Prince Murat and Comte de Valon were hunting in the forest of La Neuville-en-Hetz. Already, at the outset of the hunt, M. Dauchis, according to Le Figaro, charged at a huntsman with a little automobile in which he was driving and threatened to fire. Then, when the stag ran into the wood, near the Trye River, one of his keepers shot it. In great haste the animal was loaded on another automobile; and before either the prince or Comte de Valon could interfere it was driven away.

"While Comte de Valon spurred his horse in pursuit Prince Murat disarmed the man who had shot the stag, for he was leveling his gun at another huntsman; but before the gun was wrenched from his hands he had struck Prince d'Essling, Prince Murat's uncle, across the face with the butt.

"Meantime Comte de Valon had overtaken the automobile and, though threatened with revolvers by its occupants, would have recaptured the stag if the men in charge of it had not taken it into the house of M. Dauchis' father.

"The only course left for Prince Murat and Comte de Valon was to lodge a complaint with the police for assault and for killing the stag, which M. Dauchis refused to give back."

Few Bargains Abroad

From this you may see how very much more exciting stag hunting is in France than in America. Comparing the two systems we find but one point of resemblance—namely, the attempted shooting of a huntsman. In the North Woods we do a good deal of that sort of thing: however, with us it is not yet customary to charge the prospective victim in a little automobile—that may come in time. Our best bags are made by the stalking or still-hunting method. Our city-raised sportsman slips up on the guide and pots him from a rest.

But consider the rest of the description so graphically set forth by Le Figaro—the intriguing of the mayor; the opposing groups rampaging round, some on horseback and some in automobile runabouts; the intense disappointment of the highborn Prince Murat and his uncle, the Prince d'Essling, and his friend, the Comte de Valon; the implied grief of the stag at being stricken down by other than noble hands; the action of the commoner, who shot the stag, in striking the Prince d'Essling across his pained and aristocratic face with the butt—exact type of butt and name of owner not being given. Only in its failure to clear up this important point, and in the omission of a description of the costumes of the two princes and the comte, is Le Figaro's story lacking. They must have been wearing the very latest creations too!

This last brings us back again to the subject of clothes and serves to remind me that, contrary to a belief prevalent on this side of the water, good clothes cost as much abroad as they cost here. In England a man may buy gloves and certain substantial articles of haberdashery in silk and linen and wool at a much lower figure than in America; and in Italy he will find crocheted handbags and bead necklaces are to be had cheaper than at home—provided, of course, he cares for such things as crocheted handbags and bead necklaces.

Handmade laces and embroideries, and sundry other feminine fripperies, so women tell me, are moderately priced on the Continent, if so be the tourist-purchaser steers clear of the more fashionable shops and chases the elusive bargain down a back street; but, quality considered, other things cost as much in Europe as they cost here—and frequently they cost more.

In Paris or Rome you may get a five-course dinner, with wine, for forty cents—so you may in certain quarters of New York; but in either place the man who can afford to pay more for his dinner will find it to his ultimate well-being to do so. Simply because a boarding house in France or Italy is known as a pension does not keep it from being a boarding house—and a pretty average bad one, as I have been informed by misguided Americans who tried living at a pension, and afterward put in a good deal of their spare time regretting the experiment.

A Big Lira's Worth

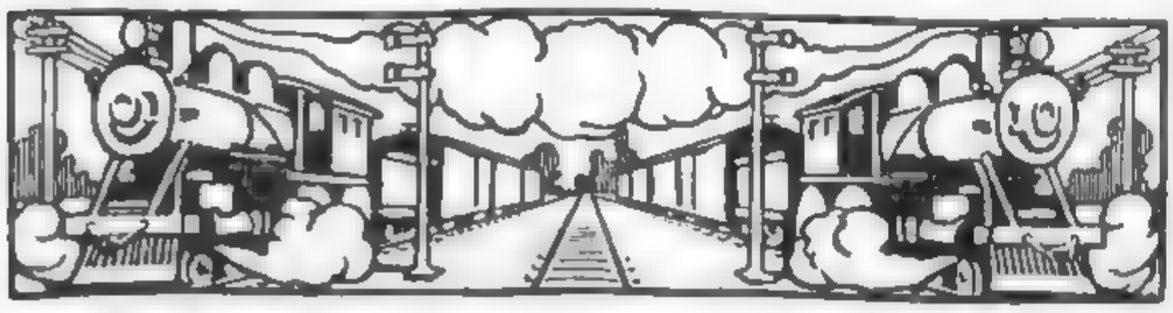
Altogether, looking back on my own experiences, I can at this time of writing think of but two common commodities that, when grade is taken into the equation, are found to be radically cheaper in Europe than in America—these two things being taxicabs and counts. For their cleanliness and smartness of aspect, and their reasonableness of meter-fare, taxicabs all over Europe are a constant joy to the traveling American. And, though in the United States counts are so costly that only the marriageable daughters of the very wealthy may afford to buy them—and even then, as the court calendars attest, have the utmost difficulty in keeping them after they are bought—in Continental Europe anywhere one may for a moderate price hire a true-born count to do almost any small job, from guiding one through an art gallery to waiting on one at the table. Counts make indifferent guides, but are middling fair waiters.

Outside of the counts and the taxicabs, and the food in Germany, I found in all Europe just one real overpowering bargain—and that was in Naples, where, as a general thing, bargains are not what they seem. For the exceedingly moderate outlay of one lira—Italian—or twenty cents—American—I secured this combination package—to wit, as follows:

In the background old Vesuvius, like a wicked, fallen angel, wearing his plumy, fumy halo of sulphurous hell-smoke; in the middle distance the Bay of Naples, each larcenous wave-crest in it triple-plated with silvern glory pilfered from a splendid full moon; on the left the riding lights of a visiting squadron of American warships; on the right the myriad slanted sails of the coral-fishers' boats, beating out toward Capri, with the curlew-calls of the fishermen floating back in shrill snatches to meet a jangle of bell and bugle from the fleet; in the immediate foreground a competent and accomplished family troupe of six Neapolitan troubadours—men, women and children—some of them playing guitars and all six of them, with fine mellow voices and tremendous dramatic effect, singing, the words being Italian but the air good American—John Brown's Body Lies a-Moldering in the Grave!

I defy you to get more than that for twenty cents anywhere in the world!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The sixth will appear in an early issue.



Cool Breezes to Order!

Step out of the hot, muggy, sun-baked street. Snap the button—whir-r-r! The little Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" breeze-maker starts going at top speed—and then you lean back and just soak in coolness and comfort. Why not see the local "STANDARD" dealer in your vicinity today?

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Robbins & Myers STANDARD Fans

Look for the Flag on the Guard

You can get a Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fan as low as $9.00. That's a small price to pay for health and energy all summer long—and many summers to come. It uses less than half the current of an ordinary electric light. Made for either alternating or direct current. All modern improvements. For desk, ceiling, bracket, oscillating or exhaust. Write for free illustrated booklet. It will give you some fan pointers you ought to know.

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BRANCHES—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Rochester, New Orleans. Agencies in All Principal Cities.

The Best Hardware Dealer in Your City Sells "PEARL"

No Other Screen Equals "PEARL" Wire Cloth in Appearance and Wear

In selecting screen material consider *wear* first. The screen that wears *longest* is least expensive and most satisfactory. Right?

Genuine Gilbert & Bennett PEARL will so far outlast the painted screen you have been using that there is positively no *comparison*.

Painted screens are *ugly*—PEARL is *handsome*. And the same metallic coating which gives it *beauty* makes it practically *rust-proof*, consequently almost *wear-proof*. If our claims for PEARL Wire Cloth are just, it is the screen you *want*. Investigate before you buy screens.

For Screening Doors

GILBERT & BENNETT Pearl WIRE CLOTH

For Screening Windows and Porches

Two weights—Regular Grade and Extra Heavy—Extra Strong, both suitable for door, window and porch use. The handsome appearance and rust-proof qualities of "PEARL" come from the *peculiar metallic coating*, part of the wire itself. This coating is exclusive with Gilbert & Bennett—no other manufacturer has it. So if you would avoid imitations and disappointment, make sure of the *genuine* article by looking for *two Copper Wires* in the *Selvage* and the Round Tag bearing our name on every roll.

The best hardware dealer in your city sells Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you.

Or—write nearest office for samples, literature and the dealer's name.

Conscientious Architects Specify Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth—Good Carpenters and Contractors use "PEARL"

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The beauties of the great outdoors and all the pleasures which the summer has in store for you offer countless opportunities for pictures that are full of the never ending charm of your happiest personal experiences.

A Premo camera will make such pictures for you with practically no effort on your part.

Premos are the easiest to load and operate of all cameras, and they are so light and compact that you can carry one with you anywhere, without any trouble at all. There are some that will even go into a boy's pocket or a lady's hand-bag.

Premos are fitted with tested lenses and shutters, they use film from the same stock as the Eastman N. C. and in every way are perfectly reliable and efficient cameras.

Prices range from $1.50 to $150.00.

Get the new Premo catalogue to-day from your dealer, or write us direct. It's free.

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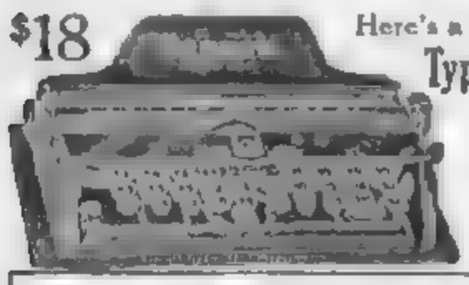
Eastman Kodak Company **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

$18 Here's a Practical **Typewriter** for only **$18**



Over 34,000 in use

Don't pay $100 or even $50 for a typewriter until you have read what a typewriting expert says about the $18 Bennett Portable, and what those who own it say about it. Handiest typewriter made. Weighs only 6 lbs. Fits in a case no bigger than a book. Has universal keyboard, visible writing, backspacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, and all other essentials of the highest priced machines. Built by the Bennett Typewriter Machine factory. Sold on a guaranty that says

Money-back-unless-satisfied

Use the Bennett at home or while traveling for writing all correspondence and orders. You lose many times more than $18 every year you do without the Bennett. If your time is valuable—if you want to save the money now going to public [illegible] today

All hands write alike on the Bennett

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Agents Wanted

"Push the Button-and Rest"

Nearly 1000 Styles

Prices $12 to $100

Royal Easy Chairs
THE PUSH BUTTON KIND

[illegible] for in one of these big, stylish, "Push the Button" and have an [illegible] position comfortable to you and HOLDS THAT POSITION [illegible] change

Sold By All Best Furniture Dealers

Don't buy unless you see the word "Royal" on the Push Button Like This

If your dealer [illegible] send us his name. Then we will supply you through him. We do not sell direct.

ROYAL CHAIR CO., STURGIS, MICH.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

(Concluded from Page 23)

flash and flare of electric welding, for instance, which is interesting as fireworks, but probably has no vital bearing on the product.

That is not so much an argument against admitting spectators, however, as an illustration that the showman's skill is needed to indicate what to see and how to see it. Factories of this sort are often famous showplaces for experts and executives from all over the world, and the show values are just as definite though the appeal is to a smaller audience.

One large machinery concern in the Middle West makes apparatus of little popular interest, and at the same time is constantly turning out new things of technical interest for shipment to distant places. Whenever a new machine has been designed, built and is ready to be sent away the management invites newspaper men, engineers, business men and others prominent in its home town to see the new thing. Its use is explained if it cannot be actually demonstrated by working; and, though three-fourths of the visitors may never again lay eyes on such a piece of apparatus, the results of these little exhibitions are very definite, for they make the concern known in its own community and create local good will for it as an industry to be proud of.

The showman can sometimes go too far for sound business purposes. Our automobile industry is a case in point. In the early days it was built largely on the spectacular interest created by racing. That was eventually overdone and had to be corrected by manufacturers. Then followed a period of automobile shows, which offered a quieter means of demonstration to the solid, want-to-know, buying section of the public; but shows grew in number and costliness, and had to be restricted by trade measures.

Few industries ever grew so fast or so soundly as the American auto business, however, and few have ever lived down their inherent evils so well. The elements of unpopularity that have risen in it from time to time have been as potent for harm as any that exist in the best-hated public-service industries.

There have been automobile accidents, automobile extravagance and, in the early years, the doubtful quality of the cars themselves; but the shortcomings of the industry as well as its longcomings have always been out in the open, under the calcium light, with the music of a brass band. It is a business thoroughly explained and understood; and in this day of general explanation, when a question mark confronts all business, it is a fine model for other industries to follow.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

The Dead Past

WHERE once the old six-shooter spoke
The copper's billy swings;
The glamour of the past is broke
By laws an' rules an' things.
What once was roarin' dancin'-halls
A deadly silence wraps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

The click of chips ain't heard no more;
The roulette wheel don't whir;
The gamblin' joint's now a store,
An' things ain't what they were.
The games is done; the curtain falls
On faro, stud an' craps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

There ain't no gang comes whoopin' down
The middle of the trail,
A-shootin' up the little town
An' drivin' strangers pale;
We're done with all them oldtime brawls
An' crazy shootin' scraps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

I s'pose the hull thing's for the best;
An' yet somehow I sigh
For that old rough-an'-ready West
I knew in days gone by.
It seems to me that life just crawls
An all its joys collapse—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an' chaps.

—*Berton Braley.*

Three souls with but a single thought—

and an overwhelming appetite for

REX CHOCOLATES

"KING OF BITTER SWEETS"
35c, 60c and $1 the Box

Milady CHOCOLATES
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50c, 85c, $1, $2, $3 the Box

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CHOCOLATE AND CREAM DIPPED BRAZILNUTS 50c and $1 the Box

At your dealer or sent on receipt of price

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For 19 coupons (3 mill value) taken from cans of Alexander's products and this "ad" (which has 5 mill value) or coupons totaling 60 mills, will send our No. 8 Icy Hot Bottle. Offer made [illegible] to stimulate growing demand for Alexander's [illegible]

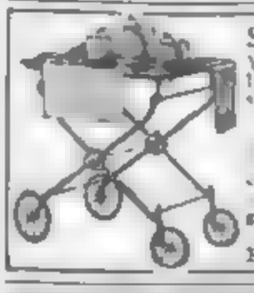
ALEXANDER'S
DOVE BRAND NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES

For Gingerbread, Boston Brown Bread, [illegible] dies, etc. Has the real old Lafayette plantation flavor. Absolutely Pure and packed in sanitary sealed cans [illegible]

Alexander's Fancy Cane Syrup for Griddle Cakes

[illegible] Ask grocer

Salesman wanted for grocery trade.



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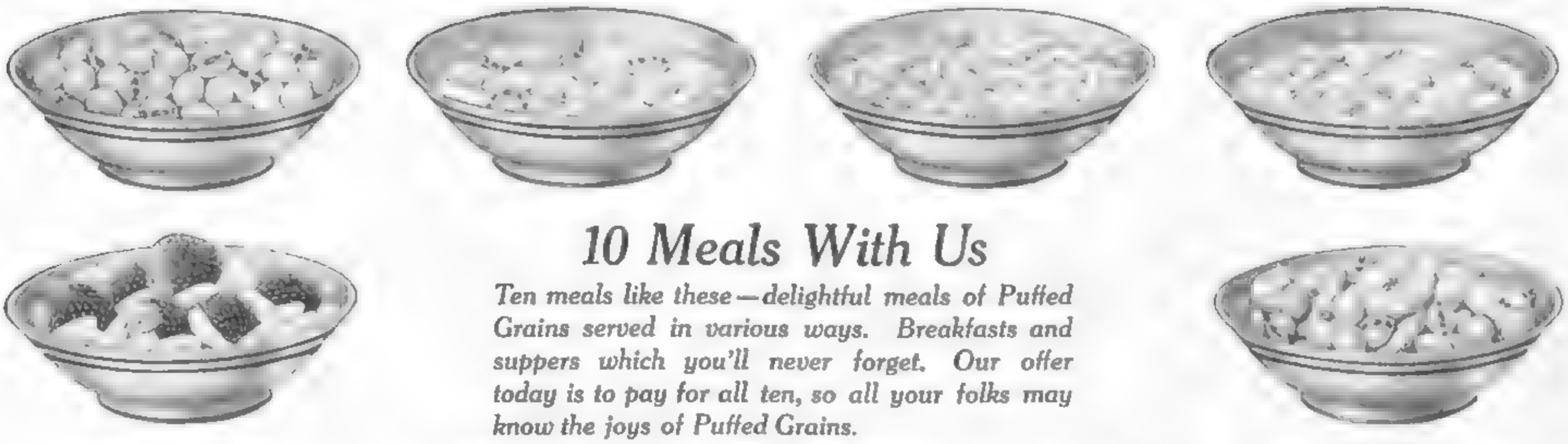

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The Coupon Pays for All

Today we make this offer to you, as we make it every spring. Every year, on the verge of summer, when millions of homes enjoy Puffed Grains.

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Take this coupon with you. He will give you for it a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat, and we will pay the dime.

Thus for 15 cents you get two packages this week—ten meals of Puffed Wheat and ten of Puffed Rice. And ten of the meals are our treat.

You Will Never Forget

After this test you will never forget the delights of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

You will see whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. You will see grains thin and porous, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts.

You will see bubble-like grains which fairly melt in the mouth into almond-flavored granules. And a thousand future meals will be made more delightful because you know of Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Every Granule Exploded In Prof. Anderson's Way

Those cells in each Puffed Grain are caused by a hundred million explosions. Each separate food granule is exploded from inside.

The grains are sealed in guns, then subjected to fearful heat. Thus the trifle of moisture inside of each granule is changed to explosive steam.

Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. Each granule is blasted to pieces.

This is Prof. Anderson's process for making digestion easy and complete. No other process does that. In the best of cooking at least half of the granules remain solid and unbroken.

So Puffed Grains are more than enticing. They are scientific foods. Your physician knows them to be the best-cooked foods in existence.

Good for 10 Cents

Buy from your grocer a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Then present this coupon and he will give you a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. He will collect the 10 cents from us.

Serve some of these grains with cream and sugar. Mix some of them with fruit. Serve some for supper, like bread or crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Use some like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish for ice cream. And let the children when at play eat the grains like peanuts. You will find these both foods and confections. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(537)

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER 72
Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name _____

Address _____

Dated _____ *1914*

To the Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
The Quaker Oats Company—Chicago

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

10-Cent Coupon Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased

The Reason for Goodyear Prices Lies in

Matchless Output

No-Rim-Cut tire prices have dropped fast and far. In 1913 the reductions totaled 28 per cent.

There results this curious situation:

These tires which were once the highest-priced now undersell 16 other makes. Some ask about as much for three tires as Goodyear asks for four.

The reason lies in Goodyear popularity.

We now turn out up to 10,000 pneumatic motor tires per day. And this mammoth output has revised all former factory costs.

Overhead cost has dropped 24 per cent.

Labor cost per tire has lessened 25 per cent.

And our tremendous sales made possible last year an average profit of only 6½ per cent.

Yet These Four Extra Features

Bear in mind that No-Rim-Cut tires have won top place in Tiredom. But not by lower prices. In days of smaller output these tires cost one-fifth more than other standard tires.

They won on sheer merit—through mileage comparisons on hundreds of thousands of cars. They won because of these four exclusive features.

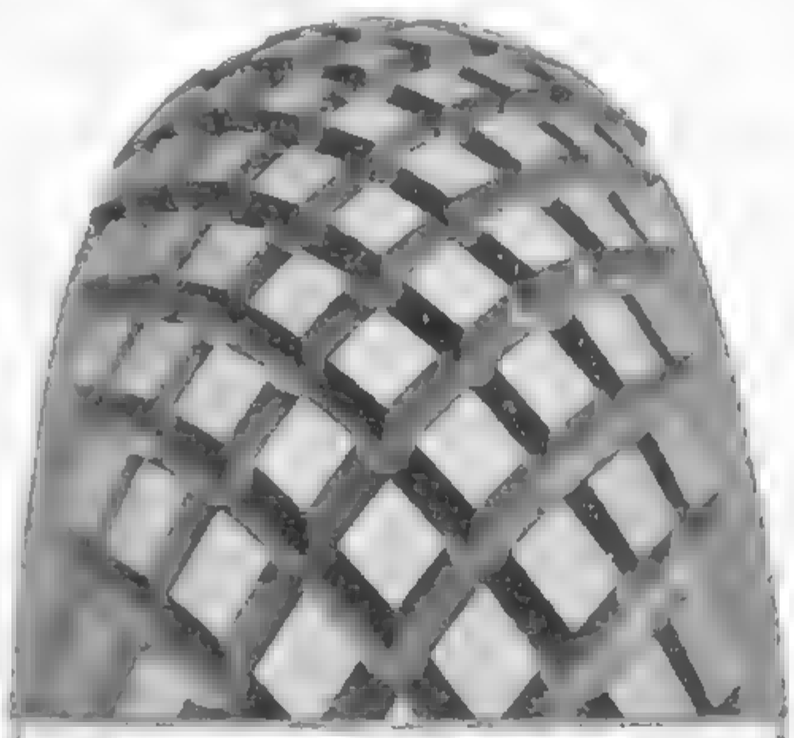
We ended rim-cutting by a method we control. It involves six flat bands of 126 braided piano wires in the tire base. A dozen other methods to accomplish this have ended in disaster.

We saved blow-outs—all the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We do this by final-curing every tire on air-filled fabric tubes, under actual road conditions. This extra process costs us $450,000 yearly, but it saves our users millions.

We fought loose treads by creating in each tire, where this trouble occurs, hundreds of large rubber rivets. We have thus lessened this risk by 60 per cent.

We made an anti-skid which runs like a plain tread—a flat, smooth, regular tread. Yet a double-thick, tough and enduring tread which grasps wet roads with resistless grip. We call it the All-Weather tread.

In no other tire at any price do you find these costly features.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

The Best Men Know

In No-Rim-Cut tires, in every way, we give you the best men know.

We have for years spent $100,000 yearly on research and experiment. We have built thousands of tires in our laboratory, to find some way to lower cost per mile. Now all our experts agree that it can't be done in any way known today.

It is easy to claim more mileage—easy to claim better tires. But thousands of actual tests have revealed no tire to fulfill such claims.

The Final Verdict

The final verdict seems to be that No-Rim-Cut tires give lowest cost per mile. Our tire sales last year were 11 times larger than in 1909. For the first four months of this fiscal year they increased 55 per cent over last year.

Can you see any reason for paying more for tires than the price of such tires as these? If not, go to dealers who supply you with No-Rim-Cut tires.

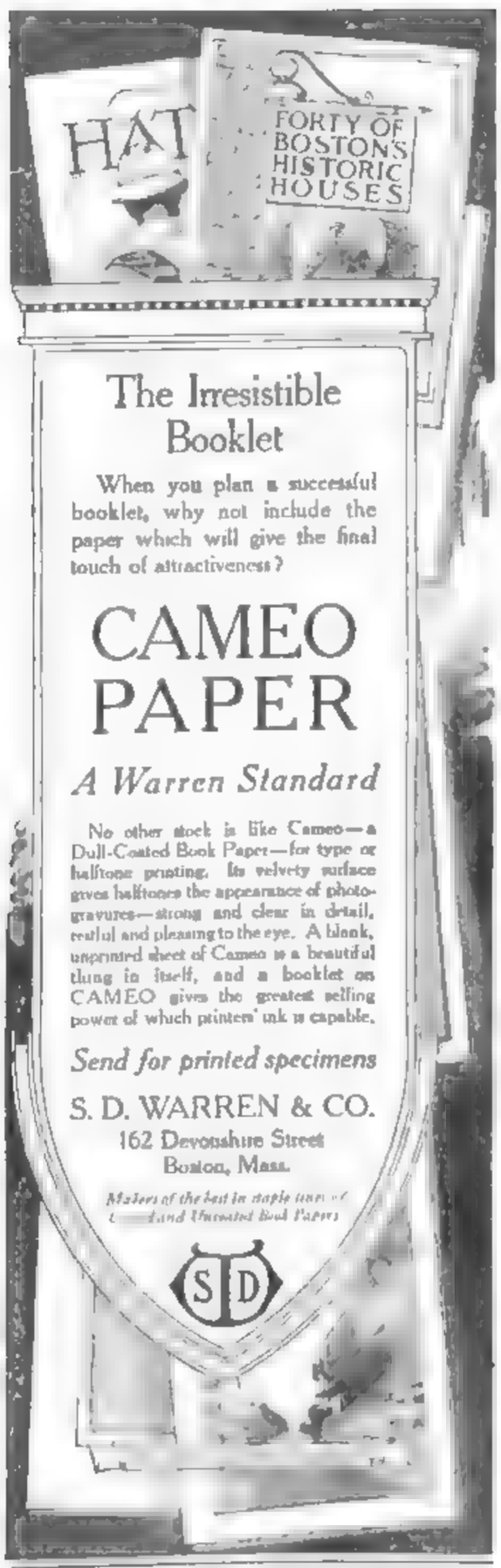
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada
Dealers Everywhere

London, England
Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Mexico City, Mexico
Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1504)



The Irresistible Booklet

When you plan a successful booklet, why not include the paper which will give the final touch of attractiveness?

CAMEO PAPER

A Warren Standard

No other stock is like Cameo—a Dull-Coated Book Paper—for type or halftone printing. Its velvety surface gives halftones the appearance of photogravures—strong and clear in detail, restful and pleasing to the eye. A blank, unprinted sheet of Cameo is a beautiful thing in itself, and a booklet on CAMEO gives the greatest selling power of which printers' ink is capable.

Send for printed specimens

S. D. WARREN & CO.
162 Devonshire Street
Boston, Mass.

Makers of the best in staple lines of Coated and Uncoated Book Papers

S D

E-Z RIDER

GIVES FORDS BIG-CAR-LUXURY

Big-Car-Luxury is now a reality for owners of Ford Cars. E. Z. Rider shock absorbers give that smooth floating restful glide. If you would enjoy your Ford to the utmost, learn about—these—E-Z Rider Shock Absorbers—and learn all they save you in [illegible]. The sensitive coiled springs save the [illegible] and [illegible] by saving [illegible] repairs [illegible]

Try E. Z. Rider SHOCK ABSORBERS 10 Days

[illegible]

$35 Set of 4 (front and rear) F. O. B. Cleveland

Send for descriptive circular and order a set today for your Ford [illegible] Roadster, Town Car or Touring Car. Dealers wanted

THE FOREST CITY ELECTRIC CO.
5010 Windsor Avenue Cleveland, O.
References—R. G. Dun & Co. or Bradstreet

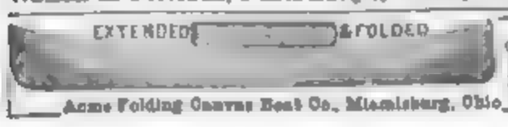
"THEOSOPHY"

A [illegible] magazine presenting a Philosophy [illegible] really explains. Thousands of [illegible] will welcome this magazine which [illegible] monthly writings of H. P. Blavatsky [illegible] since out of print

Send 50c for three sample numbers

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS
Metropolitan Building Los Angeles, Cal.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.



Catalog Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Geraldine Farrar Tells Some Truths

(Continued from Page 11)

"And then you don't hold back an ounce of yourself—just because they've given you their all and are helping you. Then something deep, deep inside of you takes hold and tells you what and how to do; and you obey and do. You're yourself, you better than yourself ever could be! An autointoxication of one's artistic soul which you possibly don't recognize upon reflection.

"When it's all over, and you've taken your last bow before them, then a great wave of utter exhaustion comes over you and you feel that the spark that was in you is going out—just as the audience is. They generated it and they're taking it with them. And they have left you very, very happy—and very, very tired."

Geraldine Farrar sat quite still. She looked very white and weary, as though she had actually lived for a few minutes through the scene she had pictured. It was an interesting psychological study to watch her at that moment—the tired look in her eyes; the drawn expression round her mouth; the absolute lassitude of her whole body.

Then a galvanic battery was touched off somewhere, the dead became very much alive—and she was over at the piano, taking a rose from a vase, pinning it to her corsage, and back again on the divan, breathlessly talking of American artists and American productions.

Opera Without Acting

"Our American operatic singers often lack in dramatic ability. They do not measure up to the acting standards of their foreign comrades. Standards in Europe are higher and their men and women are very much better operatic actors than ours. It seems to me that our artists are content merely to suggest emotions, are afraid to act for fear they may miss a vocal effect here and there, and that too much freedom in their acting might damage the lyrical expression in their singing. Again, they have been taught repression; and they move through an opera automatically, singing their rôles with both eyes glued on the conductor. They haven't time to think of the rôle they are singing and the histrionic side of it, the dramatic that should go hand in hand with the musical. Bless you, no! All thoughts are centered on seeing to it that the notes come from the throat just right and that they catch the conductor's baton at the proper instant. 'Acting? What's acting to do with opera?' they'll ask. 'Acting's one thing and singing's another.'

"They forget," says the Farrar very softly, "that opera is both!"

"One thing we do here quite as nicely if not better than Europe does," she continued, "and that is our production of opera. I do not think it is possible to put on an opera better than it is produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in the city of New York. Judged from all the different angles—the managing of lights, scenery, costumes, orchestra, conductors, chorus and principals—old Europe must doff its hat to young America. There's a thoroughness, a regard to detail, an artistic touch that have gradually crept into our production of opera in this country, until today the famous opera houses of the old country cannot surpass us. I have seen many beautiful productions abroad and have participated in them; have seen and been part of many, many ragged ones; but, taking them all in all and weighing them with productions in America, there is no question but that today grand opera is produced as beautifully here in America as in any big metropolis of the Old World."

She played with the ribbon at her waist, made three bows, untied them, then plaited them, loosened them again, and then, having rid herself of a lot of surplus energy, said:

"I've always thought of what one great tragic moment of my life would be, and I've come to the conclusion it will be when I stop—that is, stop singing. I know I'll do so before people wish I would; I'll have sense enough for that, because I know of no more pity-evoking spectacle under the sun than a singer trying to sing when she can't sing. And it may be hard to stop; but the hard part will be in realizing that I must stop—that will be the real tragedy, for my individual self.

HAVOLINE

Motor Oil

SAFETY SERVICE AND SPEED

in your car, because it produces the best results from your motor and preserves its life and serviceability.

HAVOLINE Oil is refined from *one uniform base*, the lubricating fraction of which is *admittedly superior* to that of other crude oils. This assures you the same high-quality and perfect lubricating value regardless of where or when you purchase—the standard being thus *basically* protected.

Our "special process" of manufacture exempts HAVOLINE entirely, from the detrimental effects of destructive distillation. The potency of the oil is retained, giving you the highest lubricating value yet the least carbon deposit.

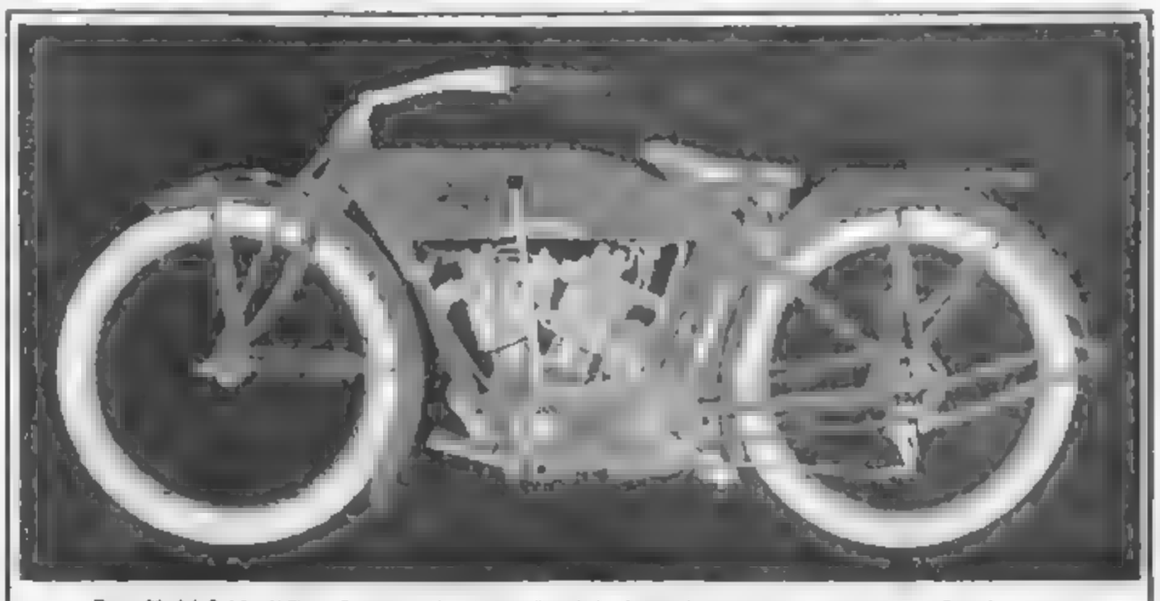
Therefore HAVOLINE prevents frictional losses and insures thorough motor efficiency

Buy only the oil in the Blue Can. Two 5 gal. cans to the case.

Tell us your make and we'll tell you your grade.

Ask your garageman or write to us direct for testimonials of HAVOLINE users who own your make of car.

INDIAN REFINING CO., Dept. A, New York



Pope Model L-14. "The Greyhound of the Road." Renold imported chain drive; Bosch magneto; Eclipse clutch; Pope celebrated rear spring suspension, twin stem handle bars; double operated brake; comfortable foot boards, extremely low saddle position, Pope overhead valves. Price $250

Lighten and brighten your day's work

Ride a Pope Motorcycle to and from your work. You will save time, money and strength—you will have something invigorating and exhilarating to look forward to instead of a dull walk or a depressing ride in the stuffy street cars.

You will get a real thrill out of your daily rides and holiday trips on a Pope Model L-14. No one can pass you—you can go at a 70 mile clip if you desire.

You will have a sturdy, steady machine under you, too. A Pope holds the road like a 6-cylinder automobile; it amazes all with the hill climbing power of its engine; it is as nearly "jarless" as a motorcycle can be made.

Model L-14 develops 13.9 h. p., although only rated at 7 h. p., delivered at the rear wheel. Pope *stock* Motorcycle smashed World's Dirt Track Records, Bakersfield, Cal. Mile, 51 seconds. Hour's distance, 67 miles, 4500 feet—March, 1914. The famous Pope rear spring suspension insulates frame, motor and rider completely from road shocks and insures steady, forward motion.

Model H is built for the man who wants a light reliable moderate priced machine. It has a speed range up to 45 miles an hour. It is a wonderful hill-climber

Other Pope Models $150, $200, $215 and $285.

Write for catalog.

Pope Bicycles have been the standard of quality and reliability since 1877—the pioneers and leaders in the field. Fifty present models to select from. Write for catalog

Pope

Quality Has Never Been Questioned

Pope Motorcycles and Bicycles have the benefit of 36 years' continuously successful experience in making motive vehicles. A guarantee of value.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO.
14 Cycle St., Westfield, Mass., U. S. A.

SAXON $395

A Good Low Priced Car

Price $395 includes windshield, top, horn, electric lamps, tools, jack and tire carrier

True Blue SAXON Makes Good Everywhere

Nearly 2000 Saxons are now in use in all parts of the country. They are being driven on all kinds of roads, under all sorts of conditions. And everywhere they are making good. Owners are proving every day the wonderful power and stamina of these Saxon cars.

Ample Power for Heavy Going

From Texas comes the report of a long cross-country trip, fording creeks, plugging through mud for miles and running away from bigger cars. J. McNair Ealy, a banker of Caro, Mich.—a private owner—drove his Saxon from Detroit to Caro, 110 miles through muddy March roads in 4½ hours.

A strenuous trip over heavy Wisconsin roads made H. S. Wilson write us that "the Saxon takes long grades and hills better than most cars costing five times the money."

From Pittsburgh to Uniontown, Pa., three Saxons made the trip over mountain roads "so full of ruts and holes that a big car couldn't have gotten through at all."

Gallops Up the Hills

On the hills the sturdy Saxon is unconquerable. In Boston it "gallops up Commonwealth Avenue on 'high' alongside any big car at 35 miles per hour."

In Portland, Me., "the Saxon will climb on 'high' any hill that any car can climb." On the steep Broadway Hill in Paterson, N. J., the car "started in at the bottom at 20 miles an hour and had picked up to 22 at the top."

The rough Gilbert Avenue Hill in Cincinnati, 4,000 feet long, is easy for the Saxon with 2 passengers at 25 miles an hour. "Five miles per hour at the bottom, 25 miles at the top of Ninth St. Hill" is the report from Lafayette, Ind. And so everywhere.

A Car for All Classes

Saxons are making good with all classes of people—for pleasure and business, for saving time, for keeping health. Recent purchasers include: Corporation officials and salesmen; stock brokers and physicians; contractors and real estate men; men of moderate means and men who can afford the most costly cars.

For the young man—or the young couple—the Saxon is just the thing. For the man who belongs to a country club; for the family living in the country for the summer, the Saxon is an ideal convenience.

And the Saxon is economical too. Its first cost is less than a good horse and buggy. Its cost of operation far less.

An official test, recently made in Detroit gave a record of more than 30 miles to the gallon on average roads. If you count the time saved it's cheaper to drive a Saxon than to ride on street cars.

Buy Your Saxon Now

So buy a Saxon now—and get the use of it all summer. If you order at once our dealer can assure you early delivery.

Dealers' allotments, we find, are small in proportion to the demand. Many territories will not have enough Saxons for all who want them. So the wise thing is to order now—today. Catalog on request.

Dept. C. SAXON Motor Company, Detroit.

SUMMIT Town and Country SHIRT

Gives Comfort to Every Man

For outing and business wear, it's correct in style, pleasing in appearance, and gives you the comfort that is necessary to contentment.

The collar is **right** on the shirt.

Popularly Priced

AT THE LEADING STORES

Send for Illustrated Style Book

Guiterman Brothers
Makers
St. Paul, Minn.

"Then—then I will play! I haven't had time to play yet, for I'm not living for myself now, but for the public. I know that sounds like a pretty pose—like the usual 'Dear public,' and 'Art for art's sake' drivel; but I don't mean it that way at all, and I'm rather fond of telling the truth. What I mean is that the operatic artiste must do one of two things, because she can't do both—she must live either for her public or for herself. And if she would preserve her art she must live for her public and practice self-denials innumerable. She must eat and sleep and mold her waking hours to a certain set of rigorous rules. After each opera she must prepare for the next, and in her vacation time she must study new rôles. You must live for your public and not for yourself. When you make your last bow, then you can play—at other things.

"This is what keeps me a slave"—and her hands went up to her firm, white throat—"this is my master. I can't do this or I mustn't do that—all on account of my throat. Is there a draft somewhere? Quick, quick; something to throw over my throat! Is some one smoking? We must get out quickly! Is a fine rain falling? Bundle up, and a veil for protection! Are the street-sweepers at work? Down with the windows, though spring be in the air; for a tiny particle of dust may get into the throat! Eternal vigilance is the price of song no less than of liberty; and we must coddle and make much of, bow to and humor the throat, for the throat is the master and we are the slaves.

"Maybe I'll play soon—I'll burn out! And then to roam and see things, and live for myself! Neither marriage nor a nunnery would be my choice; but playing just as enthusiastically as I have worked. Pray the Lord I'll have enough of my energy left to play hard!"

We shook hands in the fourth-floor hall. As she waved adieu over the balustrade the phone bell in her study rang.

"Excuse me!" she called out, and went to the phone on a dead run.

And as the maid let me out I wondered whether that nerveless, tireless, dynamic young woman named Geraldine Farrar ever really rested at night—or whether she walked in her sleep! Somnambulist she may be, but I will wager she would not *walk!*

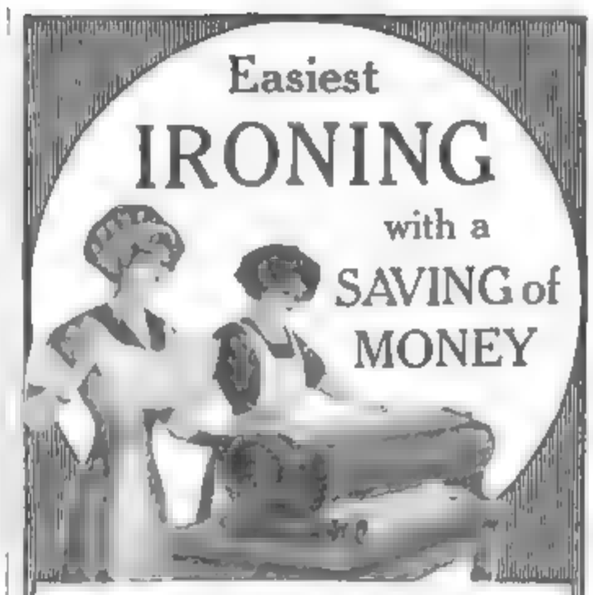
The School for Art

WE DEVELOP a large number of extraordinary artists in baseball. The reason, aside from an almost universal interest in the game, is that anybody with a talent for playing ball can always get a chance to exercise it. If the first baseman of the Lone Ellum High School Nine shows real speed he will presently be invited to play center field in the semi-professional Big Bend Team. There the scout of the Tall Grass League finds him. If he has major-league form there is a broad and ever-open road for him from his native village to the Giants, Cubs or Tigers.

Opera singers mostly come from Europe, and their biographies, even when edited by the press agent, show the most picturesque variety of antecedents. Some come from the village smithy; some from the city cab stand. There are European regions where anybody with a voice gets about the same chance to sing opera that anybody in this country with a cunning left hand gets to play baseball.

The barber's ambitious apprentice rolls up his apron, hurries down the alley to the stage door of a barn and takes a fall out of a leading Verdi rôle before a more or less appreciative audience that has paid ten cents a head to hear him. If he scores, some opera scout will presently hear of him. A singer now well on the way to fame confesses that he got his most valuable experience singing leading rôles at six francs a week. The pay was meager, but the chance to sing before a real audience—albeit largely in blouses—was valuable.

We do not believe anything can make the drama a great expression of national life in this country without vastly freer, more diffused opportunity to get plays before an audience. We could not have our major ball leagues without a thousand and one humbler teams in which talent may develop and disclose itself. Small city associations giving original plays in lofts, warehouses and livery stables would probably quicken the drama much more than any two-million-dollar project facing Central Park.



Ironing Problem Solved

In the past eight years, thousands of homes have installed the Simplex Ironer because it does the ironing better, quicker, easier and with far less expense than any other method. It will iron a large table cloth in 3 minutes that would require 20 minutes to do by hand. Other pieces ironed with same proportionate saving.

SIMPLEX IRONER
"THE BEST IRONER"

produces a uniformly beautiful finish with no wear on the goods ironed. Less than [illegible] expense will do an average family wash. No [illegible] Ironing or [illegible] It [illegible] amount of [illegible] and [illegible]

Write for name of our local dealer. 30 Days FREE Trial Offer and Catalog.

American Ironing Machine Co.
560, 168 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

Six Sizes

Heated by Gas, Gasoline or Electricity

Put a Simplex Ironer In Your Home

Operated by Hand or Any Power

WHITE TAR BAGS

For storing motor coats, furs, carpets, rugs and draperies.

The modern method of caring for garments, furs, carpets, rugs and draperies is to hang them in air tight **White Tar Bags** [illegible] to **White Tar Paper** [illegible] Always [illegible]

White Tar Paper [illegible]

Size	Yar	Cedar	Odorless
[illegible]	$ [illegible]	$ [illegible]	$ [illegible]

[illegible] dealer cannot supply you, we will send any style of **White Tar Bag** and roll of **Tar** or **Cedar Paper** all charges prepaid on receipt of price.

WHITE TAR CO., 103 John St., New York

BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn $10 to $25 a week as nurses. Our graduates number 7 000—a record unequaled by any institution. Send for "How I Became a Nurse" 148 pages with actual experiences. *48 illustrated lesson pages free to inquirers.*

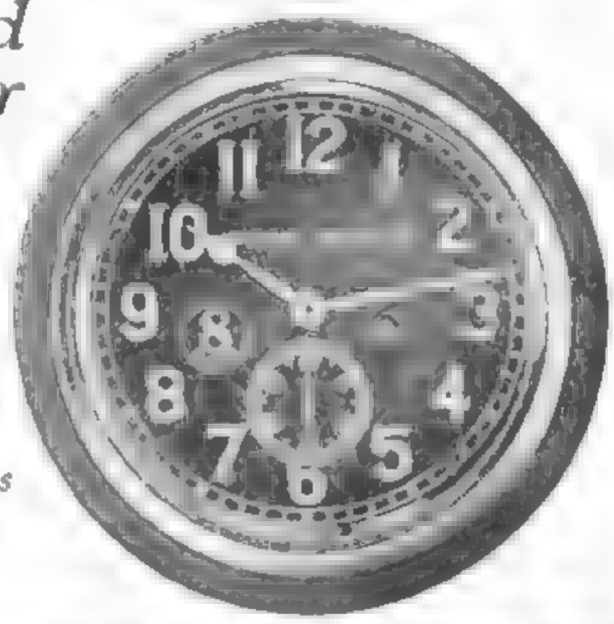
The Chautauqua School of Nursing
305 Main Street Thirteenth Year Jamestown, N.Y.

At last a timepiece worthy of cars of the highest grade!

Waltham Automobile Timepieces

The first ever designed especially for automobiles

Model C



Waltham Watch Company,
Waltham, Mass.

Manufacturers of the famous Waltham Riverside Watches

Here's Ginger Ale That's Made of Ginger!

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Kleek-O

GINGER ALE

Some ginger ales haven't a trace of ginger or ginger [illegible]. Clicquot Club is made of [illegible] with soap bark [illegible].

The [illegible] of Clicquot puts a life into the beverage [illegible] only [illegible]. Clicquot is mildly [illegible] and is healthful [illegible].

Sold by Good Grocers and Druggists

If one glass is enough for your thirst we will send [illegible] for 4c postage a patent set clamping stopper (clever device) that will hold the second glass fresh for 48 hours.

Other Clicquot flavors: Birch Beer, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla, Lemon Sour and Orange Phosphate.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Dept. A, Millis, Mass.

New York Office, The Clicquot Club Co., 100 Hudson St
Chicago Office, 301 North Michigan Avenue
Western Office, Maritime Building, Seattle, Washington

Maytime Fashions

Ralston

1914

LOW SHOE ELEGANCE is manifest to the ultimate in *Ralston Oxfords* for Spring 1914.

The *appearance* of merit, backed up by its *possession* in every detail of style, fit and comfort, makes Ralston *your kind* of a shoe.

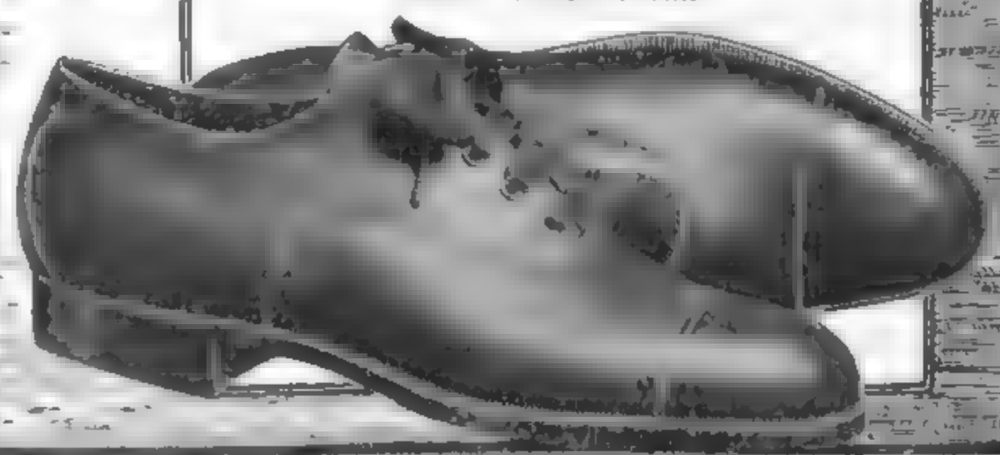
Made on *Foot-moulded* lasts, they never slip, bulge or pinch.

Style 226, as illustrated, is a circular seam Oxford in Black Tuscan Calf (gun metal finish), Ferncroft last, stitched tip. Price $4.50.

Authority Styles, $4.00 to $6.00, a few at $7.00.

On sale in over 3000 first-class shops.
To Dealers: This shoe is carried in stock.

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
Brockton (Campello) Mass.



$30

I Don't Have to Apologize For It!

It's so pleasing in design, so clean, so light and compact, folks leave it permanently connected in a centrally located room. It's always ready—for "picking up" around the dinner table—for general cleaning all over the house.

Look at this latest Frantz Premier. Think of the tons of dirt it removes—every day for seventy thousand housewives. Think of its wonderful brush that picks up lint, threads, hair—the things that others leave behind. Compare its extra wide, dirt-hungry nozzle—its pistol-grip switch—its comely design, with higher priced machines. You'll know why every third cleaner sold is a Frantz Premier.

You can make comparisons before you buy. If you wish, our dealer will send you a Frantz Premier for examination; or he will demonstrate it personally. Get in touch with him. Clip the coupon and mail today. Fully guaranteed. Made entirely in the modern Frantz Premier factories with all the precision and attention to detail given a high-grade watch. Has no superior at any price.

Handled by the best dealers all over the world.

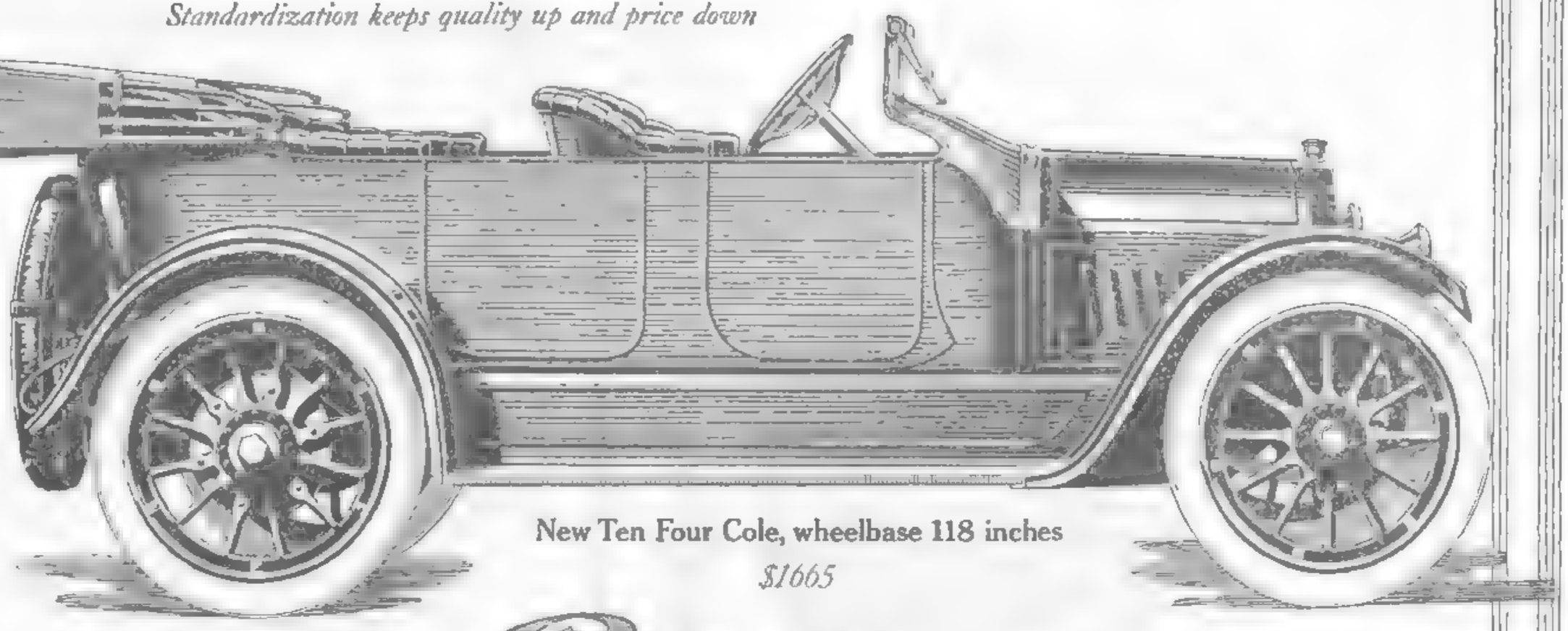
The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co.
1133 Power Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio
The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
Send dealer's name and address [illegible]

Frantz Premier

Electric Cleaner

$1665 for the New Standardized Cole

Standardization keeps quality up and price down



New Ten Four Cole, wheelbase 118 inches

$1665

Offering you for the first time the COLE The Standardized Car New Standardized Ten Four Cole

A four-cylinder car containing all recognized Standard parts, selling below prices at which the best four-cylinder cars have been selling—this has been your constant demand.

Complete standardization alone made it possible to meet this demand. Thanks to Cole's original system of complete standardization, you can now buy a really Standard Four for $1665—an astounding saving to you because it is far under any price you have ever been able to obtain on a car in this class.

Built to meet your personal demands

No one has believed it possible to build as good an automobile as this Cole Four at anything like the price—$1665, but complete Standardization has done it six months ahead. This car is built precisely to your personal demands. It has all of the parts which you have designated by your approval as Standard. Nothing is skimped. It's the same old roll of honor, plus Cole's co-ordinating and blending genius.

And Cole does not offer you tremendous value in the above model alone. He offers you both Fours and Sixes. He believes that the business of a manufacturer is to obey public demand, not to attempt to dictate it. By an exhaustive research throughout the United States and Canada we have determined positively that the demand is for both Fours and Sixes—therefore we build both Fours and Sixes.

Since the announcement of Standardization, every line of big business has tended to adopt it—because it is sound. Standardization in automobile building does three things: keeps quality up, brings price down, and puts into the hands of the users new improvements—instantly.

Complete standardization in a single motor car

You can now buy a Cole Four for $1665, because the blue prints upon which Cole has shaped his policy have been at all times scientifically accurate and far advanced.

Five years ago Cole conceived the idea of combining the brains of all the great recognized automobile specialists and concentrating these brains into a single motor car.

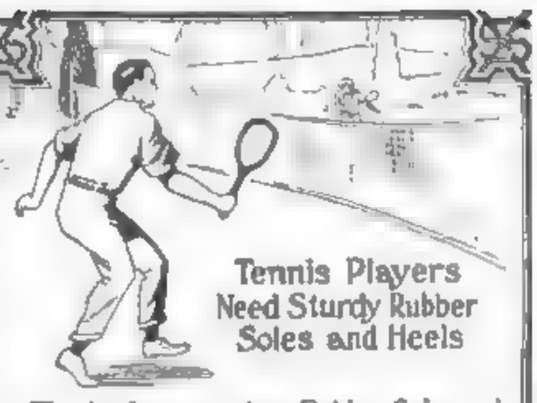
Cole called these parts makers the Standard builders, and he called the car built exclusively from their products—the Standardized Car. When he had his system complete, he gave it to the world in the form of the biggest automobile advertisement ever printed—a six-page treatise on Standardization in this same Saturday Evening Post.

***An invitation to Dealers*—** When you come to the 500-mile race at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30th, visit the big new Cole factory. It covers an entire city block, and is one of the five most modern automobile plants in America. In the meantime we are now ready to consider new dealer franchises for 1915.

The Ten Four model is now in the hands of Cole dealers everywhere.

Cole Motor Car Company of Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Originators of the Standardized Car



Tennis Players Need Sturdy Rubber Soles and Heels

The hardest wear given Rubber Soles and Heels is on tennis shoes. The quality of rubber must be exact, the class of workmanship flawless, the manner of attaching perfect. All of these requirements are completely met in Essex Rubber Soles and Heels. And in the shoes which carry them—naturally—

Essex Rubber Soles and Heels Give Greatest Wear

They are produced in every shape, thickness and style of rubber sole or heel required for Tennis, Yachting, Golfing or other purposes at a range of prices sufficient to meet the amount you wish to pay.

ESSEX TENNIS HEEL & SOLE

First class Shoe Stores, Department Stores and Repair Shops handle shoes equipped with Essex Rubber Soles as more than 75% of the rubber soles worn in the United States are stamped with the Essex trademark

If you are looking for tennis shoes that give the greatest wear, specify Essex Soles and Heels.

ESSEX RUBBER CO.

Manufacturers of Soft Spot Heel and Arch Cushions and Essex Rubber Heels

TRENTON, N. J.

$1,000,000 for FREE SPRINKLER SYSTEMS

Do You Want Some Of It?

WE install Automatic Sprinkler Systems in other people's buildings free. We pay for the Sprinklers and make our profit from a few years insurance savings.

Sprinklers always get a large premium reduction, but not always as large as they should get. We know the insurance game. We can get sprinkler rates that are right—rates squared with the absolute protection afforded by this apparatus.

FIRE PROTECTION

You get the protection *at once*. Later we'll give you the Sprinkler System and you'll benefit directly from the low rates we will get for you out of the rate makers.

Geo. H. Holt & Co.,
929 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

COUPON

Approximate area of bldg.____ sq. ft.
Amount of insurance
Rate paid for insurance
Name
Address

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

"And you make the choice!" said Harmony proudly. "Very well, Peter, I shall do as you say. But I think it is a very curious sort of love."

"I wonder," Peter cried, "if you realize what love it is that loves you enough to give you up."

"You have not asked me if I care, Peter."

Peter looked at her. She was very near to tears, very sad, very beautiful.

"I'm afraid to ask," said Peter, and picking up his hat he made for the door. There he turned, looked back, was lost.

"My sweetest heart!" he cried, and took her in his hungry arms. But even then, with her arms about his neck at last, with her slender body held to him, her head on his shoulder, his lips to her soft throat, Peter put her from him as a starving man might put away food.

He held her off and looked at her.

"I'm a fool and a weakling," he said gravely. "I love you so much that I would sacrifice you. You are very lovely, my girl, my girl! As long as I live I shall carry your image in my heart."

Ah, what the little Georgiev had said on his way to the death that waited down the staircase. Peter, not daring to look at her again, put away her detaining hand, squared his shoulders, went to the door.

"Good-by, Harmony," he said steadily. "Always in my heart!"

Very near the end now: the little Marie on the way to America, with the recording angel opening a new page in life's ledger for her and a red-ink line erasing the other; with Jimmy and his daddy wandering through the heaven of friendly adventure and green fields, hand in hand; with the carrier resting after its labors in the pigeon house by the rose fields of Sofia; with the sentry casting martial shadows through the barred windows of the hospital; and the little Georgiev, about to die, dividing his heart, as a heritage, between his country and a young girl.

Very near the end, with the morning light of the next day shining into the salon of Maria Theresa and on to Peter's open trunk and shabby wardrobe spread over chairs. An end of trunks and departure, as was the beginning.

Early morning at the *Gottesacker*, or God's acre, whence little Jimmy had started on his comfortable journey. Early morning on the frost-covered grass, the frozen roads, the snap and sparkle of the Donau. Harmony had taken her problem there, in the early hour before Monia would summon her to labor—took her problem and found her answer.

The great cemetery was still and deserted. Harmony, none too warmly clad, walked briskly, a bunch of flowers in oiled paper against the cold. Already the air carried a hint of spring; there was a feeling of resurrection and promise. The dead earth felt alive underfoot.

Harmony knelt by the grave and said the little prayer the child had repeated at night and morning. And, because he had loved it, with some vague feeling of giving him comfort, she recited the little verse:

"Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes:
And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

When she looked up the Le Grande was standing beside her.

There was no scene, hardly any tears. She had brought out a great bunch of roses that bore only too clearly the stamp of whence they came. One of the piccaninnies had carried the box and stood impassively by, gazing at Harmony.

The Le Grande placed her flowers on the grave. They almost covered it, quite eclipsed Harmony's.

"I come here every morning," she said simply.

She had a cab waiting, and offered to drive Harmony back to the city. Her quiet almost irritated Harmony, until she had looked once into the woman's eyes. After that she knew. It was on the drive back, with the little darky on the box beside the driver, that Harmony got her answer.

Le Grande put a hand over Harmony's.

"I tried to tell you before how good I know you were to him."

"We loved him."

"A Seneca" Vacation

Everybody can bring home good pictures if they use Senecas. There are Senecas for the boy and girl—others for the advanced amateur and professional.

Seneca Roll Film Cameras

from the little Scout at $2.00 to the Folding Senecas, which take post-card size pictures, are real photographic instruments. They accommodate the film of any standard make, and are so simple to operate and so mechanically correct that you simply have to get fine results. The patented one piece lock back prevents light struck films and makes loading easy. The push cord release works the shutter so accurately and easily that artistic photography is possible to every one who has "eyes to see."

Get acquainted with the Seneca Tribe. Write today for our illustrated guide to sure picture taking and

The 1914 Seneca Photographic Handbook
Sent Free for the Asking

It describes Roll Film, Film Pack and Plate Cameras of Seneca make. Contains 80 pages of photographic lore and many helps for both amateur and professional

Dealers wanted in open territory. The superior independent line offered by the Seneca Agency a valuable asset to any dealer. Write for dealer's terms

SENECA CAMERA MFG. COMPANY
295 State Street Rochester, N.Y.

Your Chance to Win

Yesterday you said, "Give me the *opportunity* and I'll *make good!*" Here it is! Here is exactly the real money-making opportunity accepted by 15,000 other ambitious men who have made $3,000 to $10,000 a year. And you need not abandon your present employment, unless you find it unsatisfactory. Our plan is the best we have known. From a small beginning it has grown to be used in all towns and cities.

Experience Unnecessary

We train you at home at our expense, like we have trained thousands of dignified money-making men. We furnish you exclusive control of your territory. We even sometimes send our traveling experts to help you close prospects. Yet you get your profit from every sale

The OLIVER No 7 Typewriter
The Standard Visible Writer

Now, more than ever, are Oliver Typewriters in demand. For a response nation wide has greeted the introduction of the new automatic Oliver—

The Silent Seven

Visible reading, visible writing, automatic spacing, and Printype, too, if desired. Marvelous improvements added to previous Oliver epoch-making models. Model undreamed simplicity. Lightest touch known. Now the novice can start and write at once

Prospects Furnished

We are spending thousands in advertising. Every month hundreds of inquiries are turned over to our local representatives. Your share will be sent you at once

Apply Today

Before your territory is assigned. Ask for "Opportunity." Book free and full explanation. Also ask for sample typewriter if you are in earnest. We assume no obligation. Address 432

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1107 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

COLUMBIA BATTERIES

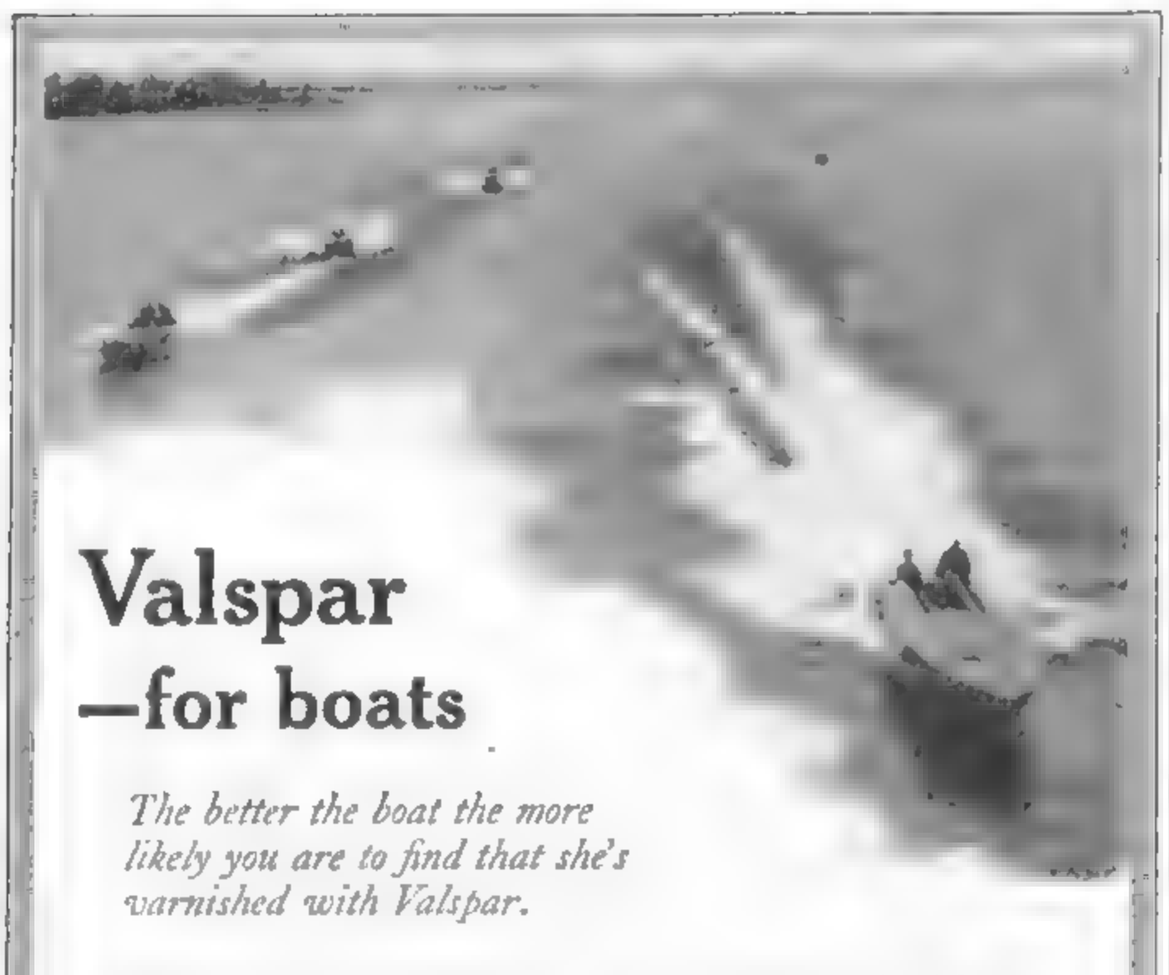
Universally sold
Universally good

For gongs or guns, for the front door bell or the submarine [illegible] batteries [illegible] and used for every battery purpose where dependability is required.

Maker's name on every cell.
Cost no more—last longer.
Insist on Columbias

National Carbon Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Fahnestock [illegible]



Valspar —for boats

The better the boat the more likely you are to find that she's varnished with Valspar.

In the free-for-all hydroplane race at Toledo last summer the winner — Kitty Hawk V — which showed a speed better than 47 miles an hour, was a Valsparred boat. So were the winners of second and third place — Kitty Hawk, Jr., and Peter Pan V. And nearly all the other entries were Valsparred.

The Speejacks — the fastest gasoline cruiser in the world — which won a 32-mile race with the Shadow at Put-in-Bay last August, averaging over 29 miles an hour for the course, is also a Valsparred boat.

At the last International Motor Boat Race at Huntington, Long Island, *every boat entered*, whether American or British, was varnished with Valspar.

Valspar is the *leading marine varnish*. Continuous exposure to water will not turn it white.

Use Valspar on your boat this year to insure a season of satisfaction.

A 4-oz. sample will be sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover mailing and package.

Nearest dealer's name on request.

VALENTINE & COMPANY 458 Fourth Avenue New York City

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World

New York Chicago Boston *Established 1832* Toronto Paris Amsterdam

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR

W. P. FULLER & CO. San Francisco Agents for Pacific Slope

TRADE VALENTINE'S ENGLISH MARK

When you go camping

—when you pack up your fishing kit, stuff your knapsack with blankets and cooking utensils and set out for the wild places, you'll need a good waterproof tent. Then it will make no difference to you whether the stars are winking through the branches overhead or a thunderstorm is drenching the woods around you. You'll be safe and sound—and dry. When you have a good tent for protection, why! camping is the greatest sport in the world—no matter what the weather.

You now can get the tent free of charge—a fine 7x7-foot wall-tent, complete with stakes, ropes and poles. This is one of the splendid prizes we award to our boys in exchange for their Rebate Vouchers.

How do they get Rebate Vouchers? By selling

The Saturday Evening Post

The Ladies' Home Journal *The Country Gentleman*

Thousands of boys are earning from fifty cents to five dollars a week and in addition are receiving splendid prizes which they choose from our Book of Rebates.

This catalogue is one of the most interesting books you ever saw. A copy will be sent to you upon request. Don't miss it. Address your letter to

Sales Division, Box 288

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"And I resented it. But Doctor Byrne was right—I was not a fit person to—to have him."

"It was not that—not only that ——"

"Did he ever ask for me? But of course not."

"No, he had no remembrance."

Silence for a moment. The loose windows of the cab clattered.

"I loved him very much when he came," said the Le Grande, "although I did not want him. I had been told I could have a career on the stage. Ah, my dear, I chose the career—and look at me! What have I? A grave in the cemetery back there, and on it roses sent me by a man I loathe! If I could live it over again!"

The answer was very close now:

"Would you stay at home?"

"Who knows, I being I? And my husband did not love me. It was the boy always. There is only one thing worth while—the love of a good man. I have lived, lived hard. And I know."

"But supposing that one has real ability—I mean some achievement already, and a promise ——"

The Le Grande turned and looked at Harmony shrewdly.

"I see. You are a musician, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And—it is Doctor Byrne?"

"Yes."

The Le Grande bent forward earnestly.

"My child," she said, "if one man in all the world looked at me as your doctor looks at you, I—I would be a better woman."

"And my music?"

"Play for your children, as you played for my little boy."

Peter was packing: wrapping medical books in old coats, putting clean collars next to boots, folding pajamas and suchlike negligible garments with great care and putting in his dress coat in a roll. His pipes took time, and the wooden sentry he packed with great care and a bit of healthy emotion. Once or twice he came across trifles of Harmony's, and he put them carefully aside—the sweater coat, a folded handkerchief, a bow she had worn at her throat. The bow brought back the night before and that reckless kiss on her white throat. Well for Peter to get away if he is to keep his resolution, when the sight of a ribbon bow can bring that look of suffering into his eyes.

The *portier* below was polishing floors, right foot, left foot, any foot at all. And as he polished he sang in a throaty tenor.

"*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen,*" he sang at the top of his voice, and coughed, a bit of floor wax having got into the air. The antlers of the deer from the wild-game shop hung now in his bedroom. When the wild-game seller came over for coffee there would be a discussion probably. But were not the antlers of all deer similar?

The *portier's* wife came to the doorway with a cooking fork in her hand.

"A cab," she announced, "with a devil's imp on the box. Perhaps it is that American dancer. Run and pretty thyself!"

It was too late for more than an upward twist of a mustache. Harmony was at the door, but not the sad-eyed Harmony of a week before or the undecided and troubled girl of before that. A radiant Harmony, this, who stood in the doorway, who wished them good morning, and ran up the old staircase with glowing eyes and a heart that leaped and throbbed. A woman now, this Harmony, one who had looked on life and learned; one who had chosen her fate and was running to meet it; one who feared only death, not life or anything that life could offer.

The door was not locked. Perhaps Peter was not up—not dressed. What did that matter? What did anything matter but Peter himself?

Peter, sorting out lectures on McBurney's point, had come across a bit of paper that did not belong there, and was sitting by his open trunk, staring blindly at it:

"You are very kind to me. Yes, indeed. H. W."

Quite the end now, with Harmony running across the room and dropping down on her knees among a riot of garments—down on her knees, with one arm round Peter's neck, drawing his tired head lower until she could kiss him.

"Oh, Peter, Peter dear!" she cried. "I'll love you all my life if only you'll love me, and never, never let me go."

Peter was dazed at first. He put his arms about her rather unsteadily, because he had given her up and had expected to go through the rest of life empty of arm and heart. And when one has one's arms set, as one may say, for loneliness and relinquishment it is rather difficult —— Ah, but Peter got the way of it swiftly.

"Always," he said incoherently; "forever the two of us. Whatever comes, Harmony?"

"Whatever comes."

"And you'll not be sorry?"

"Not if you love me."

Peter kissed her on the eyes very solemnly.

"God helping me, I'll be good to you always. And I'll always love you."

He tried to hold her away from him for a moment after that, to tell her what she was doing, what she was giving up. She would not be reasoned with.

"I love you," was her answer to every line. And it was no divided allegiance she promised him. "Career? I shall have a career. Yours!"

"And your music?"

She colored, held him closer.

"Some day," she whispered, "I shall tell you about that."

Late winter morning in Vienna, with the school-children hurrying home, the Alserstrasse alive with humanity—soldiers and chimney-sweeps, housewives and beggars. Before the hospital the crowd lines up along the curb; the head waiter from the coffee house across comes to the doorway and looks out. The sentry in front of the hospital ceases pacing and stands at attention.

In the street a small procession comes at the double quick—a handful of troopers, a black van with tiny, high-barred windows, more troopers.

Inside the van a Bulgarian spy going out to death—a swarthy little man with black eyes and short, thick hands, going out like a gentleman and a soldier to meet the God of patriots and lovers.

The sentry, who was only a soldier from Salzburg with one lung, was also a gentleman and a patriot. He uncovered his head.

(THE END)

Wireless Wonders

IT IS now possible to send photographs by wireless. Short distances would be most successful, of course; but it is entirely possible to send photographs by wireless as far as it is possible to telephone by wireless. Wireless telephony across the Atlantic is nearly a mechanical success now; so it is not a rash prediction to say that in a few years, or perhaps even in a few months, a photograph will actually be sent across the Atlantic by wireless.

Sending photographs by telegraph wires is no longer a wonder, either in the United States or abroad.

It has been done by a dozen methods and done well by more than one, with constant improvement. Of course the demand for such an expensive procedure is not great, and about the only use made of it anywhere, so far, is for sample demonstrations by newspapers.

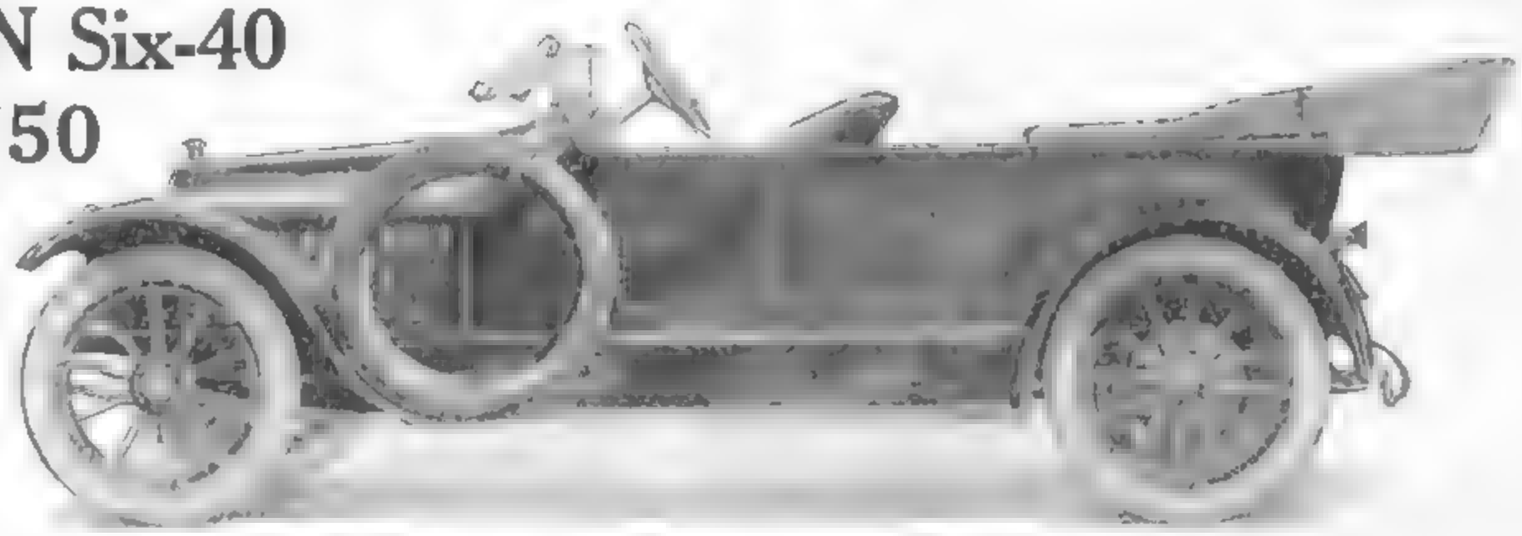
A complicated apparatus at the sending end divides the photograph up into dots of various shades, like a half tone; and these dots are sent one by one to the other end, where they are reproduced in the correct order, with a half-tone picture as a result.

It has been found recently that electric impulses not unlike those used in telephony are sufficient for the transmission of pictures by wire, and that the distance affects the process to no greater degree than it affects distinct hearing in a telephone. With this as a start, it has been found possible to send the pictures by wireless, using much the same forces and methods as are used in wireless telephony.

Another wireless wonder is the automatic recording of a talk by wireless telephone, or the dots and dashes of a wireless telegraph message, with the ultimate idea of having a wireless instrument that will receive messages when there is no attendant to look after it and recite the messages later as desired. This is simply a combination of existing devices depending upon a utilization of residual magnetism.

One of these devices is simply a form of talking machine that records sounds by the magnetic influencing of a wire, instead of by the common method of impressions in wax; so that in this combination the wireless message is recorded by a form of talking machine. The combination has been made and tried out with success, though there is still the problem of adding to the combination some other device to start and stop the apparatus from a distance by wireless.

HUDSON Six-40
$1750



Now Supplied with a 5-Passenger as well as a 6-Passenger Body

The Car to Measure By

The verdict seems to be that this LIGHT HUDSON Six-40 meets the present-day ideals. It has won an amazing welcome. These are standards undreamed of a short time ago. But the evidence is that future cars are going to be measured by them.

Even years ago designers began to suggest that motor cars had almost reached perfection. The boast of some leaders, from season to season, was "No essential changes."

Yet all standard cars then were heavy. All Sixes cost $3,000 or over. Fuel consumption, for the power developed, was at its highest point. The body lines were broken at the dash. A hundred features in this new HUDSON Six-40 were entirely unthought-of then.

Hudson Engineers Kept at Work

It was then—when other engineering corps were being cut down—that the HUDSON corps was increased to 48. And then—when others began to be satisfied—Howard E. Coffin, our chief engineer, told us he had only begun.

About the same time, European engineers began to experiment with small-bore motors in Sixes. And they found a way to reduce operative cost from 30 to 40 per cent.

Now all men can see that some of the greatest advances in motor car history are among these men's recent achievements.

Now This New Hudson Weighs 2,980 Lbs.

Now comes a new HUDSON which completely upsets nearly all the standards of even two years ago.

By skilful engineering the weight has been cut to 2,980 pounds, with no sacrifice of strength. That for a car with 123-inch wheelbase and two tonneau seats.

Compare that with like cars whose makers failed to work along these lines. You will find here a saving of 450 to 1,200 pounds—or the weight of from three to eight extra adults.

Operative cost has been immensely reduced by this lightness and this new-type motor. Cars of this capacity, built along the old lines, consumed from 30 to 50 per cent more fuel.

And the price has been brought down to $1,750—a record price for a quality Six. A price below cars of any type, comparable in class and capacity.

Other New Standards

The awkward dash angle has been wiped out by this beautiful streamline body. All hinges have been concealed. The speedometer gear is concealed.

The "One-Man" top has been adopted, with quick-adjusting curtains. The left-side drive has come, the dimming search-lights, the disappearing tonneau seats.

To save the old overload on the rear tires, the gasoline tank has been put in the dash. Extra tires are carried ahead of the front door.

These, and scores of other changes, have fairly revolutionized last year's ideals in cars.

Measure Others by It

These are the coming standards. These seeming innovations will soon be essentials, like the new-born electric starter. Men are coming to Sixes. They are coming to lightness. They are coming to reasonable prices, to lower operative cost. And they are going to demand the beauty and equipment which you find in this HUDSON Six-40.

The wise thing to do, in buying this year, is to measure other cars by this. If we are right, then cars which cling to old-time standards are bound to depreciate fast.

And we are right. Motor car buyers have fairly flocked to this car. There has not been a day since this car came out when we weren't weeks behind on orders.

We have built many popular models, but never a model which was half the sensation of the HUDSON Six-40 of this year.

Car like picture, with extra tonneau seats, $1,750 f. o. b. Detroit. Five-passenger body, same price. Standard Roadster, same price. Convertible Roadster, with lined leather top and windows that drop into doors—a luxurious enclosed car for rough weather, but an open roadster in fair weather—$1,950.

Our Larger Six-54

On the same lines we build the new HUDSON Six-54. The design and equipment are almost identical with the car pictured here. But the wheelbase is 135 inches, the engine more powerful, and the price is $2,250.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7884 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

(334)

He Mops In Misery Without B. V. D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomfiture* of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is "*the first aid*" to coolness. *You*, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it*.

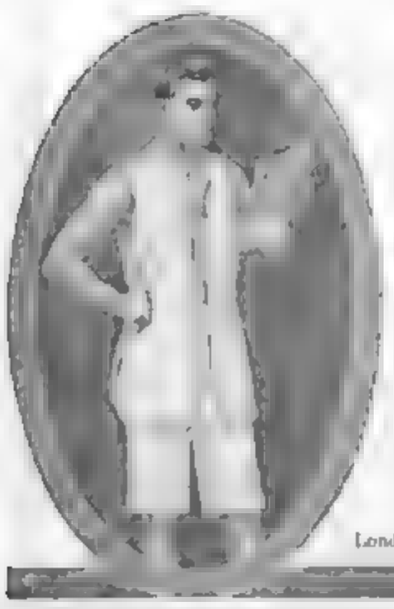
For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

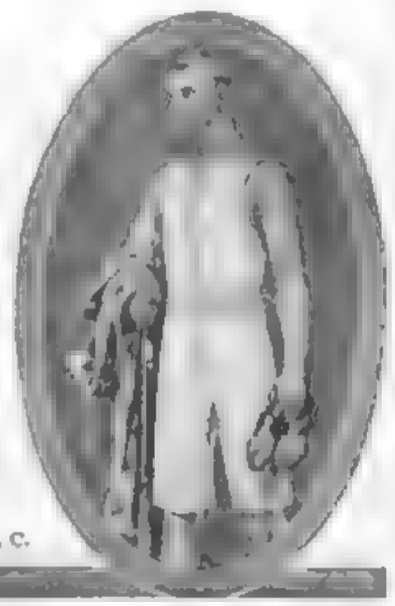
This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

B. V. D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.





The
B. V. D. Company,
NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

The Diamond is a better Tire

The Diamond is a better buy

Size	Squeegee Tread Prices
30 x 3	$12.65
30 x 3½	17.00
32 x 3½	18.10
33 x 4	25.25
34 x 4	26.05
34 x 4½	35.00
35 x 4½	36.05
36 x 4½	37.10
37 x 5	44.45
38 x 5½	57.30

Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires

—defense against short mileage and long skids—
And the tough rubber squeegees give you ***more*** mileage for ***less*** actual outlay—as well as complete control of your car.

Demand

Diamond Tires

$50,000,000 On The Skids

THE attempt to lower the high cost of living has knocked the props out from under the sugar business in Louisiana.

Free sugar has left men with million-dollar properties desperately groping in the dark for a way out of their agricultural difficulties.

Louisiana sugar planters have learned to make sugar for three and a half cents a pound, but it can be made cheaper in the tropics and they must go out of the business.

What Can The Sugar Planters Do?

The answer is in a series of two articles in this week's and next week's issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers — $1.50 the Year By Mail

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square — Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

B&B
Absorbent Cotton
In a Patent Package

Won't Infect

The vital thing is to use Absorbent which will surely not infect.

Most Cotton is aseptic when it leaves the laboratory. But the problem is to keep it aseptic. *Every touch contaminates.*

B & B Cotton comes in a patent package. In using the Cotton you *never take out the roll.*

What you don't use remains wrapped and untouched, just as it came from our laboratory. *Safety demands such a package.*

Our experts have specialized 25 years on this Cotton. It is ideal Absorbent. But the great fact is that B & B *stays clean.* Don't forget this vital fact when you buy next time.

10c up—at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Home Uses for Absorbent

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Solve the Summer Shoe Problem

for your children the comfortable way—the dressy way and the economical way—by fitting them out with

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"BACK TO NATURE SHOES"
For Grown-ups and Growing-ups.

Every quality that a child's shoe should have. Soles so flexible they are easily bent double. Nature shape—noiseless—light and cool—won't slip—no nails to pound the heels or mar the floors—tough soles and uppers that give the longest service. Brown Indian tanned Moose uppers, unlined, that retain their soft pliability when dried out after wetting

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CORSET

Only corset of this kind made for its own purpose. Worn at any time. Absolute comfort. Dress as usual. Normal appearance preserved

Prices $5 and upwards

Mail orders filled with complete satisfaction. Corsets for ordinary wear on same lines. Write for Booklet No. 46, sent free under plain envelope.

BERTHE MAY, 10 East 46th St., New York

Do It For Baby's Sake

MY SON

(Continued from Page 21)

cows clean, ought not to be allowed to raise milk at all. The public can't afford to pay for the damage caused by such a farmer's lack of time and money. The public can't afford it any more than they can afford to pay for impurity in other kinds of food. Most states have passed certain laws with this in mind, but all a man has to do is to go into any country barn to realize how short a distance these laws reach.

The farmer isn't getting enough for his milk—or his other produce for that matter. But that is another question. It oughtn't to give him the privilege of raising typhoid, tuberculosis and other things.

Dick figures that now he is producing milk at a cost of round three cents a quart. But he hasn't lowered his price below seven cents. He believes that clean milk is worth this, and that the extra profit ought to go back into the plant for the benefit of others. I think he is right. But he has made one change—he now has two prices. With the larger herd and wider distribution he found that in many cases it was impossible for customers to reach either one of the two stations. A delivery service became necessary. So he bought a horse and a milk wagon and put the price of delivered milk up to nine cents. This gave customers a choice of going after their milk and saving the price of one hundred and four quarts of milk a year, or of spending that amount for delivery. Even then deliveries had to be limited to a route which the horse could reach. Dick couldn't have done it at this figure if the Brewster store hadn't been able to use the team and man a few hours each day.

Incidentally I may say that this store does more business every year. It was rather a joke among the retail grocers at the start, but it isn't now. But that is another matter.

In telling about the boy's business success I've neglected to tell about the boy himself, which after all is the important thing. But I haven't felt as free to do that as though it were myself I was talking about. Speaking in a general way, however, and lining his life up against the lives of such of his business associates of his own age as I have met, he looks to me to have made even a bigger success of his life than of his business. I try to view him impersonally. The boy was competent and had both intelligence and energy, although I don't think much beyond the average. I believe that he had it in him to do most anything he wanted.

I haven't any doubt but what he could have amassed a considerable fortune if he had confined himself to the contracting business. I think he could have risen pretty high if politics had been his ambition. If he hadn't married he might have done both. Why he chose the career he did choose seems to me to lie in the fact that he accepted life as a responsibility. I think sometimes a good many Americans don't see any other clause in the Declaration except that which voices their right to "the pursuit of happiness." They forget that the Declaration wasn't framed at Newport, but by certain earnest men in Philadelphia who had entirely different ideals.

There isn't any doubt in my mind but what the boy acquired his viewpoint unconsciously from the new pioneers with whom he was thrown in contact in Little Italy. It's rare when you find among those people any other unit but the family, and when in the family you don't find a consciousness of the larger unit making them members of the state and the nation. The family and then the nation are vital factors in their lives. You don't see many struggling for themselves alone down there.

That is counting for a lot today. It is going to count for a lot more in the future. The individual perishes, but the family does not. A hundred years from now this nation will be controlled, not by the individuals of today but by the families of today. Your one-man life, your one-man business is snuffed out like a single candle in the dark.

Dick has three children and wants more. Jane wants more. The children have meant increasing care for them both. Jane looks after them herself, with the help of a woman who comes in by the day. It keeps her pretty busy. She doesn't have much time for anything else. She can't travel; she can't do much in a social way; she can't go in town to the theater any more. She still

A New Way to Profits For Retail Merchants!

This machine automatically makes "Butter-Kist" popped corn—crisp, crackling, melt-in-your-mouth, pure creamery-buttered corn—the kind people walk blocks to buy. In scores of stores and shops it is making profits of $25 to $60 weekly.

Here, for the first time, is a pop-corn machine built expressly for high-class stores. A machine as handsome as the finest soda fountain or beautiful show-case. A machine that operates *automatically.*

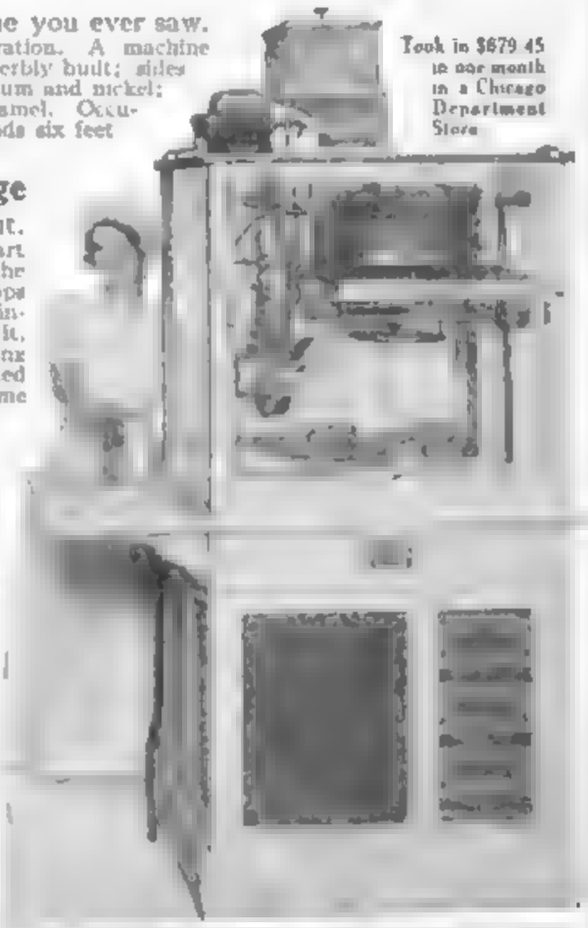
A machine that turns the freely-spent pop-corn nickels of your community into *your* store. A machine that in many places is not only paying handsome profits itself, but *has increased general store sales as high as 15 per cent!*

FOR
Department Stores
Drug Stores

"Butter-Kist" Corn Popper

Different from any pop-corn machine you ever saw. Different in appearance. Different in operation. A machine you will be *proud* to have in your store. Superbly built; sides of plate glass; metal parts of polished aluminum and nickel; cabinet of mahogany, oak or ivory-white enamel. Occupies but five square feet of floor space. Stands six feet high

Took in $879.45 in one month in a Chicago Department Store



Does Everything But Make Change

The operation is *automatic* throughout. Simply fill the feed-box, light the gas and start the motor. The "Butter-Kist" Popper does the rest. It feeds the corn in proper quantity, pops it, separates unpopped grains, carries the finished product to a buttering device, butters it, and drops it down ready to be scooped, piping hot, into the bags. Capacity can be regulated as desired. No labor, no watching, no time wasted.

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The "Butter-Kist" Popper makes your place the most talked-of store on the street. Everybody mystified by the fascinating moving mechanism. Pulls crowds like magic. Be first in your section with this spot-cash money-maker! Write today!

Illustrated Book Free

Full of facts, figures and photographs that explain everything. Read how other merchants are cleaning up big profits every week. ***Sold on easy terms.*** Best season now opening. Write now and get full information by return mail.

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A practical, permanent live fish bait for salt or fresh water fishing. Expert and amateur fishermen for two seasons enthusiastic over it. Minnow enclosed in non-breakable, flexible, transparent case. Inlet and outlet holes allow water to flow through slowly, keeping minnow alive. Guaranteed. Hooks interchangeable. Nickel plated. For sale by dealers or mailed postpaid in U.S. $1.00; in Canada $1.35.

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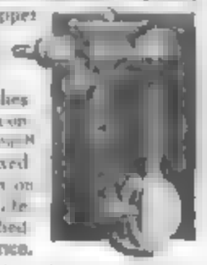
Long Stroke 4 Horse Power **MOTOR**

Fits any boat. Ball-bearing Engine. 10" inch Wooden Propeller. Long Piston, same as in Packard car. Copper Water Jacket same as in Packard car. Kingston Carburetor same as in highest grade auto and marine engines. Silent Exhaust water exhaust same as in highest priced launches. Steers from any part of the boat. Perfect control from tiller to racing. Speeds 8 to 22 miles per hour. Uses gasoline and oil mixed. No vibration. No noise. Runs and keeps on running day after day. Guaranteed for life. Money back without argument if not satisfied. Write for free catalog and special 30 day price.



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American Self heating Flat Iron — Sold on a positive guarantee

Never sticks on any kind of starching. Ordinary four hours Ironing can be done in two, and done better, with less labor and expense and many times the satisfaction as compared with any other method. Send for circulars. If your dealer does not sell this guaranteed iron, write us direct.

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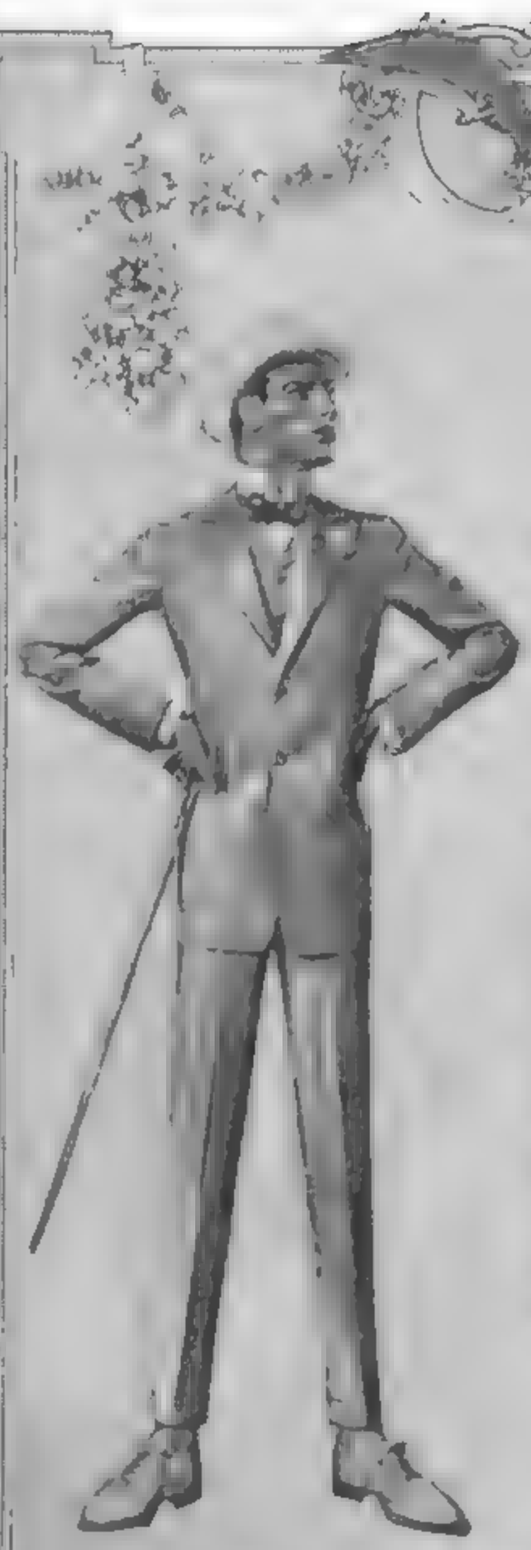

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Adler-Rochester
Spring Achievement

This model we illustrate, with its slightly shortish coat and the tighter fitting English effect, has an illusive touch of Spring snap and freshness, and is another *Adler-Rochester achievement.*

This is just one of the new individualized Spring models that our merchants everywhere are now showing.

These models are tailored in foreign and domestic fabrics—from Twenty to Forty Dollars.

Write for our Spring Book of Men's Fashions, and the name of the merchant in your town who sells *Adler-Rochester Clothes*—the very highest grade of ready-for-service clothes.

L. Adler, Bros. & Co.
ROCHESTER, N Y
Rochester-Made Means Quality

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

manages to do most of her housework with Dick's help. If the day has been strenuous Dick gets the dinner. He doesn't mind. He brings home a steak or some chops and it is done in no time.

Neither of them has much time for anything else outside the home now while the children are young. But the remarkable fact is that neither wants anything more. When Jane's unburdened town friends come to see her she doesn't envy them. Most of them drive away in their automobiles envying her, hard work and all. I've seen it in their eyes when I've happened to be there. Dick's partner drove down one Sunday afternoon, as a matter of duty, to see the children. He's been down every Sunday since. He looks to me like a man who is groping round in the dark for an explanation.

However, there are some women—childless ones—who have expressed to Ruth opposite views.

They have said they think it a great pity for a woman of Jane's intelligence to waste her life as a drudge.

"There are plenty of women," they say, "who are not fitted for anything else but to cook and scrub."

Of course there is a lot Ruth could say. There's a lot she would like to say. But she never replies. The women who make such statements are the women who aren't doing anything at all.

They neither cook nor scrub nor bear children. It's the women who cook and scrub who also bear. The childless ones are like the eight-hour men who are kicking for a six-hour day while misusing the time they already have.

As the children grow older both Jane and Dick will have more time, and then they will know how to use it. I heard Jane say one day to a young friend who was going to Europe:

"I'm going myself a little later on."

"You are? But how can you leave the children?"

"I can't. I'm going to take them with me as soon as they are out of college."

The friend gave a gasp.

"But that is years and years away."

"Only a few years," said Jane.

That's the way she felt. Days flew by for her like seconds while they flew by for the other like months. I have a notion that at forty-five or fifty Jane will be younger than that woman is today, in spite of the cooking and scrubbing.

Dick will be younger at that age, too, than most of his associates. He's bound to be. A man with an outside interest like the production of clean milk can't help it. A new customer is born every day, so that his business is always with the young. Then there are his own. A man can't grow old when he begins to grow all over again with his own.

Ruth and I began life fresh when the boy married. Now we are beginning again with our grandchildren. It's the only way. When a tree gets past the bearing period it goes to decay unless new shoots are grafted on. With the new life it goes on forever.

I'm proud of the boy. I'm proud of his home and his family and his business. Alone in the dark Ruth and I talk over these things. She is trying to make the others just like our eldest son. And she'll do it. Then she'll begin with the grandchildren.

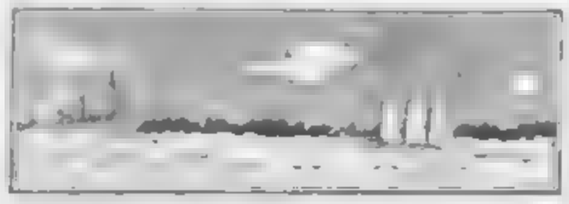
(THE END)

Show-Window Lamps

SHOW-WINDOW lamps that can be adjusted to bring out to the best advantage goods of any particular color, such as green silks one day, for instance, and cotton goods with orange designs the next day, have now been perfected and are just getting to the point of going on the market.

Glass stripe of various colors take the light rays from an electric lamp, make a mosaic pattern of the rays, and then gather them all together again, blending the light into a daylight effect.

By adjusting the glass strips the outcoming light can be modified so that it will intensify red or any other color, as desired. Such lights have been suggested for art-gallery use.



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EVERY step a pleasure. Perfect-fitting oxfords give your feet a cool, restful feeling that adds to the enjoyment of a Summer stroll. There's a Florsheim correct for business, sport and dress. Priced at $5 and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN OF CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
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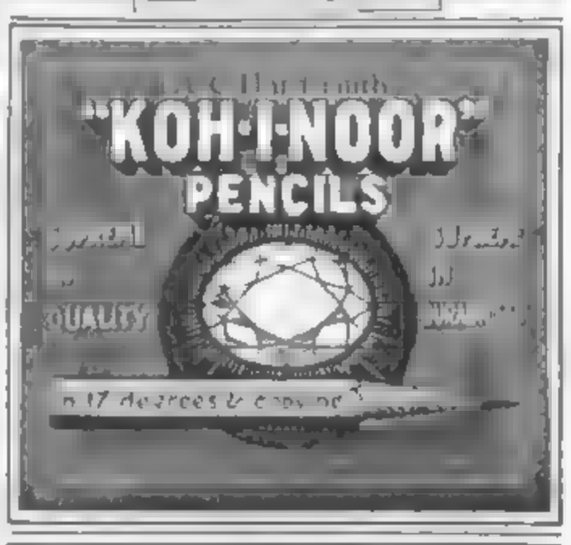
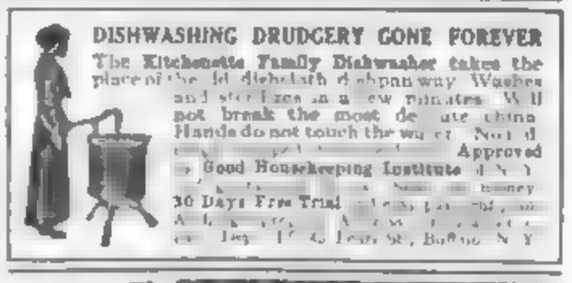
FOR THE MAN WHO CARES





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The Kitchenette Family Dishwasher takes the place of the old dishcloth dishpan way. Washes and sterilizes in a few minutes. Will not break the most delicate china. Hands do not touch the water. Noiseless. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Money back if not satisfied. 30 Days Free Trial. Write for booklet. Kitchenette Co., 1 East Huron St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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would be of benefit to you, if you would like to obtain a course in any college, business college, agricultural school or musical conservatory, we'd like to tell you how about a thousand young people have obtained courses without one cent of expense to themselves and how you can do the same thing and enter next Fall.

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It will open a new world of new scenes, new pleasures to you. The cost is low, and it is swift and graceful, yet steady, buoyant, roomy and strong. Write for catalog, which explains why.

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Behind it stands a manufacturing experience of a half century.

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Motorcycle Tires
Built Just Like Auto Tires

When you're away out in the country with miles of roughest going between you and home, then, of all times, is when good tires count. Then is the time when tire confidence asserts itself, especially when your tires are Goodyears—"*little brothers to the big Anti-Skid Auto Tires.*"

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That is why three of every four 1914 motorcycles are Goodyear-equipped. That is why all motorcycle manufacturers use Goodyears. That is why motorcyclists, in referring to quick, clean, comfortable trips, often say "real Goodyear going."

Stand the strain of sharp curves, heavy roads and fast engines.

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Yet Goodyears stand up under it all. A special interlocking fabric insures against separation of Tread or Fabric. Under high pressure the rubber is forced through the warp and weave of the fabric, forming a myriad rubber rivets that allow of no separation.

Every step in the Goodyear process is mathematically exact. Machine-tensioned fabric insures uniformity and stability. Thus blowouts, another trouble due to ordinary construction, are also obviated in the making.

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Any highway should outlive its guarantee, giving lasting service at low first cost and the lowest possible upkeep expense.

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11 Mills—Over 12,000,000 Barrels Annual Capacity

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Is Half Your Fuel Expense Worth Saving?

Read This Letter

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The Peck-Williamson Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

This is my third winter and I am perfectly satisfied with results. Am using slack coal at a cost of about $3.65 per ton, when my neighbors are paying $8 and $8.50 for their fuel. A ton of slack lasts as long as a ton of hard coal and with equal results. The UNDERFEED is the only system of heating, as it does not smother the fire every time you replenish the fuel. The UNDERFEED system crowds the live coals nearer the point of attack and consequently gives more heat when replenished, than less, as is the case with the topfeed system.

Yours truly, GEO. M. CONDON

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Coal in the Underfeed is fed from *below*, and like a candle, burns *from top down*. The fire must burn down into the fresh coal slowly, against the draft. As in the candle, this down-burning gives the best and cleanest heat and makes the coal last longer. Simple and logical, isn't it? With the fire always on top, smoke and gases are consumed, making more heat with *no* soot, smell, smoke, clinkers or dirt, and few ashes. *Cheap* slack soft coal and pea or buckwheat sizes of hard coal yield in the Underfeed as much clean, even heat as *highest*-priced coal in other heaters. The Underfeed is adapted to warm air, steam or hot water in buildings of all kinds, large or small. Shall we send you the names and addresses of over 2,000 Underfeed users some right in your vicinity—who *know* by experience that clean, even, *economical* heat is obtainable with the Underfeed?

Our Startling Guarantee

We guarantee a saving over your present coal bills of at least one-half by means of the Underfeed, when properly installed and operated. Every Underfeed carries this guarantee, which is backed by a $1,000,000 company. So you take no risk. The burden of proof is on the Underfeed. It has satisfied thousands—it will satisfy you

Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace

You Need This Book

If you are tired of paying big coal bills if you want more heat at less cost or if you are going to build, then you need our big free book, "From Overfed to Underfeed." This book will open your eyes and save you money

The Williamson Heater Co.
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This Brings The Free Book

The Williamson Heater Co., (19)
196 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know *how* to cut my coal bills from one-half to two-thirds with an Underfeed.

Warm Air ——— Steam or Hot Water ———
(Mark an X after system interested in.)

Name ———

Address ———

My Dealer's Name is ———

"Safe!"

(When you buy Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear)

To be "SAFE," insist on the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit." Please read this and learn *why* you should avoid imitations.

Underwear may be made to *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." But none can match the genuine in "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, *coolness*. None, now nor ever.

Protect yourself. Buy right. Look for the label.

Union Suit Comfort

Examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly the seams are reinforced—double-seamed by cover seaming.

No cumbersome flaps gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

The "stretch" in knit goods runs one way. But in Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits the stretch of the triangular piece in the back runs opposite to the rest. This means full elasticity in seat. It *gives*—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge.

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no "cutting in the crotch."

The Closed Crotch is comfortable and fits. It stays put.

"Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy.

This Label on Every Garment

CHALMERS TRADE MARK "Porosknit" GUARANTEED FABRIC PAT DEC. 12, 1905 DESIGN PAT DEC 19 1905 REG U S PAT OFF

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No-Limit Guarantee

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

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Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN 50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	FOR BOYS 25c
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Establish *your* rainy-day fund. If your living costs keep pace with your income, increase your income and deposit the increase in bank. Thousands are doing it, by selling their spare time to us. We will pay cash for the odd minutes you can give us.

Earn at one and the same time, the extra money you need, the insurance it offers against debt and trouble, and the peace of mind it makes possible. Let us explain our offer.

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GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP À LA FRANÇAISE

Continued from Page 19

developed telegraphs at the expense of the newer and, on the whole, better method of electrical communication. At any rate, after more than twenty years of state ownership, it was only very recently that France seriously took up the matter of improving a very bad telephone service.

That she is still far behind our private corporations in the matter of developing telephony is shown not only by the figures as to the number of instruments in use but by the quite onerous conditions she imposes on the telephone user—as by requiring him to purchase an instrument, to pay rental quarterly in advance, and to make a deposit covering all toll charges. Certainly no institution, public or private, which was anxious to sell the greatest possible amount of telephone service would impose such conditions.

France is in the railroad business also, owning and operating over five thousand miles of road, or a little more than one-sixth of the country's total mileage.

The finest suburban train I ever saw runs over the state railroad from Paris to Versailles. It is propelled, lighted and heated by electricity. The cars are of steel, and so big and roomy that they immediately remind the American of home after some acquaintance with the diminutive equipment on the other side of the water. The aisles run through the center of the cars in the American fashion. More important still, the compartments are not boxed in after the all-but-universal European custom. The partition that divides one compartment from the next extends only a foot or so above the top of the seat. Thus the whole upper space is open, allowing circulation of light and air almost as in an American daycoach. Or, rather, because the seats are in pairs, face to face and back to back, the arrangement closely resembles that in our standard Pullman sleeping cars.

The windows, however, are larger than in our Pullmans; in fact, the sides of the cars are nearly all glass. They are finished in white or a very light color, and there are no mistaken attempts at decoration. In fine, they are beautifully bright, airy and spacious, so that you cannot see one without wishing to travel a long way in it.

The Best Cars and the Worst

I fully sympathized with the enthusiasm of the obliging station master who showed me over the train, and was able to tell him, with perfect candor, that there was not a suburban train in the United States to match it. When he incidentally explained that the aisles had been made wide so that passengers for whom there were no seats could stand, I realized that the state had gone a little farther than I first supposed in borrowing American ideas.

I was permitted to stand beside the driver of the first car in order to see the track. The train ran forty miles an hour between stops and there were many curves, yet it ran so smoothly that my footing was never disturbed.

These fine cars and the road over which they run are a matter of the last six months however. The run to Versailles is twelve miles and includes the gilt-edge suburban travel, the sort of influential traffic for which railroads everywhere put their best foot forward. With the exception of that twelve miles, there is nothing whatever to admire in France's management of railroads.

I rode in another suburban train on the same state railroad. You may get an approximate idea of the first ride by imagining a lighter and brighter standard Pullman car. You may get an approximate idea of the second one by imagining a dingy caboose of a way-freight train on a third-class American line. In a general way the cars look not unlike our box freight cars, only they are cut down, say, two feet in height and a dozen feet in length.

The car is divided into five compartments, each containing two plain wooden benches running along the sides of the compartments and facing each other. The sides of the compartments are of plain wood, painted a sad brown and leaving some doubt as to their cleanliness. There is no communication whatever between one compartment and another. One enters the compartment at the end through a door in the side of the car. When these doors are shut each compartment is a sealed box. No aisle or corridor runs through the car. Of course there is no toilet room in the car and there would be no way to get to it if there was. There is no communication between one car and another, the cars having no end platforms such as all our passenger cars have, but ending in a blank wall, like our freight cars.

Each of these hermetically sealed compartments is supposed to hold ten people, with such luggage as they may have. I rode only a dozen miles in one containing only eight people and there was not air enough in it for a mole.

They tell you these oldest style third-class cars are now used only for suburban travel, but I found suburban to be a somewhat elastic word; in fact such cars are run for journeys requiring several hours.

There is a first-class car on the state road. It is seven paces long or approximately twenty feet. The compartments are a little wider than in the third-class car. The seats are upholstered and no doubt the upholstery was once rather smart. It is soiled now.

There is no aisle or corridor through the car; consequently there is no way of getting from one part of it to any other part when the train is in motion. Naturally there is no toilet room.

The Scarcity of Fresh Air

These old cars, twenty feet long or thereabout, have only two axles, or four wheels. Running at high speed over light rails, not ballasted for heavy trains, they are decidedly roughriders; but the greatest affliction of all these cars is lack of fresh air. Riding only a dozen or twenty miles in newer types of cars that had corridors down the sides, I have been half stifled; and in this respect it seems to make no great difference whether you ride first, second or third class. People smoke and eat in their compartments and invariably keep the windows closed. After a train has been running an hour or two the only advantage of the corridor is that you get a sort of average of the bad air in all compartments instead of being confined to that in your own particular box.

I do not know whether you have ever ridden in the caboose of a way freight on a third-class railroad in the United States when there were as many passengers as the vehicle could well hold, most of them addicted to pipes and the sort of tobacco that comes in large, loose brown-paper packages. There was a time when it was my privilege to enjoy that experience rather frequently; and, except for the free-and-easy sociability of the caboose, that comes much nearer to conditions of travel on some state trains in France than anything else I have ever seen in the United States.

Between that and the Versailles train you have the worst and the best. It is only fair to say that the best is very new and there is little of it. Between the two extremes are various grades of various dates; but one thing that immediately strikes you is that there is no uniformity, no standard. It is obvious at a glance that whatever improvements there are have come in small and more or less haphazard patches.

For example, you go into the Pennsylvania or Grand Central station at New York, or the Northwestern at Chicago, and you see a whole and great transportation plant, practically span-new and all up to the mark.

It looks as though somebody had said: "Throw the old stuff away and start fresh." But in every railroad station in Paris you will see, along with whatever they have of newest and best equipment, strings of sorry old antediluvian vehicles, unsightly, uncomfortable and unsanitary. You will even see the most unequal equipment in the same train bound for the same destination—1912, figuratively speaking, nose to nose with 1219.

Of course a great deal is true of the privately owned roads as well as of the state owned; yet there is an overwhelming mass of testimony to show that the state-owned road has given the poorest service

and been the slowest to make improvements. It is hardly more than a year, in fact, since the government made the first serious attempt to bring its railroad up to date. Prior to that time poor equipment and late trains were fairly the rule. A few years ago patient patrons raised an incipient riot because a train was two hours late in running fifteen miles; and that was only a somewhat exaggerated instance of their daily experience.

If you look it up you will find that France is almost exactly the size of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin combined. It is in good part an open, undulating country, offering hardly greater physical obstacles to the construction and operation of railroads than are to be found in those four American commonwealths. Its total railroad mileage is less than that of the states named by about ten per cent, and it contains about three times their population.

Now I imagine that if you were to show a Harriman or a Hill a territory the size of the four states named, with a somewhat smaller railroad mileage and three times their population, he would immediately begin to rub his hands in anticipation of fat dividends and large melons; but, in fact, railroading in France, broadly speaking, has never been profitable. From the beginning it has been heavily under the hand of the state. Whether it would have been profitable if private enterprise had been given as free rein as with us is another question. Transportation conditions in Europe are so different from those in the United States that assumptions as to what Americans would do in Europe, or Europeans in America, are very dangerous.

The Period of Speculation

Back in the thirties a railroad was built from Paris to Versailles. Then followed a long discussion as to whether the railroads of France should be built by the government or by private concerns. One result of this protracted debate was that, though the United States had four thousand miles of railroad in 1842, France had only three hundred and fifty. The more important result was a compromise between the policy of state ownership and that of private ownership.

To put it briefly, the government in 1842 granted concessions for nine lines, the state to construct the roadbed, the localities through which the lines passed to pay two-thirds of the cost of right of way, and the concessionary companies to lay the track, provide the rolling stock and operate the roads. Thus there was a mixture of state ownership, municipal ownership and private ownership. The localities, however, soon objected so strenuously to the cost thrust on them that the state relieved them of their share in the partnership.

As was the case both in England and the United States, the beginning of railroad construction on an important scale was marked by a period of rampant speculation. Securities issued by the concessionary companies were eagerly bought and, as is also usual, promoters saw to it that the supply equaled the demand. By 1847 it was evident that a collapse in railroad securities was impending. In England or the United States the government, of course, would have allowed the collapse to take place. There would have been reorganizations, overoptimistic investors would have pocketed their losses, and the policy of private ownership would have continued.

The French Government, however, was a partner in the enterprise. Moreover, it regarded railroads primarily as public concerns and it did not wish investors to become discouraged from assisting in their construction. Therefore it granted various aids to the concessionary companies, sometimes advancing them capital outright, and in one case taking over the whole road and reimbursing investors. Thus aided, the concessionary companies undertook extensions. In ten years the conditions of 1847 were repeated on a larger scale and there was a panic in railroad securities. To reassure investors and to enable the companies to raise the capital needed to complete their lines, the government then adopted the policy of guaranteeing the interest on railroad bonds. This guaranty of interest by the government still underlies the whole railroad situation in France.

The private concerns had resolved themselves by that time into six great companies—the West, the North and the East occupying respectively the territory westerly, northerly and easterly from Paris; and the Orléans, the Midi, and the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean, which, roughly speaking, take in the southern part of France. All of them except the Midi run to Paris; yet, with few exceptions, each has its own separate territory and there is little direct competition among them.

There was, of course, a demand for railroads by communities not yet reached, and the government, as a partner in the railroad business, could no more ignore those demands than our government can ignore the collective demands of a hundred communities for post-office buildings. Moreover the state wished certain lines constructed for military rather than commercial reasons, so government partnership in the railroad business was further extended, the treasury subscribing part of the capital for certain lines and in some cases building them outright. One set of unattached branch lines, which the Orléans Company refused to take into its system, was purchased by the state in 1877. Thus more than a generation ago the French Government owned outright nearly two thousand miles of railroad in the southwestern part of the country, an aggregation of poor lines so incoherent that it could hardly be called a system, yet known ever since as the Old State Railroad.

A Story of Deficits

This Old State Railroad has always been operated at a loss. The poor results obtained from that road and the extent to which the government had been obliged to aid other roads did not strengthen sentiment in favor of state ownership of railroads in general; but the Western Railroad began getting heavily into debt to the government, which was obliged year after year to advance sums to pay bond interest under its guaranty. These advances were charged to the road and were to bear interest.

The territory served by the Western Railroad does not produce a great amount of profitable tonnage or attract a heavy passenger traffic. In 1908 its deficit rose to five million four hundred thousand dollars—that is, it failed by that much to earn the guaranteed interest and dividends.

M. Clemenceau, a radical, was then prime minister. He proposed that the government purchase the Western Railroad, and by threatening to resign forced the bill through the Senate. The argument was that the road was a perpetual drain on the treasury anyway, and that it would in any event cost the state no more to own it than to make up the yearly deficits in guaranteed interest.

Thus the state came into possession of a fairly compact and coherent railroad system embracing some thirty-seven hundred miles. Together with the Old State road, it now owns and operates about fifty-five hundred miles, or slightly over one-sixth the total mileage of the country.

It is important, however, to remember how that situation came about. Practically from the beginning the government was a partner in the railroad business. It regarded railroads primarily as state instrumentalities rather than as mere instruments of commerce, often intervening to require the construction of lines for political or military rather than for strictly commercial reasons. In Eastern France you may see stretches of track with grass growing over the rails. They were built, not for business, but for war.

I do not pretend to intimate that this was not the best possible railroad policy for France, but it arose from conditions that have no parallel in the United States. Heaven knows we can learn a million things from France; but that we can learn anything about railroad management from her I deny.

And in northwestern France private enterprise in railroading distinctly broke down. Whether this was due to irremediable conditions, to faults of management or to the hand of the state, I do not know, and the point is of no importance anyway. The privately owned railroad system in that part of the country decidedly failed. For years on end it could not earn the interest on its bonds or the dividends on its shares. Under a like condition in the United States bondholders and stockholders, of course, would have gone without interest and dividends; the road would have been reorganized and its fixed charges cut down to a sum it could earn. The French Government, however, for reasons it considered sound, had guaranteed a return to investors in the road's securities.

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Thus the situation was a good deal as though the railroads in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Northern New York could not earn their fixed charges, which our Federal Government had guaranteed; so that the continuation of transportation by rail in that region depended on the treasury at Washington making good a yearly deficit. Under such conditions there would undoubtedly be a demand that the Federal Government take over the roads, and I think I should be in favor of it; but between that and a deliberate government purchase of roads that are prospering under private management there is a very obvious difference.

If our government, under such imaginary conditions, did take over the New England roads I should hope it would do much better with them than the French Government has done with the Western Railroad. In 1908, the last year of private management, the deficit was something over five million dollars. After three years of state management it had about tripled. In those three years gross receipts increased by about three million dollars, but operating expenses increased by nearly twelve millions. This increase was largely in the payroll. During the three years the state added over four thousand to the number of employees. Operating expenses rose to ninety per cent of the gross receipts.

A parliamentary commission then observed:

"It can hardly be called in question that the number of officials and employees is far greater in relation to traffic on the state railroads than on the other systems. It has been attempted to explain these facts by the special character of the traffic on the Western Railroad. Especially has it been claimed that at the time of the fruit harvests the lines in Normandy and Brittany are subjected to demands that require the employment of a very large force. This argument does not seem tenable, for it would apply to all systems serving regions the production of which is somewhat specialized."

The Snarl of Red Tape

"The truth seems to be as follows: In October, 1910, there was drawn up a theoretical list of positions for the whole system. Unfortunately in response to outside pressure the chiefs of the service have often increased the number of their subordinates up to the limits theoretically assigned to them, with the result that at certain points there has been a veritable plethora, manifest in the budgetary estimates and in the confusion itself."

Incidental to this report, here is an interesting little sidelight:

"All correspondence under the old company was made with one copy. Under the state it must be made in triplicate, and one can appreciate the useless labor thus imposed when it is stated that for the arrondissement of Caen the payment of the personnel, which under the old company occupied nine men three days, under the State administration demands the time of twelve men for six days. The station masters are bound up by an almost unbelievable amount of red tape. I have seen chiefs of petty stations sometimes obliged to sit up until two o'clock in the morning in order to clarify their accounts."

The increased payroll appears to have been due in considerable part to the appointment of additional clerks and petty officials rather than of what we call wage-earners or workmen. The pay of these non-unionized underlings is of course very meager from the American standpoint. It is significant that one action of the state was to raise the minimum yearly wage to twelve hundred francs, or two hundred and forty dollars.

The state's generosity in providing jobs did nothing to ameliorate the relations between employers and employees. On the contrary, in the memorable railroad strike of 1910 the employees of the state-owned Western Railroad were the first to follow the lead of the Northern Railroad force and vote to strike.

It is true the Western Railroad was always a poverty-stricken concern, with comparatively low earning capacity, poorly maintained and poorly equipped. It was in a rundown condition when the state took it over and no brilliant results could reasonably have been expected from state management. It may even be questioned whether any argument, either favorable or adverse to government ownership of railroads in the United States, can be deduced from it; but if there is any argument it certainly is not on the favorable side. State management to date has been less efficient than private management was.

Last year it was pointed out that the six most fatal railroad accidents which had occurred in France were all on state-owned lines, three on the Western and three on the Old State. I do not know that this is an argument against the state, but certainly there is no argument in favor of state ownership.

An Unbiased View

It cannot be said that state ownership of railroads is the policy of the French Government. It was in a manner forced into the ownership of fifty-five hundred miles; but about five-sixths of the total mileage is still privately owned and privately managed, though under strict government supervision. This group embraces what are unquestionably the best two roads in the country—the Northern and the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean. In short, if one were going to pick a railroad in France it would certainly be a privately owned one.

Just at this writing a report of state railroad operation in France has been made; whereupon M. Thomas, Socialist deputy and budget committeeman, delivers himself in print as follows:

"They run! They run punctually, the trains from the West—the trains that formerly were ridiculed by all the cabaret singers of Montmartre and by the Matin. Travelers, manufacturers and merchants all praise the state service. Some weeks ago the apple dealers from Morbihan and Côtes-du-Nord offered to give M. Claveille, the excellent director of the system, a banquet to show their gratitude.

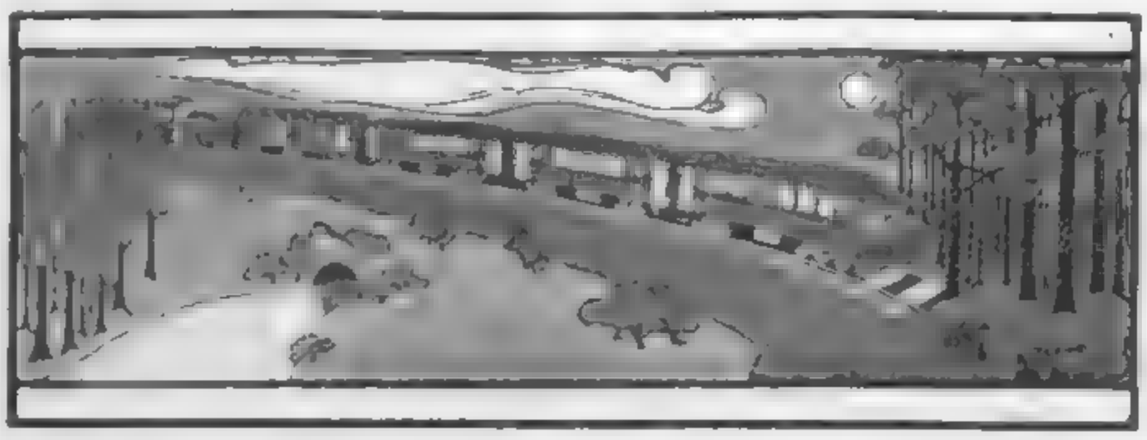
"Well-deserved gratitude! Time was when it seemed absolutely impossible to forward quickly the rich crops of Brittany. This year the crop was wonderful and every dealer received the goods in time. All this proves that the service has improved.

"Everybody says, All right! Very well; but the bill, if you please! Here the polemics come in. The system works; but at what price? In 1908, the last business year of private management, the deficit amounted to thirty-one million francs. In 1911 it was sixty-seven millions and in 1912 seventy-six millions. Parliament could have foreseen that the deficit in 1913 would amount to eighty-four millions, and only by making strong efforts to economize will they reduce it in 1914 to eighty millions.

"True, they spend a lot of money; but do they spend it wisely? They spend thirty-four millions a year to raise the salaries and wages of their employees. Dare you criticize that? Did not the railroad force hope for this when they demanded that the state should buy the line?

"Enormous sums are spent for work. Double tracks have been laid; stations have been renovated; the suburban trains have been changed to run by electricity. Have you proved that any of this work was unnecessary? Just wait a bit! The millions that have been spent for electricity and new rails do not bring any profit as yet, but in two or three years you will see the benefit. The deficit will become smaller."

This is perhaps a fair view of the case.



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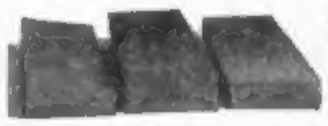

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An Ambitious Woman chose to be independent

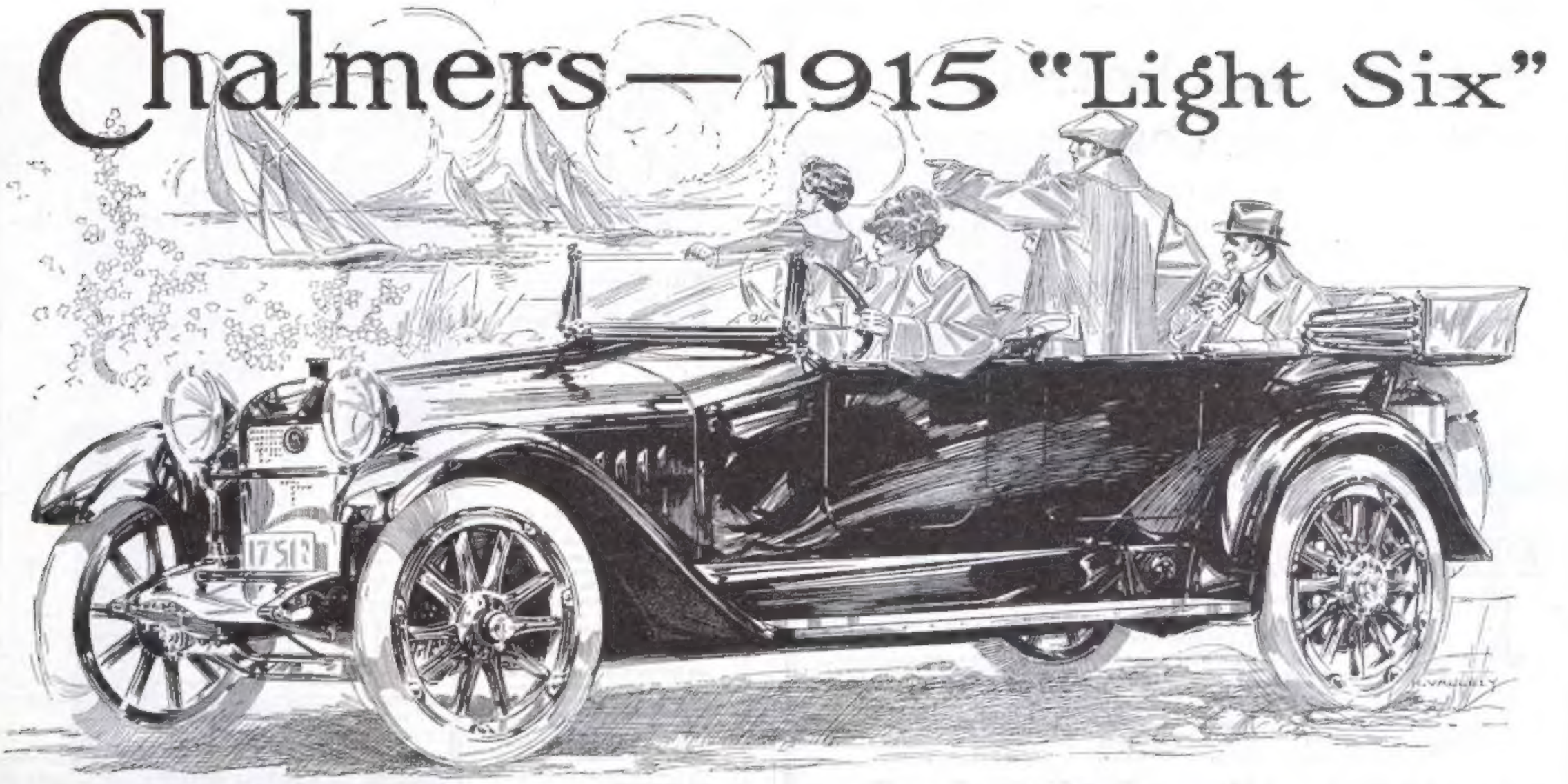
SHE lived in Springfield, Massachusetts. She was not rich—not even well-to-do. The little money she earned brought her bread and butter, but not the amusements and little luxuries she wanted and to which she felt she was entitled. In looking for something to "help out" she read one of our advertisements explaining Curtis work in home towns. The dignity of the work impressed her, also the permanency of the plan. She is now our "part time" representative, a regular member of our pay-roll, and supplements her present income by $10.00 a week.

If your income is limited, and if you will devote your spare time to looking after the subscription work of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* among your friends and neighbors, you can earn all the spending money you need.

BOX 289, AGENCY DIVISION

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Chalmers—1915 "Light Six"



A New "Light Six" of Chalmers Quality—$1800

In addition to the famous Master "Six" at $2175 we now offer you the Master "Light Six"—a new Chalmers model at $1800.

Here is a 1915 car at $1800 with all the features that have given "Sixes" first place in the high priced field: Silence, smoothness, flexibility, beauty. It has, besides, what "Sixes" in the past have lacked: A low first cost, which makes it easy to buy; low operative cost, which makes it easy to keep.

The Master "Light Six" is a full year ahead; in style, in mechanical design, in simplicity, in efficiency. That's why thousands who once thought a "Six" an extravagance are now ordering 1915 Master "Light Sixes" faster than we can build them.

A "Six" or Nothing

This is the car for which thousands who would have a "Six" or nothing have waited.

The 1915 Master "Light Six" offers for the first time the full measure of 6-cylinder silence, smoothness and flexibility at the price of any comparable "four."

The Master "Light Six" at $1800 makes it unnecessary now to pay a high price, or a high maintenance cost to get six-cylinder luxury.

This 1915 Chalmers answers the last arguments of the four-cylinder builders—those of price and economy.

A Lighter Master "Six"

What the Chalmers Master "Six" at $2175 is among high powered cars, the 1915 "Light Six" at $1800 is among cars of its class. It has the same Master Motor, though built on a lighter scale. It has small bore and long stroke to give it flexibility; perfect balance to give it smoothness; right design to give it silence.

Its Chalmers-Entz electric starter makes the motor non-stallable. Tapered bonnet, oval fenders and streamline body rank it with the expensive foreign cars in looks.

Its lighter weight means an added economy. Yet it is heavy enough to make it safe in any emergency; comfortable on any road. Don't make the mistake of buying too light a car. The difference in gasoline consumption between a medium weight car and a flimsy car won't amount to $25 in 10,000 miles, and $25 won't buy many repairs for a car so light that it shakes to pieces in ordinary service.

Like all Chalmers cars, the 1915 "Light Six" is built to give satisfactory service through many seasons.

Buy This Car for Economy's Sake

Men want silence for its charm; smoothness, for its comfort, and flexibility for its convenience. And they want these six-cylinder qualities, too, because they make motoring nerve soothing, not irritating. You can drive a Chalmers "Six" 200 miles and be less fatigued than after 100 miles in a car of any other type. Forty miles an hour in a "Six" doesn't give the nerve rasp of 25 miles in a constantly vibrating car.

Men want these qualities for economy also. They know that vibration means needless strain on gears and bearings as well as nerves; power wasted in joggling the car instead of driving it.

They know that absence of noise means absence of undue friction; that a flexible motor means an economical motor. They know that only a "Six" can have these qualities. So they buy the 1915 Master "Light Six," for its economy as well as for its charm.

A Car of Super-Value

It is hard to believe that any car at $1800 could possess all the advantages we claim for the Master "Light Six." Until you see it, you cannot realize its distinguished beauty; until you ride in it, you can know nothing of the extraordinary value it offers at the price.

When we say the 1915 "Light Six" is a year ahead of others, we mean just what we say. In design, in luxury, in endurance, in good looks we believe this to be the most advanced "Six" on the market. It has today the features of construction and equipment which most cars in the $2000 class will not have for another year.

So we urge you to take the Chalmers Test Ride with our nearest dealer. Let the car itself prove its super-value.

Try to Match It

After you have taken the Chalmers Test Ride, challenge any comparable car to duplicate the performance. Compare these features item for item with any car at near the price. We'll leave the result to you.

Six Cylinders
30 to 50 Horsepower
126-Inch Wheel Base
Electric Starter
Non-Stallable Motor
Electric Lights
Tungsten Steel Valves
Streamline Body
Molded Oval Fenders
Triple Heated Fuel
Timken Bearings
Interlocking Gears
Chalmers Sectional Piston Rings
Cork Insert Disc Clutch
Clean Running Boards
Left Drive
Center Control
Rayfield Carburetor
Tapered Bonnet
Underslung Springs
Full Equipment

The Larger Master "Six"

2, 4 or 5 passenger type, $2175
6 passenger Touring Car, $2275

For the man who wants a larger and a higher powered car, there's our Master "Six," the fastest selling "Six" at its price in the country.

This Master Car set a new standard among the larger "Sixes" for silence, smoothness and flexibility; its modest price and low upkeep set a new mark for economy among cars of maximum luxury.

No matter how high your ideals of superlative merit in a motor car the larger Chalmers "Six" will satisfy your most exacting requirements.

Former owners of $4000 to $5000 cars are fast finding out that in the Master "Six" they secure the same six-cylinder value without the usual expense of a car of high power and large size. They say that a really better car no one can buy; a costlier car no one really needs.

Please send me literature on the 1915 "Light Six" and the larger Master "Six"

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Street_____ Town_____

State_____

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

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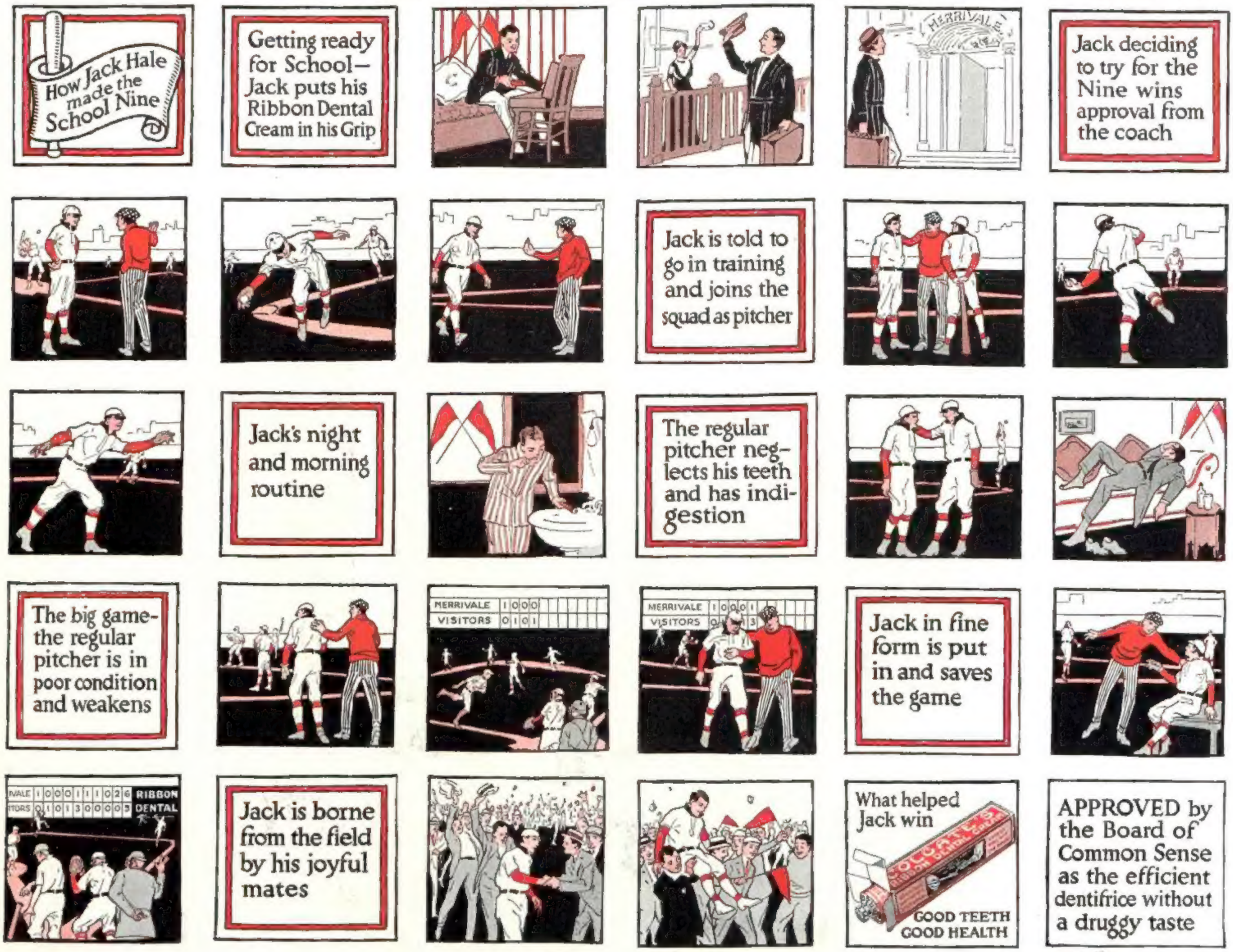
A Moral from the Movies


How Jack Hale made the School Nine
Getting ready for School— Jack puts his Ribbon Dental Cream in his Grip
MERRIVALE
Jack deciding to try for the Nine wins approval from the coach
Jack is told to go in training and joins the squad as pitcher
Jack's night and morning routine
The regular pitcher neglects his teeth and has indigestion
The big game— the regular pitcher is in poor condition and weakens
MERRIVALE 1 0 0 0
VISITORS 0 1 0 1
MERRIVALE 1 0 0 0 1
VISITORS 0 3
Jack in fine form is put in and saves the game
RIBBON DENTAL
Jack is borne from the field by his joyful mates
What helped Jack win
GOOD TEETH GOOD HEALTH
APPROVED by the Board of Common Sense as the efficient dentifrice without a druggy taste

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